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MISCELLANIES,

MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE;

COLLECTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS,

FOR THE

USE OF SCHOOLS,

AND IMPROVEMENT OF

YOUNG PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES.

[M. Leah Martha Hill Moore]

" 'Tis Education forms the common Mind;
" Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd."

POPE.

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Mary Gabriel
1791

PREFACE.

THE right education of youth, being a point of great importance to the preſent and ſucceeding generations, it is to be regretted, that the want of proper books for the uſe of ſchools, ſhould have been ſo general a ſubject of complaint; and that very few attempts have been made to ſupply this deficiency, by introducing ſomething on ſuch a plan, as might, beſides improving the underſtandings and morals, inſtructively amuſe the vacant hours of young people, and have a tendency to render the taſk of teaching, a more agreeable employment.

WITH a view to theſe objects, the following Miſcellaneous Compilation is now offered to the public. Moſt of the extracts which compoſe it were collected ſome years ago, from a variety of authors, by a perſon who had no other intention at the time, but that of preſerving them for her own peruſal and amuſement; and who, from motives wholly diſintereſted, has lately, at the requeſt of her friends, conſented to their publication, with a hope, that if they are favourably received, it may prove an incitement to ſome perſon of greater abilities, to purſue this or a better plan, whereby our ſchools may be furniſhed with a book more deſerving their acceptance.

IT gives ſome concern to the compiler, that ſhe neglected to diſtinguiſh the different parts, with the names of their authors, at the time they were ſelected, as it is not now in her power to ſupply the omiſſion.

THE editor has thought it neceſſary to remark, that a few verbal alterations have been made in ſome of the extracts, the better to adapt them to the uſe of the preſent deſign; but as the ſentiments and tenor of the original pieces are not thereby materially changed, it is hoped this freedom will be excuſed by their reſpective authors, to whom not the leaſt injury or offence has been intended.

THE EDITOR.

ONE of the moſt approved judges of books amongſt us, after peruſing ſome parts of the manuſcript, has expreſſed his approbation thereof as follows:

"I HAVE read, with much pleaſure, the manuſcript "ſpecimen communicated to me of the Miſcellanies in "Proſe and Verſe I am glad to hear they are now or-"dered for the preſs.

"A BOOK, containing ſo many well choſen ſenti-"ments, and excellent inſtructions, put into the hands "of our children, cannot but be highly uſeful to the "riſing generation.

B. FRANKLIN.

A MORNING

A MORNING HYMN.

TO thee, let my firſt off'rings riſe,
Whoſe ſun creates the day,
Swift as his glad'ning influence flies,
and ſpotleſs as his ray.
What numbers with heart-piercing ſighs
Have paſt this tedious night!
What numbers too have clos'd their eyes,
No more to ſee the light!
Sound was my ſleep, my dreams were gay:
How ſhort ſuch time review'd?
My night ſtole unperceiv'd away;
I'm like the day renew'd.
This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchſaf'd before;
Still may it lead, protect, ſupply,
And I that hand adore.
If bliſs thy Providence impart,
For which reſign'd I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.
Affliction, ſhould thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.
Thus from my fix'd or varying fate,
Some virtue let me gain,
That Heaven, nor high, nor low eſtate,
When ſent, may ſend in vain.
Be this, and ev'ry future day
Still wiſer than the paſt,
That life's improvement to ſurvey
May well ſuſtain my laſt.

THE duties of religion, ſincerely and regularly performed, will always be ſufficient to exalt the meaneſt, and to exerciſe the higheſt underſtanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled by ſtated duties or meditations on eternal intereſts; nor can any hour be long, which is ſpent in obtaining ſome new qualification for celeſtial happineſs.

TO love an enemy, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a religion, which is not of man, but of God. It could be delivered as a precept, only by him who lived and died to eſtabliſh it by his example.

IF thou doſt good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happineſs, which is the foretaſte of paradiſe, will be thy reward upon earth.

RECREATION after buſineſs is allowable; but he that follows his pleaſure inſtead of his buſineſs, ſhall in a little time have no buſineſs to follow.

RESIGNATION.

THOU Pow'r Supreme, by whoſe command I live,
The grateful tribute of my praiſe receive;
To thy indulgence, I my being owe,
And all the joys which from that being flow.
Scarce eighteen ſuns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their deſtin'd courſes round the ſphere,
Since thou my undiſtinguiſh'd form ſurvey'd,
Among the lifeleſs heaps of matter laid.
Thy ſkill my elemental clay refin'd,
The ſtraggling parts in beauteous order joined;
With perfect ſymmetry compos'd the whole,
And ſtampt thy ſacred image on my ſoul;
A ſoul, ſuſceptible of endleſs joy!
Whoſe frame, nor force, nor time, can e'er deſtroy,
But ſhall ſubſiſt, when nature claims my breath,
And bid defiance to the power of death,

The

To realms of bliſs, with active freedom ſoar,
And live when earth and hell ſhall be no more.
Indulgent God, in vain my tongue aſſays,
For this immortal gift to ſpeak thy praiſe.
How ſhall my heart, its grateful ſenſe reveal,
When all the energy of words muſt fail?
Oh! may its influence in my life appear,
And every action, prove my thanks ſincere.
Grant me, great God! a heart to thee inclin'd,
Increaſe my faith, and rectify my mind;
Teach me betimes to tread thy ſacred ways,
And to thy ſervice conſecrate my days;
Still as thro' life's uncertain maze I ſtray,
Be thou the guiding-ſtar to mark my way;
Conduct the ſteps of my unguarded youth,
And point their motions to the paths of truth.
Protect me by thy providential care,
And teach my ſoul t' avoid the tempter's ſnare.
Thro' all the various ſcenes of human life,
In calms of eaſe, or bluſtering ſtorms of ſtriſe,
Thro' every turn of this inconſtant ſtate,
Preſerve my temper, equal and ſedate.
Give me a mind that bravely does deſpiſe,
The low deſigns of artifice and lies.
Be my religion, ſuch as taught by thee,
Alike from pride and ſuperſtition free.
Inform my judgment, rectify my will,
Confirm my reaſon, and my paſſions ſtill.
To gain thy favour be my only end,
And to that ſcope may every action tend.
Amidſt the pleaſures of a proſp'rous ſtate,
Whoſe flatt'ring charms too oft the mind elate,
Still may I think to whom theſe joys I owe,
And bleſs the bounteous hand from whence they flow:
Or if an adverſe fortune be my ſhare,
Let not its terrors tempt me to deſpair,
But bravely arm'd, a ſteady faith maintain,
And own all beſt which thy decrees ordain;
On thy Almighty Providence depend,
The beſt protector, and the ſureſt friend.

Thus on life's ſtage may I my part maintain,
And at my exit thy applauſes gain;
When thy pale herald ſummons me away,
Support me in that great cataſtrophe;
In that laſt conflict guard me from alarms,
And take my ſoul, expiring, to thy arms.

"BLESSED are the poor in ſpirit, for their's is "the kingdom of Heaven."—Thus our bleſſed Saviour opened his ſermon on the mount; and from his example we may be aſſured that humility is the richeſt garb that the ſoul can wear. By this word is to be underſtood, not an abject poorneſs of ſpirit, that would ſtoop to do a mean thing; but ſuch an humble ſenſe of human nature, as ſets the heart and affections right towards God, and gives us every temper that is tender and affectionate towards our fellow-creatures. This is the ſoil of all virtues, where every thing that is good and lovely grows.

DESPISE not labour; if you do not want it for food, you may for phyſic: It ſtrengthens the body, invigorates the mind, and prevents the ill conſequences of idleneſs.

OBSERVE the ant, for ſhe inſtructs the man,
And preaches labour, gath'ring all ſhe can,
Then brings it to increaſe her heap at home,
Againſt the winter which ſhe knows will come;
And when that comes ſhe creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home, and feaſts upon her ſtore.

AN EVENING REFLECTION.

WHILE night, in ſolemn ſhade, inveſts the pole,
And calm reflection ſooths the penſive ſoul;
While reaſon, undiſturb'd, aſſerts her ſway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away—
To thee, all-conſcious Preſence! I devote
This peaceful interval of ſober thought.

Here

Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of ſacred ſilence thine.
If by the day's illuſive ſcenes miſled,
My erring ſoul from virtue's paths has ſtray'd,
Snar'd by example, or by paſſion warm'd,
Some falſe delight my giddy ſenſe has charm'd;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my beſt hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
Its utmoſt boaſt, a vain, unmeaning word.
But, ah! how oft my lawleſs paſſions rove,
And break thoſe awful precepts I approve!
Purſue the fatal impulſe I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft when thy better ſpirit's guardian care,
Warn'd my fond ſoul to ſhun the tempting ſnare,
My ſtubborn will his gentle aid repreſt,
And check'd the riſing goodneſs in my breaſt;
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by falſe deſires,
Still'd his ſoft voice, and quenched his ſacred fires.
With grief oppreſt, and proſtrate in the duſt,
Should'ſt thou condemn, I own the ſentence juſt.
But, oh! thy ſofter titles let me claim,
And plead my cauſe by mercy's gentle name—
Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
And diſſipates the horror of deſpair;
From rig'rous juſtice ſteals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
Diſarms the wrath of an offended God,
And ſeals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.
All-pow'rful grace, exert thy gentle ſway,
And teach my rebel paſſions to obey,
Leſt lurking folly, with inſidious art,
Regain my volatile, inconſtant heart.
Shall every high reſolve devotion frames,
Be only lifeleſs ſounds and ſpecious names?
Oh! rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this ſtill hour, each motion of my ſoul,
Secure its ſafety by a ſudden doom,
And be the ſoft retreat of ſleep my tomb:

Calm let me ſlumber in that dark repoſe,
'Till the laſt morn its orient beam diſcloſe;
Then when the great archangel's potent ſound
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the ſleep of death, with joy ſurvey
The op'ning ſplendors of eternal day.

PRIDE hides a man's faults from himſelf, and magnifies them to others.

"THERE is nothing (ſays Plato) ſo delightful, as "the hearing or ſpeaking of truth." For this reaſon, there is no converſation ſo agreeable, as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and ſpeaks without any intention to deceive.

Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware. Whereas a lie is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention on the rack; and one trick needs a great many more of the ſame kind to make it good.

MORAL virtues themſelves, without religion, are but cold, lifeleſs and inſipid. It is religion only which opens the mind to great conceptions, fills it with the moſt ſublime ideas, and warms the ſoul more than ſenſual pleaſures.

BY reading we enjoy the dead, by converſation the living, and by contemplation, ourſelves. Reading enriches the memory, converſation poliſhes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment.

THE commands of Heaven (in the obſervance of which religion principally conſiſts) are very plain and obvious to the meaneſt underſtanding, and are nothing elſe but exhortations to love, and directions for ſocial happineſs.

GREAT

GREAT is the ſteadineſs of ſoul and thought,
By reaſon bred, and by religion taught,
Which like a rock amidſt the ſtormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

WISDOM's an evenneſs of mind and ſoul,
A ſteady temper which no cares controul;
No paſſions ruffle, no deſires inflame;
Still conſtant to itſelf, and ſtill the ſame.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS by Heaven were firſt deſign'd,
Leſs to adorn, than to amend, the mind.
Each ſhould contribute to this gen'ral end,
And all to virtue as their centre tend.
Th' acquirements which our beſt eſteem invite,
Should not project, but ſoften, mix, unite;
In glaring light not ſtrongly be diſplay'd,
But ſweetly loſt, and melted into ſhade.

AS the gay flowers which nature yields
So various on the vernal fields,
Delight the fancy more than thoſe
The garden gives to view in equal rows;
As the pure ſtream, whoſe mazy train,
The prattling pebbles check in vain,
Gives native pleaſure, while it leads
Its random waters ſwiftly thro' the meads;
As birds on boughs, in early ſpring,
Their wood-notes-wild near rivers ſing,
Grateful their warbling ſtrains repeat,
And ſooth the ear irregularly ſweet;
So ſimple dreſs and native grace,
Will beſt become the lovely face:
For the judicious man ſuſpects
In artful ornaments conceal'd defects.

MOST of the miſeries of life, undoubtedly reſult from our ſtraying from the path which leads to content.

FRIENDSHIP delights in equal fellowſhip,
Where purity of rank, and mutual offices,
Engage both ſides alike, and keep the balance even.
'Tis irkſome to a gen'rous grateful heart,
To be oppreſs'd beneath a load of favours;
Still to receive and run in debt with friendſhip,
Without the power of paying ſomething back.

NEVER ſay any thing directly tending to your own praiſe; nor when you have done or ſaid any thing that deſerves it, receive it from others with indifference. Be neither too covetous of it, nor appear diſpleaſed or confuſed at receiving it: but when you have done any thing worthy of praiſe, ſuffer yourſelf to be told of it, without rebuffing thoſe who are doing you juſtice. In your private thoughts diveſt yourſelf of it, and return it to God, as the giver of the gift, and the bleſſer of the action. Give him unfeigned thanks, for making you an inſtrument of his glory for the benefit of others.

THE advice of Pythagoras is, that as the body is no more than the ſervant of the ſoul, it ſhould only be nouriſhed ſo as it may beſt perform an humble and obedient ſervice to it.

THE duties that are owing to friends are integrity, love, counſel, and aſſiſtance. It is not intimacy and frequency of converſation, that makes a friend, but a diſintereſted obſervance of theſe duties.

THERE is no manner of life ſo ſtrait, or miſerable, that hath not ſome ſolace and conſolation. Jonah had leiſure to make his prayer unto God, even in the belly of the whale, and was heard.

IT is ſome ſhort refreſhment to friends and relations, to ſee and hear from one another; but it paſſeth away, and we have here no continuing city, no abiding delights in this world: our reſt remains elſewhere. Thoſe we have, loſe much of their ſweetneſs, from the thoughts of parting with them, even while we enjoy them; but the happineſs to come is eternal.

BE very careful in your promiſes, and juſt in your performances, and remember it is better to do, and not promiſe, than to promiſe, and not perform.

NEVER do any thing for your friends, that is not conſonant to your honour and your conſcience; you ought always to prefer thoſe to your friends.

——————WITH ſtealing foot,
Time follows mortals; overtakes the ſwift;
Stops the career of youth, and clogs the wheels
Of trembling age; and to one common doom
Brings kings and peaſants, conquerors and ſlaves.

RELIGION's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid.
To ſuccour in extremes is her delight,
And chear the heart, when terror ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe
To triumph o'er misfortunes, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe, who come to bring relief:
We gaze, and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.

WE need not travel, ſeeking ways to bliſs,
He that deſires contentment cannot miſs;
No garden-walls this precious flow'r embrace,
It common grows in every deſart place.

THE varying ſeaſons ev'ry virtuous ſoul
With various pleaſures, in their changes bleſs;
Raiſe chearful hopes, and anxious fears controul,
And form a paradiſe of inward peace.

WHEN conſtant faith, and holy hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy;
Then thou, more happy pow'r, fair charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,

Shalt

Shalt ſtill ſurvive——
Shalt ſtand before the throne of Heaven confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

DEATH ſeems to enter a cottage only as a gentle deliverer from the miſeries of human life; but into courts and the ſeats of grandeur, with inſult and terror. To languiſh under a gilded canopy, to expire on ſoft and downy pillows, and give up the ghoſt in ſtate, has a more gloomy aſpect, than, at the call of nature, to expire on a graſſy turf, and reſign the breathleſs clay back to its proper element. What does a crowd of friends or flatterers ſignify in that important hour, to the moſt glorious mortal? Which of his numerous attendants would ſtand the arreſt of death, deſcend into the ſilent priſon of the grave for him, or anſwer the ſummons of the ſupreme tribunal?

BEAUTY is a ſhort-lived flower, which is eaſily withered. A cultivated mind is a treaſure, which increaſes every moment; it is a rich ſoil, which brings forth an hundred fold.

A PERSON never appears ſo ridiculous by the qualities he has, as by thoſe he affects to have. He gains more by being contented to be ſeen as he is, than by attempting to appear what he is not.

TRUE greatneſs of ſoul pays itſelf, as it were, with its own hands, by the ſatisfaction of doing good.

PEOPLE may talk like good Chriſtians at their eaſe; but pretty ſentences, and formal ſpeeches, are very trifling remedies to a real and unaffected ſorrow.

THAT little incendiary, called the tongue, is more venomous than a poiſoned arrow; and more killing than a two-edged ſword.

HOW few there are, that can be freely kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind!
Hence ſome, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, loſe the friend.

KNOW that wherever love and virtue guide,
They lead us to the ſtate of heav'nly bliſs,
Where joys unknown to guilt and ſhame preſide,
And pleaſures, unallay'd, each hour increaſe.

THE princely pine, on hills exalted,
Whoſe lofty branches cleave the ſky,
By winds long brav'd at laſt aſſaulted,
Is head-long whirl'd in duſt to lie;
Whilſt the mild roſe, more ſafely growing
Low in its unaſpiring vale,
Amidſt retirement's ſhelter blowing,
Exchanges ſweets with every gale.

IMITATION of the 126th PSALM.

1

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful ſtate,
My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream,
The grace appear'd ſo great.

2

The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thine hand confeſs;
My tongue broke out in unknown ſtrains,
And ſung, Surprizing grace!

3

Great is the work, my neighbours cry'd
And own'd the pow'r divine;
Great is the work, my heart reply'd,
And be the glory thine!

4

The Lord can change the darkeſt ſkies,
Can give us day for night;
Make floods of ſacred ſorrow riſe
To rivers of delight.

5

Let thoſe that ſow in ſadneſs wait,
'Till the fair harveſt come;
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,
And ſhout the bleſſings home.

A MIND formed upon the principles of the goſpel, may look down with contempt upon the luſtre of a throne, and yet know the value, and feel a ſenſe of gratitude, in the poſſeſſion of a crumb. The moſt exalted ſituation in the preſent life is expoſed, yea, probably moſt expoſed, to the faſcinating allurements of temptation; and whoſoever ſhall look heedfully upon thoſe who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition ſuch as that he ſhould hazard his quiet, and much leſs his virtue, to obtain it. The rich and the poor have their hours of ſorrow, and their intervals of joy; neither poverty nor wealth exempt them from feeling the common calamities of life, nor confer that happineſs we ſo eagerly purſue, but which we muſt not experience, till our race is finiſhed, and our work done.

WHAT in this life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain deſigns intend?
From ſhore to ſhore why ſhould we run,
Where none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?
For baneful care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail:
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Outrun the doe, outfly the wind.

INDUSTRY

INDUSTRY is needful in every condition of life: we cannot, without it, act in any ſtate to the benefit or ſatisfaction of others, or to our own advantage and comfort. It is requiſite for procuring eaſe and ſatisfaction to the mind, and, if attended with a good conſcience, ſweetens our enjoyments, and ſeaſons our attainments; and is a guard to innocence, and a bar to temptation.

A PERSON under the influence and temper of the goſpel, will ſay with gratitude and joy, "I have learned, in whatſoever ſtate I am, therewith to be content" In the moſt trying circumſtances, I have a ſure and certain promiſe, that my bread ſhall be given, and my water ſhall be ſure; and if I am not favoured with all the elegancies of life, yet I am confident that the God whom I ſerve, will afford me ſuch temporary ſupplies, as ſhall be moſt conducive to my own happineſs and his glory.

TRUE religion will ſhew its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the ſap of a living tree, which penetrates to the moſt diſtant boughs.

ACTION keeps the ſoul in conſtant health, but idleneſs corrupts and ruſts the mind; for a man of great abilities may by negligence and idleneſs become ſo uſeleſs, as to be an incumbrance to ſociety, and a burthen to himſelf.

HE is the moſt worthy of poſſeſſing riches, who knows beſt how to do without them.

KEEP no company with a man who is given to detraction; to hear him patiently, is to partake of his guilt, and prompt him to a continuance in that vice, which all good men ſhun him for.

THOU ſhalt not curſe the deaf, Lev. xix. 14. Thoſe that are abſent are deaf; they cannot right themſelves, and therefore ſay no ill of them.

HAPPY are thoſe who can ſee the beauty of virtue! —Is it poſſible to ſee her, without loving her? Is it poſſible to love her, without being happy?

Seeking

Seeking for HAPPINESS.

NOT all that parent earth can give,
Can make her children ever live;
Nor yet afford them happineſs—
For creatures ne'er can truly bleſs.
If what we drink, and what we eat,
Can never make our bliſs complete—
To rich variety of food,
And gay attire, and ev'ry good,
Give honour, titles, pomp and fame,
With ev'ry bleſſing we can name;
Give pleaſure, profit, knowledge, eaſe,
Whatever can inſtruct or pleaſe;
Authority—a vaſt eſtate,
With all that maketh rich and great;
Yet theſe could never conſtitute
A man much happier than a brute:
For while our wretched paſſions reign,
Felicity is ſought in vain.
Where then ſhall happineſs be found?
That lovely, pleaſing, joyous ſound.
Great ſource of bliſs! vouchſafe to ſhew,
How I this pearl of price may know.
If grateful ſouls—if ſouls reſign'd
To thy bleſt will, this treaſure find;
To me, great God! do thou impart,
A thankful and contented heart.
Drive far away all diffidence,
And give me, Lord! true confidence,
In thy unerring Providence.
Let all my vices be ſubdu'd,
Replace them, Lord, with gratitude!
My every want do thou redreſs,
Give me, oh give me, happineſs!

RELIGION, the balm of life, the anchor of hope, the diſpeller of fears, the haven of reſt, will carry us into the arms of him, who is mighty to ſave from every trouble.

trouble. Defended by his ſhield, though afflictions ſpring not out of the duſt, they ſhall not hurt us; ſupported by his power, though the mighty rage, they ſhall not prevail againſt us; guided by his wiſdom, though ſnares and evils encompaſs our paths, we ſhall eſcape them all. In vain may be our toil for riches to ſecure us; but our truſt in him will never be in vain. The arrows of affliction may reach the very pinnacle of greatneſs, and cares and terrors climb up to us, however high we may place ourſelves; but he is a tower of defence, a place of ſafety, a rock of ſalvation. O then! amidſt all the ſtorms, and tumults of the world, give ear to that voice which ſpeaketh peace, and ſays, "Come unto me, all "ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give "you reſt; take my yoke upon you, and ye ſhall find "reſt to your ſouls; for my yoke is eaſy, and my bur-"then is light."

VIRTUE has ſecret charms which all men love;
And thoſe that do not chooſe her, yet approve.

TRUE happineſs—man's gen'ral aim and end,
The point of reſt to which our wiſhes tend,
To no externals ever was aſſign'd,
But fix'd the portion of a ſteady mind;
A ſteady mind, that no deſires inflame,
Still conſtant to itſelf, and ſtill the ſame;
The ſame when fortune blows an adverſe gale;
The ſame when on a throne or in a jail:
A mind that can each mad exceſs controul,
Subdue the paſſions, and direct the ſoul;
That, ſummon'd, chearfully reſigns her breath,
Nor trembles, anxious, at th' approach of death.

Epitaph upon Epictetus, the Stoic Philoſopher.

"EPICTETUS, who lies here, was a ſlave and "a cripple; poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the "favourite of Heaven."

In

In this diſtich is comprized the nobleſt panegyric, and the moſt important inſtruction. We may learn from it, that virtue is impracticable in no condition, ſince Epictetus could recommend himſelf to the regard of Heaven, amidſt the temptations of poverty and ſlavery. Slavery has been found ſo deſtructive to virtue, that, in ſome languages, a ſlave and a thief are expreſſed by the ſame word. And we may be admoniſhed by it, not to lay any ſtreſs on a man's outward circumſtances, in making an eſtimate of his real virtue; ſince Epictetus the beggar, the cripple, and the ſlave, was the favourite of Heaven.

Occaſioned by a Recovery from a tedious Illneſs.

FATHER Divine, Eternal One!
While Heav'n pure homage pays,
From this dark point, beneath the ſun,
Accept a mortal's praiſe.
Yet what's the praiſe my breath can give;
What's all that I can ſay,
But that the God in whom I live
Has giv'n me health to-day?
The theme my voice in vain aſſays,
Then let my life purſue;
Let what I am, record thy praiſe,
Expreſs'd in what I do.
Thee more than all—and, as myſelf,
Oh teach me man to love:
Be this my fame, my glory, wealth,
My bliſs below—above!
Nor let my love to man be vain,
My love to God be blind;
Of thee ſome knowledge let me gain,
Some bleſſing give mankind.
Through ev'ry change my life may know,
My ebbing, flowing tides,
Firm be my faith, that all below,
Love, join'd with wiſdom, guides.
That e'en thy juſtice tends to bleſs,
Though little underſtood;

That

That partial evils love expreſs,
And work the gen'ral good.
But frail, alas! this mortal clay,
This reaſoning mind how frail!
Let ſtrength be equal to my day,
Nor heighth nor depth prevail.
When o'er my roof affliction low'rs,
Suſtain my ſinking heart;
In all my gay, unguarded hours,
Oh keep my better part!
And when this tott'ring fabric falls,
Aſſiſt my ſoul to ſoar,
Where full poſſeſſion never palls,
To know and love thee more.

THE uſe of learning is not to procure popular applauſe, or excite vain admiration; but to make the poſſeſſor more virtuous and uſeful to ſociety, and his virtue a more conſpicuous example to thoſe that are illiterate.

WHAT exalted mortal, in the laſt hour of life, would not reſign all the advantages of greatneſs and power, for a few moments of leiſure and obſcurity?

IF there is any happineſs below the ſtars, it conſiſts in a freedom from the hurry and cenſure of the world, where the mind may devote all its bright and ſerene intervals to Heaven.

THE courſe of human things is all decreed,
With each minuteſt circumſtance, above:
No fickle chance, no blind contingencies,
No unforeſeen events ariſe, to croſs
The purpoſes divine.——————

"Hope travels through."—POPE.

THE ſweet deceiver, hope, deſtroys,
By airy viſions, real joys.
Each future ſcene, by her array'd
In brightneſs, makes the preſent fade.
All the long day we wiſh for night,
Then ſigh for the return of light;
Through gloomy winter's reign we mourn,
'Till pleaſure-pinion'd ſpring's return.
But here, with joyleſs feet, we tread
The verdant lawn, or painted mead,
'Till ſummer comes—yet e'en from this
Enjoyment's fled—the promis'd bliſs
Is now poſtpon'd, 'till autumn ſhews
Her golden fields, and loaded boughs;
Hither we preſs—but vain the chace!
The phantom flies with equal pace.
Now winter charms—again it comes,
And her ſtill taſteleſs reign reſumes.
The trav'ller thus thick miſts encloſe,
But ſeem to fly where'er he goes.

HE is no fool, who parts with that which he cannot keep, when he is ſure to be recompenſed with that which he cannot loſe.

THE purſuit of glory and happineſs in another life, by every means of improving and exalting our own minds, becomes more and more intereſting to us, the nearer we draw to the end of all ſublunary enjoyments.

AS that God, whom we all adore, is a God of peace and concord, there ought to be a ſacred harmony between all that profeſs and believe in the ſame Saviour.

THEY muſt certainly be perſons of narrow and mean conceptions, who (though under the maſk of ſuperficial greatneſs of ſpirit) cannot raiſe their little ideas above pleaſures familiar to their ſenſes.

BUT

BUT the main ſtreſs of all our cares muſt lie,
To watch ourſelves with ſtrict and conſtant eye:
To mark the working mind when paſſion's courſe
Begins to ſwell, and reaſon ſtill has force;
Or if ſhe's conquer'd by the ſtronger tide,
Obſerve the moments when they firſt ſubſide.
For he who hopes a victory to win
O'er other men, muſt with himſelf begin,
Elſe like a town, by mutiny oppreſs'd,
He's ruin'd by the foe within his breaſt.

ARISE, my ſoul, ſurvey the morn,
And purple beauties of the dawn,
In order as they ſhine;
The herbs that with the dew-drops glow,
The graſs, the ſhrubs, the flow'rets ſhew
Their Maker all divine!
Hark how the warbling feather'd throng
Now tune their ſoft melodious ſong,
From ev'ry leafy ſpray.
The black-bird here with mellow throat,
And there the thruſh with ſofter note,
In concert pour the lay.
Do thou my ſoul reſponſive join,
Ambitious of a theme divine,
And ſing thy Maker's praiſe:
Unnumber'd objects he ſupplies,
For contemplation's wandering eyes,
And all the Muſe's lays.

FRIENDSHIP's a pure, a Heav'n-deſcended flame,
Worthy the happy region whence it came;
The ſacred tye, that virtuous ſpirits binds,
The golden chain that links immortal minds.

WE ſhould never be over eager for any thing, either in our purſuits or our prayers, leſt what we endeavour, or aſk too violently, for our intereſt, ſhould be granted us by Providence only in order to our ruin.

Concluding

Concluding Stanzas of an Elegy on the Death of a Sister.

BUT lo! to give th' unhappy mourners eaſe,
From pale affliction's eye to wipe the tear;
To bid the plaintive voice of ſorrow ceaſe,
Behold religion's heav'nly form appear.
" Attend," ſhe cries, " poor mortal! grieve no more,
" No more lament thy dear departed friends;
" Their ſouls are wafted to a happier ſhore,
" Where every ſorrow, every trouble ends.
" Follow my ſteps, and ſoon you'll meet again,
" Will meet in yonder bliſsful realms above;
" For ever there to join the ſeraph's ſtrain,
" And ſing the wonders of redeeming love."

NONE but the Almighty Author of our beings, who knows our inmoſt thoughts and deſires. and from whom no ſecrets are hid, can ſee into futurity; and he only knows what is beſt and moſt proper for us. If we chearfully rely on his all-wiſe Providence, and confidently truſt in his powerful protection, we may reſt ourſelves aſſured, that he, who is our trueſt friend, will guard and ſecure us from the many evils and dangers, which every where ſurround us. He will guide and direct the future events of our lives in ſuch a manner, as will prove, by happy experience, to be the moſt conducive to our own good, and the moſt conſiſtent with the ſcheme of our own happineſs, both here and hereafter.

AS ſome fair vi'let, lovelieſt of the glade,
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely ſhade,
Withdraws its modeſt head fron public ſight,
Nor courts the ſun, nor ſeeks the glare of light;
Should ſome rude hand profanely dare intrude,
And bear its beauties from its native wood,
Expos'd abroad its languid colours fly,
Its form decays, and all its odours die.

So

So woman born to dignify retreat;
Unknown to flouriſh, and, unſeen, be great;
To give domeſtic life its ſweeteſt charm,
With ſoftneſs poliſh, and with virtue warm;
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should ſeek but Heaven's applauſes, and her own;
No cenſures dread but thoſe which crimes impart,
The cenſures of a ſelf-condemning heart.
With angel kindneſs ſhould behold diſtreſs,
And meekly pity, where ſhe can't redreſs.
Like beaming mercy wipe affliction's tear,
But to herſelf, not juſtice ſo ſevere.
Her paſſions all corrected or ſubdu'd
But one—the virtuous thirſt of doing good.
This great ambition ſtill ſhe calls her own,
This beſt ambition makes her breaſt its throne.

HAIL, Power Eternal, infinite, immenſe,
Creator and Redeemer, Lord of life,
All good, all wiſe, all perfect, all divine!
Increaſe my ardour, elevate my ſoul,
And draw me from this idle, uſeleſs world,
To better thoughts—the thoughts of that to come!
Let me not beg of bleſſings from thy hand,
But for increaſe of virtue. Gracious pour
Thy Holy Spirit on my ſoul; ſo make
Thy ſervant perfect, fit for heav'n and thee:
And thou art good! Oh guide me with thy hand,
Cure all the fond, vain evils of my heart,
And ſtifle every growing folly there!
Oh! my Redeemer, kindly condeſcend
To hear my prayer, and grant—yet wherefore ſpeak!
If it ſeems good, beſtow the boon I wiſh;
(Thou knoweſt my thoughts) if not, thy will be done!

AN humble man leans not to his own underſtanding; he is ſenſible of the deficiency of his own power and wiſdom, and truſts not in it: he is alſo ſenſible of the all-ſufficient power, wiſdom and goodneſs of Almighty God, and commits himſelf to him for counſel, guidance, direction and ſtrength.

VIRTUE is the higheſt exerciſe and improvement of reaſon; the integrity, the harmony and juſt balance of affection; the health, ſtrength and beauty of the mind.

WITH the talents of an angel a man may be a fool, if he judges amiſs in the ſupreme point; judging aright in all elſe but aggravates his folly, as it ſhews him wrong, though bleſt with the beſt capacity of being right.

WHAT a great deal of time and eaſe that man gains, who is not troubled with the ſpirit of curioſity; who lets his neighbours thoughts and behaviour alone; confines his inſpections to himſelf, and takes care of the point of honeſty and conſcience?

A MAN of true piety, that has no deſigns to carry on, like one of an eſtabliſhed fortune, always makes the leaſt noiſe. One never pulls out his money, the other never talks of religion, but when there is occaſion for it.

ADVERSITY does not make merit loſe its name, it ſerves only as a foil to virtue.

RETIREMENT.

HOW happy he who crowns, in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour, with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands, in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way,
And all his proſpects, bright'ning to the laſt,
His heav'n commences ere the world be paſt!

HYMN

HYMN TO THE EVENING.

ERE the ſun's declining ray
Has left yon' diſtant ſky,
And the parting ſtreak of day
Has ſhut upon the eye—
Come, modeſt ev'ning, kindly ſpread
Thy duſk-enſabled veſt,
And teach reflective thought to ſpread
Devotion on the breaſt.
Oh! lift the mind to bleſs the Pow'r,
Whoſe mem'ry ſtill ſhall laſt,
And bid him ſerve the preſent hour,
Whoſe madneſs loſt the paſt.
Inſtructive, tell the pomp of ſtate,
The pride of mighty blood,
That none are ever truly great,
That are not truly good.
To all one admonition give,
Unfearful of reply,
That he alone deſerves to live,
Who beſt prepares to die.

WHEN modeſt merit ſeems to ſhun that praiſe
Th' admiring world to merit ever pays,
It takes, unknowingly, the road to fame,
And, by declining, gains a ſurer name.

BE mine to live in private bliſs,
Safe and obſcure in ſome receſs:
Since faction and high-minded ſtrife
But ſhake the peaceful lake of life;
And better is the little home,
Where conſcious ſafety cheers the dome.

A PRAYER OF PRINCE EUGENE.

I BELIEVE in thee, oh my God! do thou ſtrengthen my faith; I hope in thee, confirm my hope; I love thee, inflame my love more and more; I repent of all my

ſins, but do thou increaſe my repentance. As my firſt beginning, I worſhip thee; as my laſt end, I long for thee; as my eternal benefactor, I praiſe thee; and as my ſupreme protector, I pray unto thee, that it may pleaſe thee, O Lord! to guide and lead me by thy providence; to keep me in obedience to thy juſtice; to comfort me by thy mercy; and to protect me by thy Almighty power. I ſubmit unto thee all my thoughts, words and deeds, as well as my afflictions, pains and ſufferings; and I deſire to have thee always in my mind, to do all my works in thy name, and for thy ſake to bear all adverſity with patience. I will nothing, but what thou willeſt, O God! becauſe it is agreeable unto thee. O give me grace, that I may be attentive in my prayer, temperate in my diet, vigilant in my conduct, and immoveable in all good purpoſes. Grant, moſt merciful Lord! that I may be true and faithful to thoſe who have intruſted me with their ſecrets; that I may be courteous and kind towards all men; and that both in my words and actions I may ſhew unto them a good example. Diſpoſe my heart to praiſe and admire thy goodneſs; to hate all errors and evil works; to love my neighbour; and to deſpiſe the world. Aſſiſt me, good God! in ſubduing luſt by mortification; covetouſneſs by liberality; anger by mildneſs; and lukewarmneſs by zeal and fervency. Enable me to conduct myſelf with prudence in all tranſactions; and to ſhew courage in danger; patience in adverſity; and in proſperity an humble mind. Let thy grace illuminate my underſtanding, direct my will, ſanctify my body, and bleſs my ſoul. Make me diligent in curbing all irregular affections; zealous in imploring thy grace; careful in keeping thy commandments; and conſtant in working out my own ſalvation. Finally, O God! make me ſenſible, how little is the world; how great thy heavens; how ſhort time; and how long will be the bleſſed eternity. O! that I may well prepare myſelf for death; that I may dread thy judgments; that I may avoid the torments of hell; and obtain of thee, O God! eternal life, through the merits of Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

THERE is one ſure way of pleaſing in company, which

which is in every one's power to practiſe, viz. ſhewing a diſpoſition to be pleaſed.

IT often happens, that thoſe are moſt deſirous of governing others, who are leaſt able to govern themſelves.

IT is indeed a ſerious thing to die; but virtue diſarms the gloomy king of all his terrors, and brightens the proſpect of futurity.

SENECA ſays, there is no difference betwixt poſſeſſing a thing, and not deſiring it.

VAIN are all forms preſcrib'd by art,
All outward modes of worſhip vain;
An honeſt, gen'rous, pious heart,
Can only true acceptance gain.

FAREWEL, ye vain, I hate your ways,
Ye grov'ling ſons of pride, adieu;
Poor av'rice, how thy hope decays!
Thy ſteps I tremble to purſue.
To Sion's hill I lift my eye,
To Sion's hill direct my feet;
From all things learn to live and die,
From all the vile and vain retreat.

The Character of the Lady of one of the ancient Earls of Weſtmoreland, written by her Huſband, and inſcribed in the Chimney-wall of a large Room, at Budſtone Place, in Kent, once the Seat of that noble Family.

SHE feared God, and knew how to ſerve him; ſhe aſſigned times for her devotion, and kept them; ſhe was a perfect wife, a true friend; ſhe joyed moſt to oblige thoſe neareſt and deareſt to me. She was ſtill the ſame, ever kind, and never troubleſome; often preventing my deſires; diſputing none; providently managing all that was mine; living in appearance above mine eſtate, while ſhe advanced it. She was of a great ſpirit, ſweetly tem-

pered; of a ſharp wit, without offence; of excellent ſpeech; bleſt with ſilence; of a chearful temper; mildly governed; of a brave faſhion to win reſpect, and to daunt boldneſs; pleaſing to all of her ſex; intimate with few; delighting in the beſt; ever avoiding all perſons and places in their honour blemiſhed; and was as free from doing ill as giving the occaſion. She died as ſhe lived, well; and bleſt in the greateſt extremity; moſt patiently ſending forth her pure ſoul with many zealous prayers and hymns to her Maker; pouring out her affectionate heart in paſſionate ſtreams to her Saviour.——**********

N. B. The beginning and ending of this inſcription being defaced by time, the date is uncertain.

MAN may, in ſcenes of ev'ry kind,
Fit leſſons of inſtruction find:
The bird, for injury and wrong,
Repays th' oppreſſor with a ſong.
Oh! bluſh to think, that, Heav'n-inſpir'd,
Thy breaſt ſhould be with malice fir'd!
Learn hence thy paſſion to reſtrain,
And ſtill that god-like rule maintain,
To ſeek no vengeance on a foe,
But bleſs the hand that gives the blow.

IF you deſire to live in peace and honour, in favour with God and man, and to die in the glorious hope of riſing from the grave to a life of endleſs happineſs—if theſe things appear worthy your ambition, you muſt ſet out in earneſt in the purſuit of them. Virtue and happineſs are not attainable by chance, nor by a cold and languid approbation; they muſt be ſought with ardour, attended to with diligence, and every aſſiſtance muſt be eagerly embraced that may enable you to obtain them.

TO take ſincere pleaſure in the bleſſings and excellencies of others, is a much ſurer mark of benevolence than to pity their calamities.

EQUALLY

EQUALLY vain and abſurd is every ſcheme of life, that is not ſubſervient to, and does not terminate in, that great end of our being, the attainment of real excellence, and of the favour of God. Whenever this becomes ſincereſy our object, then will pride and vanity, envy, ambition, covetouſneſs, and every evil paſſion, loſe their power over us; and we ſhall, in the language of Scripture, "walk humbly with our God."

Extract from a Poem, called Ancient and Modern Rome.

REFLECTION hath its joy, a penſive calm,
That ſhrouds the ſoul, and bears it on the wings
Of vagrant thought, to mem'ry's wide domain!
Now let's indulge it, while we here remark
The mad career of fortune, and behold
Imperial Rome, 'midſt all her triumphs, fall'n!
So cloſes ev'ry ſcene; and thus decay
The works of man—allow'd a little ſpace
To ſhine, attract, then fade, and be forgot!
For ſee, the paths that lead to pow'r, and fame,
And thoſe which feel the peaſant's ſilent ſtep,
End in one point. Obſerve ambition's flight,
And laugh at all the wild fantaſtic dreams
Of human folly. Seeking then thy arms,
Oh, virtue! let us court thee as our good,
Our only treaſure, and our only hope;
Our ſhield, to guard us 'gainſt a faithleſs world,
And all its poiſon'd arrows. Thou, unhurt,
Sprung from immortal truth, ſerenely bright,
Suſtain'ſt the general wreck; and, like the ſun,
Shalt ſtill appear with undiminiſh'd light,
When all the boaſted monuments of pride
Shall ſink, and mingle with the duſt they hide!

HABITUAL evils are not quickly chang'd;
But many days muſt paſs, and many ſorrows,

Conſcious remorſe, and anguiſh muſt be felt,
To curb deſire, to break the ſtubborn will,
And work a ſecond nature in the ſoul,
Ere virtue can reſume the place ſhe loſt:
'Tis elſe diſſimulation.———————

IN the works of man, perfection is aimed at, but it can only be found in thoſe of the Creator.

CONSCIENCE is the law of the all-wiſe Author of nature, written on our hearts, or properly the application of this law, as it regards the judgments we ſhould form of particular actions.—It is like a cenſor, noting and obſerving our actions; and therefore it has not undeſervedly been called, by ſome, a portion of the virgin ſoul, as not admitting the leaſt blemiſh of prevarication. Hence good actions beget ſecurity in the conſcience, but bad cauſe anguiſh and vexation, which is better known by experience than explained by words: for, if it is painful to us to abide by the judgments of thoſe we live with, and to put up with their reprehenſions, it will be more ſo to be condemned by our own reaſon, and to carry about us ſo ſevere a judge of our actions. And thus it is, that conſcience performs the function both of a witneſs and judge: when it reprimands us for having done amiſs, as Juvenal ſays—

Not ſharp revenge, nor hell itſelf, can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind;
Which day and night does dreadfully accuſe,
Condemns the wretch, and ſtill the charge renews.

RICHES, alas! are tranſient things,
And titles but an airy dream:
Our pleaſures flow from nobler ſprings,
And give more laſting peace than them.
Let ſordid mortals hope for wealth,
This never ſhall my pray'r employ;
Give me but competence and health,
I envy not their ſhort-liv'd joy.

PRIDE

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

MARK how the ſtately tree diſdainful rears
His tow'ring head, and mingles with the clouds!
But, by his fatal height the more expos'd
To all the fury of the raging ſtorm;
His honours fly, the ſport of angry winds,
'Till the loud blaſt, with direful ſtroke, deſcends:
Torn from his baſis, low on earth he lies,
And the hills echo to the ſounding fall.
So pride with haughty port, defies in vain
The force of rough adverſity, which rends,
With double violence, the ſtubborn heart.
But, like a tender plant, humility
Bends low before the threat'ning blaſt, unhurt
Eludes its rage, and lives through all the ſtorm.
Pride is the liv'ry of the prince of darkneſs,
Worn by his ſlaves, who glory in their ſhame;
A gaudy dreſs, but tarniſh'd, rent, and foul,
And loathſome to the holy eye of Heav'n.
But ſweet humility, a ſhining robe,
Beſtow'd by Heav'n upon its fav'rite ſons;
The robe which God approves, and angels wear;
Fair 'ſemblance of the glorious Prince of light,
Who ſtoop'd to dwell (divine humility!)
With ſinful worms, and poverty, and ſcorn.
Pride is the ſource of diſcord, ſtrife and war,
And all the endleſs train of heavy woes
Which wait on wretched man! the direful ſting
Of envy, and the dreaded frowns of ſcorn,
And gloomy diſcontent, and black deſpair.
But ſweet humility, the ſource of peace,
Of amity and love, content and joy;
Where ſhe reſides, a thouſand bleſſings wait
To gild our lives, and form a heav'n below.
Pride leads her wretched vot'ries to contempt,
To certain ruin, infamy, and death.
But ſweet humility points out the way
To happineſs, and life, and laſting honours.

Humility, how glorious! how divine!
Thus cloath'd, and thus enrich'd, O may I ſhine!
Be mine this treaſure, this celeſtial robe,
And let the ſons of pride poſſeſs the globe.

WHAT walls can bound, or what compelling rein,
Th' ungovern'd luſt of avarice reſtrain!
Wealth he has none, who mourns his ſcanty ſtore,
And 'midſt of plenty ſtarves, and thinks he's poor.

WHEN Ulyſſes intruſted the education of his ſon to the nobles of Ithaca: "O, my friends," ſaid he, "if "ever you loved his father, ſhew it in your care to-"wards him; but above all, do not omit to form him "juſt, ſincere, and faithful in keeping a ſecret."

THE ſureſt way to purchaſe happineſs, muſt be, to let as little of our time as poſſible ſlip away unobſerved and unimproved.

VARIOUS are the innocent diverſions of life, by which we may lengthen time in general, and prevent any part of it to be uſeleſs, or tedious.

BEFORE you make an abſolute promiſe, weigh all the conſequences of keeping it: but, when once you have made it, let the circumſtances be important, or ever ſo trifling, hold it as ſacred; and never be influenced to break it, unleſs the making it good prove injurious to virtue.

THE table of a good economiſt, is always attended with neatneſs, plenty, and chearfulneſs. When we have provided enough to maintain us, in the order ſuitable to our character, we ought to be proportionably hoſpitable; but the more we live within decent bounds, the more of our fortune may be converted to noble uſes.

HE that keeps not open a conſtant intercourſe with Heaven, by frequent fervors of rational devotion, knows not the ſublimeſt joy.

THERE are attractions in modeſt diffidence, above the force of words. A ſilent addreſs is the genuine eloquence of ſincerity.

——LOOK on diſappointments, toils, and ſtrife,
And all the conſequential ills of life,
Not as ſeverities, or cauſeleſs woes,
But eaſy terms indulgent Heav'n allows
To man, by ſhort probation to obtain
Immortal recompence for tranſient pain.
The intent of Heav'n, thus rightly underſtood,
From ev'ry evil we extract a good;
This truth divine, implanted in the heart,
Supports each drudging mortal thro' his part;
Gives a delightful proſpect to the blind;
The friendleſs thence a conſtant ſuccour find;
The wretch, by fraud betray'd, by pow'r oppreſs'd,
With this reſtorative, ſtill ſooths his breaſt.
This, ſuffering virtue chears, this, pain beguiles,
And decks calamity herſelf in ſmiles.

WHEREVER a great deal of gratitude is found in a poor man, it may be taken for granted there would be as much generoſity, if he were a rich man.

ADDISON, after a long and manly, but vain ſtruggle with his diſtemper, diſmiſſed his phyſicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life, he diſmiſſed not his concern for the living, but ſent for a youth nearly related and finely accompliſhed, but not above being the better for good impreſſions from a dying friend. He came, but life now glimmering in the ſocket, the dying friend was ſilent; after a decent and proper pauſe, the youth ſaid, "Dear Sir! you ſent for me, I "believe, and I hope you have ſome commands; if

" you have, I ſhall hold them moſt ſacred." May diſtant ages not only hear, but feel the reply!—Forcibly graſping the youth's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, " See in what " peace a Chriſtian can die." He ſpoke with difficulty, and ſoon expired.

Through grace divine, how great is man! through divine mercy how ſtingleſs death! Who would not thus expire?

BLEST ſolitude! how ſweet thy peaceful ſcenes!
Where contemplation's vot'ries love to ſtray;
Where in her ſapient dreſs, religion reigns,
And ſhines more ſplendid than the noontide ray.

LET angry zealots quarrel for a name,
The good, the juſt, the virtuous are the ſame.
Virtue and grace are not to ſects confin'd,
They blend with all, and ſpread amongſt mankind.
And the pure flame that warms the pious breaſt,
Thoſe cannot merit who condemn the reſt.

THE terms of charity are never hard,
Love and compaſſion are their own reward.
A ſoul that ſuccours virtue when diſtreſt,
Can with reflection make a noble feaſt,
Which nouriſhes the mind, and overpays
A gen'rous deed with ſelf-approving praiſe.

WHAT can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to pleaſe a Being that is omnipotent?—A Being who is able to cruſh all his adverſaries?—A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any ſuch misfortune to his advantage? The perſon who lives with this conſtant and habitual regard to the great ſuperintendant of the world, is indeed ſure that no real evil can come into his lot. Bleſſings may appear under the ſhape of pains, loſſes, and diſappointments; but let him have patience, and he will ſee them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may reſt ſatisfied,

ſatisfied, that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the inſtruments of good to him. In ſhort, he may look upon all croſſes and accidents, ſufferings, and afflictions, as means which are made uſe of to bring him to happineſs.

ALL the ways of growing rich, are equal to perſons greedy of gain. Riches, in their eſteem, obtain the place of equity, reputation, their friends, relations, and, frequently, their God.

THE WISH.

I ASK not fortune's partial ſmile,
Exhauſtleſs ſource of care;
Not all her fancied gay delights
Can claim a ſerious prayer.
Nor pleaſure's ſoft alluring form,
With ardent wiſh I ſeek;
Far leſs the captivating bloom
That glows on beauty's cheek.
I aſk not, that in calm repoſe
My even days may flow,
Unruffled by adverſity,
Exempt from human woe.
Enough that no reflections keen,
No crimes my ſoul oppreſs,
To rob me of the flattering hope
Of future happineſs.
But grant me that bleſt frame of mind,
Where no vain thoughts intrude;
That bleſt ſerenity which ſprings
From conſcious rectitude.

THE love of pleaſure has ſo blinded the eyes of the preſent age, that they cannot ſee clearly the ſatisfaction of a pure and rational life.

WHEN

WHEN you ſee the choler of a friend begin to kindle, if you would do good, throw water thereon to cool, not wood to inflame it.

NO ſimple cuſtom is more blamable, than that of lying ſhut up in the arms of ſloth and darkneſs, when the cheerful return of day invites the whole creation to joy and buſineſs. Sleep, any further than as it is a neceſſary refreſhment, is the pooreſt, dulleſt ſtate of exiſtence we can be in; and it is ſo far from being a real enjoyment, that it bears the neareſt reſemblance of death, and carries all the horrors of oblivion in it. We are forced to receive it, either in a ſtate of inſenſibility, or in the deluſive folly of dreams. Sleep, when too much humoured, gives a ſoftneſs and idleneſs to all our tempers; and no ſluggiſh perſon can be qualified, or diſpoſed, to enter into the true ſpirit of prayer, or the exerciſe of any active virtue.

IT is not when misfortunes come upon us, the time to ſet about the philoſophy of bearing, or the reſignation of ſubmitting to them. It is in health we ſhould prepare ourſelves againſt ſickneſs.

IF affectation could be entirely baniſhed, how few, in compariſon with the preſent ſtate of things, would be the number of prepoſterous miſtakes.

THE niceſt rule in economy, is to make our being, one uniform and conſiſtent ſcene of innocent pleaſures, and moderate cares; and not to be tranſported with joy on occaſions of good fortune, or too much dejected in circumſtances of diſtreſs.

VAGRANT deſires, and impertinent mirth, will be too apt to engage our minds, unleſs we can poſſeſs ourſelves in that ſobriety of heart, which is above all tranſient pleaſures, and which will fix our affections on things above.

——————BEHOLD, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life: Paſs ſome few years;
Thy flow'ring ſpring, thy ſummer's ardent ſtrength,

Thy

Thy ſober autumn fading into age,
And pale-concluding winter comes at laſt
And ſhuts the ſcene.—Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtl'ing days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent feſtive nights? thoſe varying thoughts?
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life!
All now are fled! Religion ſole remains
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high.

IF people took as much pains to be good, as they do to appear ſo, they would, through grace, bring about their purpoſe.

GOD, the Lord and Father of all, has given no one of his children ſuch a property in his peculiar portion of the things of this world, but that he has given his needy brother a right in the ſurpluſage of his goods; ſo that it cannot juſtly be denied him, when his preſſing wants call for it.

WHO is wiſe? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his paſſions. Who is rich? He that is content.

FIX'D in the ſhade of this imperfect ſtate,
'Tis ours, ſubmiſſive, better ſcenes to wait;
And plaintive muſing on each various pain,
Or o'er the pebbly brook, or on the plain,
In love with nature, let us, while we ſtay,
To nature's parent, true devotion pay.
By him ſoon ſummon'd, ſhall we take our flight,
Far to the realms of uncreated light.

TRANSPORTING period! when wilt thou appear?
Thou bliſsful dawn of that immortal day,
That ne'er ſhall ſee a duſky ev'ning ſpread

To

To veil its light; which ne'er ſhall need the ſun,
Nor ſtars, nor glimm'ring moon, to cheer its ſhade.
Ye fair inhabitants of bliſsful ſeats,
Unfold your golden gates, and call me hence!
Sick of this mortal ſtate, this round of error,
Of darkneſs, and miſtake, I long for reſt.

THY force alone, religion, death diſarms,
Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms.
Soften'd by thee, the griſly form appears
No more the horrid object of our fears.
We, undiſmay'd, this awful pow'r obey,
That guides us thro' the ſafe, tho' gloomy way,
Which leads to life.———————

THE advantages of frequent thoughts on death are certainly unſpeakable; and moſt erroneous is the notion, that gloomineſs muſt be the conſequence of ſuch meditation.

IT moſt certainly becomes us, as we are rational and mortal, to conſider the high things expected of us, as rationals; and the haſte we ought to make in accompliſhing them, as we are mortal: and it would beſpeak us wiſe, as we ourſelves would receive the benefit, if we, with great ſerioufneſs and attention, pondered over and meditated upon that, which muſt, ere long, be our lot: that hour, which high and low, rich and poor, muſt all arrive at; and by which the beggar and the prince will be levelled with the duſt.

LET prudence always attend your pleaſures; it is the way to enjoy the ſweets of them, and not to be afraid of the conſequences.

COMPANY and cheerfulneſs are neceſſary, and of uſe; but a conſtant courſe of mirth betrays ſuch a levity of mind, that your preſence will never be deſired, but to divert others, whoſe regard ceaſes the inſtant the laughter is over; and ſhould your wit offend, you may be aſſured of an enemy.

IF

IF you have any good quality, do not make eulogiums yourſelf upon it; as it will not be credited upon your word only.

WE have to do with one whoſe power is unbounded, whoſe knowledge is infinite, and whoſe juſtice is perfect; and therefore from him we can hide no guilt; we can fly to no place of defence, nor can we expect acceptance, but in the paths of reaſon and religion. In them we ſhall find the higheſt pleaſure, and join to the cheerful enjoyment of the things of this world, the proſpect of a continuance and increaſe of pleaſures when this world has no more to give.

SHORT is the date, and narrow is the ſpan,
Which bounds the little life of fooliſh man.
Gay ſcenes of bliſs the raviſh'd ſoul ſurprize,
Raiſe his vain hopes, and glitter in his eyes.
Of ſwelling titles, he ſupinely dreams;
Vaſt are his projects, and refin'd his ſchemes.
But when his morning views of joy are paſt,
The melancholy ev'ning comes at laſt;
The tyrant, Death, a haſty ſummons ſends,
And all his momentary glory ends.

SINCE then Old Time ſteals all away,
Take heed the ſunſhine of your day
Nought but true joys may find:
To proper uſe apply what's ſent;
For know no beauty's permanent,
But beauty of the mind.

THE life of man is compared to the herbage of the field, but a ſhadow is a more ſtriking emblem; and the flux of time, meaſured by a ſhadow, is a leſſon that teaches us the neceſſity of preparing ourſelves for a more permanent ſtate.

AS too long a retirement weakens the mind, ſo too much company diſſipates it. It is good ſometimes to recollect

collect one's self; nay, it is even necessary to give an exact account of one's words and thoughts to one's self; and of the progress we have made in wisdom. A man that would reap the fruits of reading and conversation, and improve by what he has seen, must be no stranger to silence, repose, and meditation.

AS arrogance and conceitedness of our own abilities are very disgustful to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind.

THE reproofs of a relation may be thought to proceed from affectation of a superiority; of an enemy, from a spirit of malice; and of an indifferent person, from pride or impertinence, and so be slighted. But when they come from one who loves us, and come armed with all the tender concern that an unfeigned affection is known to dictate, they ought of course to take effect, and become irresistible.

IT is possible to be happy in the absence of all that people call amusement and diversion. When the mind is in a situation superior to the changing scenes below the sun, in pursuit of boundless and immortal bliss, the soul, with a noble freedom, ascends the celestial heights, in search of its great original, the fountain of its existence, and centre of all its hopes.

ON CONTENTMENT.

O THOU! whose pow'r can sharpest grief assuage,
Or stop the torrent of impetuous rage;
Contentment, hear! Oh listen to my strain!
Nor let the muse implore thy aid in vain;
Teach me thro' life's advent'rous paths to go,
T' enjoy the good, and calmly bear the woe;
To view unmov'd the miser's hoarded store,
Without a sigh, or greedy wish for more;
To scorn the pomp, and pageantry of state,
The empty shew, and titles of the great.

Grant

Grant me to live a peaceful, rural life,
Remote from envy and tumultuous ſtrife.
There may I paſs each hour by virtue's rules,
Nor vainly ſeek th' applauding breath of fools.

GLIDE on ſecurely, wiſely tread,
The paths where truth and virtue lead.
It matters not how great the man,
If all's confin'd to life's ſhort ſpan;
It matters not how rich or poor,
Peace is no gift in human pow'r.
They find her who contented dwell
In the cool grot or moſſy cell.

TO keep the paſſions of others ſubmiſſive, there is a neceſſity of triumphing over one's own; to oblige them to be virtuous, one muſt ſet the example and be the model. There is not a better leſſon than that which a ſuperior makes it his duty to practiſe.

THERE is ſo great a grace and authority in virtue, that it never fails to attract the eſteem even of thoſe that are moſt abandoned to vice and immorality; ſo that religion, by its own authority, and the reaſonable force of it, is ſufficient to eſtabliſh its empire in the mind of any thinking perſon.

LET your expectations be higher than any dignity or enjoyment this world can boaſt. Let a celeſtial crown fire your ambition; and in the purſuit of infinite happineſs, graſp at nothing below the glories of immortality. With what a divine ambition does the proſpect of heavenly joys inſpire the ſoul! If you are reckoned by any of the gay and giddy world the leſs polite for entertaining ſuch exalted thoughts of pleaſure, be content in being unfaſhionably good, ſince thereby you can keep your peace; be fearleſs and open to the inſpection of Heaven; juſtify yourſelf to your own conſcience, and ſecure the divine intereſt. Be always aſſured, that no character is more amiable, than that of a female, who in the gayeſt bloom

bloom of youth, and triumph of beauty, practiſes the rules of purity and virtue; and that in the exerciſe of thoſe qualities the fineſt breeding conſiſts.

IN all things preſerve integrity; the conſciouſneſs of thy own uprightneſs will alleviate the toil of buſineſs, and ſoften the harſhneſs of ill ſucceſs and diſappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the times, may rob thee of other due reward.

THE time of ſickneſs or affliction is like the cool of the day was to Adam, a ſeaſon of peculiar propriety for the voice of God to be heard; and may be improved into a very advantageous opportunity of begetting or increaſing ſpiritual life in the ſoul.

LIFE is SHORT.

MAN's life, like any weaver's ſhuttle flies,
Or like a tender flow'ret fades and dies;
Or like a race it ends without delay,
Or like a vapour vaniſhes away;
Or like a candle which each moment waſtes,
Or like a veſſel under ſail it haſtes;
Or like a poſt it gallops very faſt,
Or like the ſhadow of a cloud 'tis paſt.
Our caſtle is but weak, and ſtrong the foe,
Our breath is ſhort, our death is certain too;
But as his coming is a ſecret ſtill,
Let us be ready, come death when he will.

Concluding Stanzas of a Piece written on Recovery from Sickneſs.

FATHER of life! whoſe arm with equal power,
And equal goodneſs, can depreſs or raiſe,
Complete the bleſſings thou haſt deign'd to ſhow'r,
And grant increaſing worth to length of days.

Oh!

Oh! grant me ſtill to truſt thy tender care,
In humble praiſe to uſe this added breath,
In health, the innocence of ſickneſs wear,
And keep, thro' life, the ſober thoughts of death.

A WISE Heathen, with great juſtice, compares proſperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to her child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the Divine Being to that of a wiſe father, who would have his ſons exerciſed with labour, diſappointment, and pains, that they may gather ſtrength, and improve their fortitude. Sometimes too, a misfortune may happen to a good man, to preſerve him from a much greater one. Thus ſickneſs may be a very great mercy to him, if it keeps him from embarking in a veſſel which will be loſt in its paſſage. Thus poverty may ſcreen him from a great many evils which would be brought upon him by riches, and the like. We are ſo ſhort-ſighted, that we know not how to diſtinguiſh, and often take the greateſt bleſſings for misfortunes, and the heavieſt curſes for bleſſings. We are like mariners, who by fair winds might run into the way of pirates: but by thoſe contrary to their wiſhes, reach their port in ſafety.

Extempore Exclamation on the Proſpect of Winter.

OH! may our follies, like the falling trees,
Be ſtript of ev'ry leaf by autumn's wind!
May ev'ry branch of vice embrace the breeze,
And nothing leave but virtue's fruit behind!
Then when old age, life's winter, ſhall appear,
In conſcious hope, all future ills we'll brave,
With fortitude our diſſolution bear,
And ſink, forgotten, in the ſilent grave.

THE man, within the golden mean
Who can his boldeſt wiſh contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where ſordid want and ſorrow dwell,
And in himſelf, ſerenely great,
Declines an envied room of ſtate.

IT is a melancholy conſideration, that our comforts often produce our greateſt anxieties; and that an increaſe of our poſſeſſions is but an inlet to new diſquietudes.

WEAK and feeble minds are moſt prone to anger, and by their exeeeding fierceneſs, generally diſappoint their own purpoſe. But the greateſt and braveſt of men are always calm and ſedate; they are above being diſturbed with little injuries, and can generouſly pardon the greateſt; taking more delight in mercy and forgiveneſs, than in proſecuting revenge when it is in their power.

OTHER vices are confined within certain bounds, and have a particular object, but affectation diffuſes itſelf over the whole man, and affects the good qualities both of body and mind.

SHUN the leaſt appearance of evil, that you may not be ſuſpected; and if you cannot avoid both, chooſe rather to be ſuſpected, when you do not deſerve it, than to do evil, without being ſuſpected.

BE very cautious of ſpeaking or believing any ill of your neighbours; but be much more cautious of making haſty reports of them to their diſadvantage.

LET virtue and innocence accompany your recreations; for unlawful pleaſures, though agreeable for a moment, are too often attended with bad conſequences; and inſtead of relaxing the mind, plunge us into an abyſs of trouble and affliction.

FILIAL, ſubmiſſive to the ſov'reign will,
Glad of the good, and patient of the ill,
I'll work, in narrow ſphere, what Heav'n approves,
Abating hatreds, and increaſing loves;
My friendſhips, ſtudies, pleaſures all my own,
Alike to envy and to fame unknown.
Such in ſome bleſt aſylum let me lie,
Take off my fill of life, and wait, not wiſh to die.

WHEN

WHEN beauty's charms decay, as ſoon they muſt,
And all its glories humbled in the duſt,
The virtuous mind, beyond the rage of time,
Shall ever bloſſom in a happier clime,
Whoſe never-fading joys no tongue can tell,
Where everlaſting youth and beauty dwell;
Where pain and ſorrow never more ſhall move,
But all is pleaſure, harmony, and love.

SEARCHING AFTER HAPPINESS.

OH! happineſs, thou pleaſing dream,
Where is thy ſubſtance found?
Sought through the varying ſcenes in vain,
Of earth's capacious round.
The charms of grandeur, pomp, and ſhew,
Are nought but gilded ſnares;
Ambition's painful ſteep aſcent,
Thick ſet with thorny cares.
The buſy town, the crowded ſtreet,
Where noiſe and diſcord reign,
We gladly leave, and tir'd, retreat,
To breathe and think again.
Yet, if retirement's pleaſing charms
Detain the captive mind,
The ſoft enchantment ſoon diſſolves,
'Tis empty all as wind.
Religion's ſacred lamp alone,
Unerring points the way,
Where happineſs forever ſhines,
With unpolluted ray;
To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the ſtarry ſkies,
Where pure, ſublime, and perfect joys,
In endleſs proſpect riſe.

OH would'ſt thou, man! but now and then deſcend
Into the dark receſſes of thy breaſt,
Before the ſeeds of baleful vice have ſprung,

And

And tak'n poſſeſſion of thy eaſy heart;
Then might'ſt thou think on other worlds to come,
And live in ſolitude without a fear.

HAPPY the man! whoſe tranquil mind,
Sees nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd, the whole ſurveys.
For him the morn benignly ſmiles,
And evening ſhades reward the toils,
That meaſure out his days.
The varying year may ſhift the ſcene,
The ſounding tempeſts laſh the main,
And Heaven's own thunders roll;
Calmly he ſees the burſting ſtorm,
Tempeſts nor thunder can deform
The morning of his ſoul.

THE induſtrious ant, by nature taught,
With more than common prudence fraught,
Lays up, ſecure, an annual ſtore,
(It's little date, perhaps no more:)
Would man (who Lord of all preſides,
Alone whom reaſon's influence guides,
Whom Heav'n, in mercy unconfin'd,
For nobler purpoſes deſign'd)
Thus hoard againſt that common ſtate
We all muſt prove, or ſoon or late;
How calm might he reſign his breath,
And ſmiling, meet the arm of death!
With joy his ſoul to Heav'n commend,
And fearleſs, wait his latter end.

NOT all the gifts of wealth, the pomp of ſtate,
The gilded palace, or the envied throne,
Deſerve the real tribute of applauſe.
Praiſe rather thoſe who ſteadily purſue
The precepts of humility, who hear
The voice of cooler reaſon, nor deſire
More than their flocks, and herds, the tufted cell,

Or

Or moſs-grown cottage, the abode of peace:
They ſteer ſecurely down life's placid ſtream,
Rich in themſelves, and crown'd with length of days.

TEMPORAL things more raviſh in the expectation, than in fruition; but things eternal, more in the fruition than expectation.

VIRTUE is the greateſt ornament; it is to the young neceſſary, to the aged comfortable, to the poor ſerviceable, to the rich an ornament, to the fortunate an honour, to the unfortunate a ſupport. She ennobles the ſlave, and exalts nobility itſelf. In ſhort, let it be remembered, that none can be diſciples of the graces, but in the ſchool of virtue; and that thoſe who wiſh to be lovely, muſt learn to be good.

THE ſolid joys of human kind,
Are thoſe that flow from peace of mind:
For who the ſweets of life can taſte,
With vice and tim'rous guilt oppreſt?
'Tis virtue ſoftens all our toils,
With peace our conſcience crowns;
Gives pleaſure when our fortune ſmiles,
And courage when it frowns;
Calms ev'ry trouble, makes the ſoul ſerene,
Smooths the contracted brow, and chears the heart within.

OH, virtue, how lovely are thy charms! not half ſo fair the beauteous bluſhes of the morn, the flowery meads, or all the chearing verdure of the groves!

THE man who has ſo little knowledge of human nature, as to ſeek happineſs by changing any thing, but his own diſpoſitions, will waſte his life in fruitleſs efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purpoſes to remove.

THERE can be no true and ſincere pleaſure in any ſinful and vicious courſe, though it be attended with all the pomp and ſplendour of outward happineſs and proſperity: for wherever ſin or vice is, there muſt be guilt; and wherever guilt is, the mind will be reſtleſs and unquiet.

PURE are the joys above the ſkies,
And all the regions peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eyes,
Can ſee or taſte the bliſs.
Theſe holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, ſin, and ſhame;
None ſhall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

O THOU, ſupremely wiſe, ſupremely good!
Whoſe ways are like th' unfathomable flood,
Grant me to celebrate thy glorious name,
'Till death diſſolves this late preſerved frame.
And when this earth ſhall haſten to decay,
When ſeas ſhall burn, and mountains melt away,
When ſuns and ſtars, in wild confuſion hurl'd,
Now cruſh each other, now deſtroy a world,
May I reſume the ſacred theme above,
For ever praiſe thee, and for ever love!

HAIL, moderation! virtue, heav'nly bright,
Thou ſhining path, thou ever glorious light!
Steer'd and conducted by thy certain thread,
The labyrinth of life we ſafely tread;
And with a ſure, unerring eye ſurvey,
The various perils of our painful way.
From thee alone the mighty bleſſings flow,
To double pleaſure, and to leſſen woe;
In every caſe t' apply the healing balm,
And ſooth our ſtormy paſſions to a calm.

OF all the calamities to which the condition of mortality expoſes mankind, the loſs of reaſon appears, to thoſe

thoſe who have the leaſt ſpark of humanity, by far the moſt dreadful; and they behold that laſt ſtage of human wretchedneſs with deeper commiſeration than any other.

THE forgiving of injuries, is a virtue which not only Chriſtianity, but morality enforces. The Heathens practiſed it to admiration; the primitive Chriſtians exceeded them. But what a glorious example have we in the Lord and Maſter of our ſalvation, who prayed for his crucifiers—" Father, forgive them," &c. Luke xxiii. 34.

A WISE man will deſire no more, than what he may get juſtly, uſe ſoberly, diſtribute chearfully, and leave contentedly.

EXPENSIVE dreſs is not a crime, becauſe there is any harm in good apparel, but becauſe it ſhews a depravity of mind, which turns the neceſſary uſe of cloaths into extravagance, pride, and folly.

O 'TIS a heav'nly virtue, when the heart
Can feel the ſorrows of another's boſom!
It dignifies the man. The ſtupid wretch,
Who knows not this ſenſation, is an image,
And wants the feeling to make up a life.

SHORT is the date of our exiſtence here,
As the light rainbow in the lucid ſphere:
Tho' ſacred ſcience all her ſtores expand,
Tho' wealth and honour flow from fortune's hand;
Tho' every virtue in progreſſion riſe,
To make us learn'd, benevolent, and wiſe;
Tho' great in title, and renown'd in birth;
Our laſt retreat's to the oblivious earth.

THOU Pow'r Supreme! whoſe influence benign,
O'er all creation's infinite extent
Shines forth ineffable, inſpire my heart
With kindneſs univerſal. Let no pride,

Envy malignant, ſordid luſt of gain,
Or any kindred diſcord-brooding vice,
Diſturb my tranquil breaſt; but let me paſs
Thro' all the varied ſcenes which life unfolds,
In ſocial harmony with all around,
Serene and calm as glides the lucid ſtream.

REPUTATIONS are of a ſubtle, inſinuating nature: like water, derived from the cleareſt ſpring, when it chances to mix with a foul current, it runs undiſtinguiſhed in one muddy ſtream; and they both partake of the ſame colour and condition. If we keep bad company, however little we may be criminal in reality, we muſt expect the ſame cenſure that is due to the worſt of our aſſociates.

HUMILITY is a virtue, which highly adorns the character in which it reſides, and ſets off every other virtue. It is an admirable ingredient of a contented mind, and an excellent ſecurity againſt many of thoſe ills in life, which are moſt ſenſibly felt by people of a delicate nature.

THAT man is moſt bleſſed, who receives his daily bread with gratitude and thankfulneſs from the hand of God; and he who does, experiences a pleaſure that exceeds deſcription. It is this that gives a reliſh to every repaſt; it is this that makes the coarſeſt morſel delicious to the taſte; and it is the want of this that makes affluence a burthen, inſtead of a bleſſing to the rich.

THE ſleep of a labouring man is ſweet; and if he toil hard for the bread that periſheth, he has, in the midſt of every want, if a follower of Chriſt, bread to eat that the world knows nothing of. It is not ſaid, Happy are they who poſſeſs abundance; but, Happy is the man who findeth wiſdom; which is Chriſt, the pearl of great price. In him are hid thoſe durable riches and righteouſneſs, the merchandize of which is better than that of ſilver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

TO

TO complain that life has no joys, while there is a ſingle creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, aſſiſt by our counſels, or enliven by our preſence, is to lament the loſs of that which we poſſeſs; and is juſt as rational as to die of thirſt with the cup in our hands.

ENOUGH has Heav'n indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has Heav'n ordain'd of uſeful woe,
To make us languiſh for a happier ſeat.

YE proud, ye ſelfiſh, ye ſevere,
How vain your maſk of ſtate!
The good alone have joy ſincere;
The good alone are great.

LIFE's road let me cautiouſly view,
And no longer diſdain to be wiſe,
Forbearing ſuch paths to purſue,
As my reaſon ſhould hate or deſpiſe.
To crown both my age and my youth,
Let me mark where religion has trod,
Since nothing but virtue and truth
Can reach to the throne of my God.

O DAYS, long loſt to man in each degree,
The golden days of hoſpitality!
When lib'ral fortunes vy'd with lib'ral ſtrife,
To fill the nobleſt offices of life,
The poor, at hand their nat'ral patrons ſaw,
And law-givers were ſupplements of law!

NEVER treat common beggars with contempt or averſion, though their appearance be ever ſo offenſive; but remember the kindneſs of our Saviour and his apoſtles towards them. Conſider, that even they have an equal right with you to the protection of Heaven. Be thankful that you are not afflicted with their diſorders, their ſores, or their poverty, but always treat them as

your fellow-creatures; for, as they are ſuch, it is your duty to wiſh them peace of mind in this world, and eternal happineſs in the next: which it is impoſſible you can ſincerely do, and yet not have the heart to give them a ſmall relief.

THE poor man is, from his ſituation, cut off from a thouſand temptations to vice; and that levity and diſſipation of thought, which are the common attendants of eaſe and affluence, are obliged to give way to the ſteady exerciſe of reaſon and cool reflection, which are as cloſely connected with wiſdom, as vice is with folly.

THE cheſt of the miſer might as well contain braſs as gold; unleſs benevolence ſhould pour it into the lap of diſtreſs, or generoſity place it in the hands of merit.

THE accidents of life are numerous; it is impoſſible to guard againſt them all. He that meets with the feweſt, has a double tie of gratitude to that Being who is about his bed and his paths; he that meets with moſt, may convert them into bleſſings, by uſing them as means to exalt and improve his virtues. On both ſides, there is a ſtrong call for the exerciſe of patience and compaſſion; and he that exerciſes them moſt, bears the ſtrongeſt reſemblance to him whoſe mercy endureth for ever.

WE often overlook the bleſſings which are in our poſſeſſion, to hunt after thoſe which are out of our reach.

TRUE greatneſs of ſoul ought to be conformable to the rules of equity; its object ought to be the doing of all the good it is capable of, without requiring any retribution for the favours granted, or the treaſures diſtributed.

TEACH me, oh thou! that Teacher art
Of ev'ry duty here below;
The number of my days impart;
Be thou my guide where'er I go.

I aſk

I aſk no gold, nor length of days:
I meet thy will, thy will be done;
I know that time itſelf decays,
And gold but ſparkles in the ſun.
When chaſten'd, let me kiſs the rod;
I wiſh no tranſient joy to claim;
Be thou my portion, oh, my God!
Thro' Heav'n's eternal year the ſame.

Extract from an Ode to Senſibility.

NE'ER let my ſoul, with haughty ſcorn,
The prayer of injur'd virtue ſpurn;
Ne'er let my heart, with ſour neglect,
Treat modeſt worth with diſreſpect:
But let my breaſt, like wax, receive
Each fair impreſſion thou can'ſt give;
Taſte all thy pleaſures, all thy pain,
And pity the unfeeling train!

POOR were the expectations of the ſtudious, the brave, the modeſt, and the good, if the reward of their labours and virtues was to be determined by this life.

THAT friendſhip, which makes the leaſt noiſe, is often the moſt uſeful; and a prudent friend, is generally of more ſervice than a zealous one.

THE ſureſt means we can uſe, to arrive at a true eſtimate of ourſelves, and to find out the ſecret faults and vices that lurk within us, is to examine ourſelves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in ſacred hiſtory, and to compare our lives, with the life of him who lived up to the perfection of human nature, and is the ſtanding Example, as well as the great Guide and Inſtructor, of thoſe that receive his doctrines.

NO perſon is inſenſible to the injury of contempt; nor is there any talent ſo invidious, or ſo certain to

create ill will, as that of ridicule. The natural effects of years, which all hope to attain, and the infirmities of the body, which none can prevent, are ſurely, of all others, the moſt improper objects of mirth.

TO receive advice, reproof, and inſtruction, properly, is the ſureſt ſign of a ſincere and humble heart, and ſhews a greatneſs of mind, which commands our reſpect and reverence, while it appears ſo willingly to yield to us the ſuperiority.

AVOID the folly of ſlighting thoſe excellencies in others which you have not acquired. Rather endeavour, with a well-tempered emulation, to imitate them.

NEVER add confuſion to the inquietudes of thoſe who have failed of ſucceſs in any attempt; nor expreſs a malicious joy at their diſappointment.

WHENE'ER you would an erring friend reprove,
Let gentle cautions ſhew, the motive's love.
Do not begin with raſhneſs to exclaim,
But rather hint the fault, before you blame.
'Tis not enough your admonition's juſt,
Prudence muſt guide it, or the labour's loſt:
Friends ſhould allure, and charm us into ſenſe.
Harſh counſels leſs reform, than give offence.

A Thought on Firſt Waking.

TO God, who guards me all the night,
Be honour, love, and praiſe;
To God, who ſheds the morning light,
And gives me length of days!
His pow'r firſt call'd us forth from nought,
Inſpir'd the vital flame,
And with amazing wiſdom wrought,
The whole material frame.

He

He gave the ſoul its heav'nly birth.
He by his word divine
Prepar'd the fit encloſing earth,
And bade them both combine.
Strange, that a pure, immortal mind,
A bright celeſtial ray,
Should be with fraileſt nature join'd,
And mixt with common clay!
O! wond'rous union, ſo compos'd,
That none can underſtand;
'Tis ſuch as evidently ſhews
Th' Almighty Maker's hand.

GREAT inconveniencies attend running into any extremes. Much of our happineſs depends upon an evenneſs of temper, in not ſuffering the ſcale of our reaſon to mount us too high in the ſeaſon of our proſperity; nor to ſink us too low with the weight of adverſity.

AS whatever worldly ſubſtance you enjoy, is the gift of Providence, make it, in all caſes, ſerve the wiſe and reaſonable ends of a beneficent, hoſpitable life.

WE travel through time, as through a deſart of wild and empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, to get at the imaginary points of reſt and pleaſure.

IT is a melancholy truth, that though among the talents of our ſtewardſhip, TIME is the moſt valuable, yet, in general, we are more profuſe and regardleſs of it than of any other.

HAPPY, thrice happy, he whoſe conſcious heart,
Inquires his purpoſe, and diſcerns his part;
Who runs, with heed, th' involuntary race,
Nor lets his hours reproach him as they paſs;

Weighs how they ſteal away, how ſure, how faſt,
And as he weighs them, apprehends the laſt.
Or vacant, or engag'd, our minutes fly,
We may be negligent, but we muſt die.

THE lab'ring bee, by God inſtructed, knows,
Where op'ning flowers their balmy ſweets diſcloſe;
The riſing ſun her daily taſk renews,
Wide o'er the plains ſhe ſips the pearly dews;
From mead to mead, ſhe wanders through the ſkies,
And yellow thyme diſtends her loaded thighs.
Each rifl'd flow'r rewards her painful toil,
And her full hive receives the golden ſpoil;
On flagging wings each load ſhe thither bears,
And while the ſummer ſmiles, for winter's wants prepares.

The Ants and the Graſshopper.

THE ants, a prudent, painful train,
Brought forth and dry'd their heaps of grain.
A graſshopper, half ſtarv'd, went by,
Who bow'd, and begg'd their charity:
To whom a hoary ant reply'd,
"In harveſt how's your time employ'd?"—
"I ſing," the inſect ſaid, "and play,
"To make the lab'ring peaſants gay."—
"Ah!" cry'd the ant, "how juſt the chance—
"As then you ſung, you now may dance.
"In vain you here for food apply,
"I'll feed no idle folks, not I."

The Fall of the Leaf.

SEE the leaves around ye falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtleſs mortals calling,
In a ſad and ſolemn ſound:
"Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
"When, like us, he blighted fell,

"Hear

" Hear the lecture we are reading,
" 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.
" Virgins, much, too much presuming,
" On your boasted white and red,
" View us, late in beauty blooming,
" Number'd now among the dead.
" Griping misers, nightly waking,
" See the end of all your care;
" Fled on wings of our own making,
" We have left our owners bare.
" Sons of honour, fed on praises,
" Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,
" Lo! the fickle air that raises,
" Brings us down to parent earth.
" Learned fires, in system jaded,
" Who for new ones daily call,
" Cease at-length, by us persuaded;
" Every leaf must have a fall.
" Youth, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
" Gay in health, and many a grace,
" Let not cloudless skies deceive you:
" Summer gives to autumn place."
On the tree of life eternal,
Man let all thy hopes be stay'd;
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears the leaves that never fade.

A MAN who entertains an high opinion of himself, is naturally ungrateful. He has too great an esteem of his own merit, to be thankful for any favours received.

WHEN tired and sick of all mortal vanities, the religious mind reposes itself in the firm expectation of drinking at the fountain of life, and of bathing in rivers of immortal pleasure. Even death (which to the guilty is the gloomy period of all their joys, and the entrance to a gulph of undying wretchedness) brightens into a smile, and, in an angel's form, invites the religious soul to endless rest from labour, and to endless scenes of joy.

THOU great, ador'd! thou excellence divine!
Beauty is thine in all its conq'ring pow'rs—
What is there lovely in the ſpacious earth,
Or in th' etherial round, compar'd to thee?
In thee we trace up pleaſure to its ſource!
Thou art the great Original of joy,
Th' eternal ſpring of life, the ſource of love
Divine—beyond ſimilitude ſupreme;
With whoſe immenſity we're all ſurrounded!

ACTIVE in indolence, abroad we roam,
In queſt of happineſs which dwells at home:
With vain purſuits fatigu'd, at length we find,
No place excludes it from an equal mind.

OH, what a ſcene of bliſs the ſoul employs,
Wrapt in the proſpect of eternal joys!
Where all, immortal hallelujahs ſing,
And praiſe the world's Redeemer, heaven's King;
Where hymns of glory, every voice employ;
Where all is love, and harmony, and joy!

A COURSE of virtue, innocence, and piety, is ſuperior to all the luxury and grandeur, by which the greateſt libertines ever propoſed to gratify their deſires; where the ſoul is ſtill enlarged, by graſping at the enjoyments of eternal bliſs. The mind, by retiring calmly [illegible] there capacities formed for infinite ob[illegible] that ſtretch themſelves beyond the limits [illegible] in ſearch of the great Original of life

[illegible] uncertainty of human affairs, that we [illegible] of the conſtant poſſeſſion of any [illegible] one pleaſure or deſire, except that [illegible] not depend on external ob[illegible] ourſelves always to enjoy.

[illegible] ſeriouſly engaged in the buſineſs of [illegible] affections cleave not

IT

IT is not without good reaſon that we are exhorted to paſs the time of our ſojourning in fear: an attachment to riches, to worldly greatneſs, or its cares, has a natural tendency to divert the mind from better objects, to draw off its attention from the one thing needful, and to impede its progreſs in the purſuit of that happineſs, which is only worth purſuing.

O, WHILE we breathe this fleeting air,
May we for endleſs life prepare;
To love divine, continue chaſte,
All its ſweet effluences taſte;
'Till at the ſource, when going hence,
We drink our fill of joy immenſe!

PROVIDENCE is commonly indulgent to the honeſt endeavours of induſtrious perſons, that the more laborious they are in their employments, the more they thrive and are bleſſed in them.

KNOWLEDGE, ſoftened with complacency and good breeding, will make a perſon beloved and admired; but being joined with a ſevere and moroſe temper, it makes him rather feared than reſpected.

WHEN once the ſoul, by contemplation, is raiſed to any right apprehenſion of the Divine perfections, and the foretaſtes of celeſtial bliſs, how will this world, and all that is in it, vaniſh and diſappear before his eyes! With what holy diſdain will he look down upon things, which are the higheſt objects of other men's ambitious deſires! All the ſplendour of courts, all the pageantry of greatneſs, will no more dazzle his eyes, than the faint luſtre of a glow-worm will trouble the eagle after it hath been been beholding the ſun.

WERE there but a ſingle mercy apportioned to each minute of our lives, the ſum would riſe very high; but how is our arithmetic confounded, when every minute has more than we can diſtinctly number!

Reflections on the Close of the Year.

THE year expires, and this its lateſt hour—
Ah! think, my ſoul, how ſwift the moment flies,
Nor idly waſte it while it's in thy power;
Attend time's awful call, and be thou wiſe.
Twelve months ago, what numbers, blithe and gay,
Thoughtful, plan'd ſchemes for the ſucceeding year!
How vain were all their hopes, to death a prey,
Nor wealth they aſk, nor poverty they fear!
I've follow'd worth and merit to the grave,
The laſt ſad duties to their aſhes paid;
How ſoon may I the ſame kind office crave,
The pitying tear, ſad ſigh, and friendly aid!
Almighty Lord! be pleaſed to extend
Thy wonted kindneſs; ſtill thy bleſſings pour—
Oh! may thy grace into my breaſt deſcend:
Teach me to work thy will, and thee adore!

OF all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind—
What the weak head, with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.

A RICH man is no way happier than another man, but that he hath more opportunities miniſtered unto him of doing more good than his neighbour.

HUMILITY is the grand virtue that leads to contentment. It cuts off the envy and malice of inferiors and equals, and makes us patiently bear the inſults of ſuperiors.

POVERTY has not always the nature of an affliction or judgment, but is rather merely a ſtate of life appointed by Providence for the proper trial and exerciſe of the virtues of contentment, patience, and reſignation: and for one man to murmur againſt God, becauſe he poſſeſſes not thoſe riches he ſees given to another, "is "the wrath that killeth the fooliſh man, and the envy "that ſlayeth the ſilly one."

SURELY

SURELY, if we did not loſe our remembrance, or at leaſt our ſenſibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

A SERIOUS and contemplative mind ſees God in every thing. Every object we behold, the food by which we are ſuſtained, the raiment wherewith we are cloathed, ſuggeſt thoughts of piety and gratitude; and if we attend to the ſilent voice of meditation, we ſhall

" Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
" Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing."

OUR principles only become pleaſing and delightful, when by the influence of them we learn to calm and govern our paſſions; and are formed by them into ſuch a temper, as renders us capable of chearfully enjoying the bleſſings of the preſent world, and the higher happineſs of a better.

THE moſt momentous concern of man is, the ſtate he ſhall enter upon, after this ſhort and tranſitory life is ended: and in proportion as eternity is of greater importance than time, ſo ought men to be ſolicitous upon what grounds their expectations, with regard to that durable ſtate, are built; and upon what aſſurances their hopes or their fears ſtand.

WE ſhould take all the care imaginable, how we create enemies; it being one of the hardeſt things in the Chriſtian religion, to behave ourſelves as we ought to do towards them.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HAPPY the man, who, free from noiſy ſports,
And all the pomp and pageantry of courts,
Far from the venal world can live ſecure,
Be moral, honeſt, virtuous—tho' poor;
Who walking ſtill by equity's juſt rules,
Deteſting ſordid knaves, and flatt'ring fools;

Regarding

Regarding neither fortune, pow'r, nor ſtate,
Nor ever wiſhing to be vainly great;
Without malevolence and ſpleen can live,
And what his neighbour wants, with joy would give.
A foe to pride, no paſſion's guilty friend,
Obeying nature, faithful to her end;
Severe in manners, as in truth ſevere,
Juſt to himſelf, and to his friends ſincere;
His temper even, and his ſteady mind
Refin'd by friendſhip, and by books refin'd.
Some low-roof'd cottage holds the happy ſwain,
Unknown to lux'ry, or her ſervile train;
He, ſtudying nature, grows ſerenely wiſe,
Like Socrates he lives, or like him dies.
He aſks no glory, gain'd by hoſtile arms,
Nor ſighs for grandeur with her painted charms;
With calm indiff'rence views the ſhifting ſcene,
Thro' all magnanimous, reſign'd, ſerene:
On hope ſuſtain'd, he treads life's devious road,
And knows no fear, except the fear of God;
Would Heav'n, indulgent, grant my fond deſire,
Thus would I live, and thus ſhould life expire.

THE middle ſtate of life is beſt,
Exalted ſtations find no reſt.
Storms ſhake th' aſpiring pine and tow'r,
And mountains feel the thunder's pow'r.
The mind, prepar'd for each event,
In every ſtate maintains content;
She hopes the beſt when ſtorms prevail,
Nor truſts too far the proſp'rous gale:
Should time returning winters bring,
Returning winter yields to ſpring;
Should darkneſs ſhroud the preſent ſkies,
Hereafter brighter ſuns ſhall riſe.

A WISE Heathen was of opinion, that if mankind, in general, had the power given them to change their ſtation in life, and at the ſame time were made acquaint-

ed

ed with the inconveniences attending every other ſtate, as well as their own, they would unanimouſly chooſe to continue in the ſituation they were at firſt placed in by Providence.

THE firſt ingredient in converſation is truth; the next good ſenſe; the third good humour; the laſt wit.

DISCREET people generally have a reſerve of neceſſaries before-hand, that when the time comes for uſing them, there may be no hurry and confuſion.

CIVILITY over-acted, is always ſuſpicious. A blaſt of thorns begins in a blaze, and ſoon ends in a ſmoke; but a fire, made of proper materials, deſigned to be uſeful and laſting, at its firſt kindling breaks out from a cloud of ſmoke, and grows clearer and brighter as it burns.

PLUTARCH (in his book of Friendſhip) directs us, to "make a trial of our friends, as of our money, "and to be equally cautious of chooſing both." Tacitus tells us, that "the longer a friendſhip is contracted, ſo "much the ſurer and more firm it is." From this we may collect, that an old friend is always to be moſt valued, the beſt to be loved, and the firſt to be truſted.

THE duties that are owing to friends, are integrity, love, counſel, and aſſiſtance. It is not intimacy, and frequency of converſation, that makes a friend, but a diſintereſted obſervance of theſe duties.

"NEVER admit," ſays the philoſopher Seneca, "vain glory in your heart; for human glory is at beſt "no more than human folly."

THE pleaſing gales that gentle ſummer yields,
Amid the gay profuſion of his ſtore;
The ſmiles of nature, and of verdant fields,
Are all, alas! but bleſſings of an hour.

How

How vaſt the beauties they around diſplay,
Till dreary winter re-aſſumes his reign,
And ſternly bids them vaniſh and decay,
And leave no traces on the penſive plain!
The golden cowſlip, on th' enamell'd mead,
Diſplays his youthful glories to the view;
But ſoon he droops his ſolitary head,
And yields his virtue to the evening's dew.
Alas! how tranſient is the dream of life,
And every heart-felt comfort we enjoy;
And, fraught with care, ſolicitude, and ſtrife,
Each hour attempts our bleſſings to deſtroy.
All human ſcenes are ſubject to decay,
And time aſſerts an all-prevailing pow'r;
Expanding beauties to the morning's ray,
We bloom to wither, as the tender flow'r.
Not ſo the ſoul—its views ſublime and pure,
Where faith, and hope, and charity unite,
Shall riſe, and dwell eternally ſecure,
In Heaven's unfading manſions of delight.

MERE baſhfulneſs, without merit, is aukward; and merit, without modeſty, inſolent: but modeſt merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

XENOPHON, in his Cyrus, which he deſigned for the perfect idea of a good prince, repreſents him, in the laſt minutes of his life, addreſſing himſelf to God to this purpoſe: "Thou knoweſt that I have been a lover "of mankind; and now that I am leaving this world, "I hope to find that mercy from thee, which I have "ſhewn to others."

THE man who keeps the golden mean,
Where raging ſtorms are ſeldom ſeen,
Avoids the dang'rous rocks and pools,
That fright the wiſe, and ſwallow fools.

THE

THE limits of our life, how like a ſhade—
A paſſing cloud—our vain exiſtence flies!
Yet, all our boundleſs hopes, our future views,
For endleſs ages, on this narrow ſpan,
This little rivulet of time, depend.
And, oh! how faſt the gliding current flows!
Nothing retards its everlaſting courſe.
Ev'n now our haſty moments paſs away,
For ever, O, for ever are they gone!
We die with every breath; no calling back
The niceſt point of all our vain duration;
'Tis paſt beyond retrieve!———but oh! there reſt
Eternal things on this important point:
This ſpan of life, this ſhort allotted ſpan,
Is all we have to manage for the ſtake
Of an immortal ſoul; the glorious weight
Of heav'nly crowns and kingdoms are ſuſpended,
And, oh!—if loſt, can never be recall'd!

WHAT impreſſion can treaſure and great poſſeſſions make upon the mind that is contemplating, ſeriouſly, on the kingdom of Heaven, and a crown of glory that never fades away? What are the pomp and majeſty of an earthly court; the magnificence of palaces and crouded theatres, to one who has in view the glories of heaven; the triumphs of the ſaints; and the ineffable ſplendour of the angelic order? What are feaſts, ſports, plays, and all the varieties of ſenſual pleaſures and delights, to him who ſtedfaſtly fixes his eye on celeſtial bliſs, and everlaſting tranſports of joy?

HE that would paſs the latter part of life with honour and decency, muſt, when he is young, conſider that he ſhall one day be old, and lay up knowledge for his ſupport, when his powers of acting ſhall forſake him; and remember when he is old, that he has once been young, and forbear to animadvert, with unneceſſary rigour, on faults which experience only can correct.

Written

Written in the Holy Bible.

YE ſacred tomes, be my unerring guide,
Dove-hearted ſaints, and prophets eagle-ey'd!
I ſcorn the moral ſop and ethic ſage,
But drink in truth from your illumin'd page:
Like Moſes' buſh, each leaf's divinely bright,
Where God inveſts himſelf in milder light.
Taught by your doctrines, we devoutly riſe;
Faith points the way, and hope unbars the ſkies.
You tune our paſſions, teach them how to roll,
And ſink the body, but to raiſe the ſoul;
To raiſe it, bear it, to myſterious day,
Nor want an angel to direct the way!

TO THE MOTHER.

SAY, while you preſs, with growing love,
The darling to your breaſt,
And all a mother's pleaſures prove,
Are you entirely bleſt?
Ah! no; a thouſand tender cares,
By turns your thoughts employ;
Now riſing hopes, now anxious fears,
And grief, ſucceeds to joy.
Dear innocent, her lovely ſmiles
With what delight you view!
But ev'ry pain the infant feels,
The mother feels it too.
Then whiſpers buſy, cruel fear,
"The child, alas! may die!"
And nature prompts the ready tear,
And heaves the riſing ſigh.
Say, does not Heav'n our comforts mix
With more than equal pain,
To teach us, if our hearts we fix
On earth, we fix in vain?
Then be our earthly joys reſign'd,
Since here we cannot reſt;
For earthly joys were ne'er deſign'd
To make us fully bleſt.

PATIENCE

PATIENCE conſiſts in a well pleaſed ſubmiſſion to the divine will, and a quiet yielding to whatever it pleaſes the Deity to afflict us with. If we are poſſeſſed with a ſincere reverence and eſteem of God, humility will fortify us with patience to ſuffer, and not murmur, at his diſpenſations.

IN every affair of life, deſpair ſhould give way to hope, and impatience to content; for the hand of Providence is always neareſt to us, when perils are moſt evident.

AFFLICTIONS, if we make a diſcreet uſe of them, are meſſengers of love from Heaven to invite us thither.

A SOUL immortal, ſpending all her fires,
Waſting her ſtrength in ſtrenuous idleneſs,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this ſcene can threaten or indulge,
Reſembles ocean into tempeſt wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

The Knowledge of God natural to Man.

THAT gracious Pow'r, who from his kindred clay,
Bids man ariſe to tread the realms of day,
Implants a guide, and tells what will fulfil
His word, or what's repugnant to his will.
The author of our being marks ſo clear,
That none, but thoſe who will be blind, can err;
Or whereſoe'er we turn th' attentive eyes,
Proofs of a God on ev'ry ſide ariſe.
Nature, a faithful mirror, ſtands to ſhew
God, in his works, diſclos'd to human view.
Whate'er exiſts beneath the cryſtal floods,
Or cuts the liquid air, or haunts the woods;
The various flow'rs, that ſpread th' enamell'd mead,
Each plant, each herb, or even the graſs we tread,
Diſplays Omnipotence: None elſe could form
The vileſt weed, or animate a worm.

Or

Or view the livid wonders of the ſky,
What hand ſuſpends thoſe pond'rous orbs on high?
The comets flight, the planets myſtic dance!
Are theſe the works of Providence, or chance?
Themſelves declare that univerſal cauſe
Who fram'd the ſyſtem, and impos'd their laws.

CHRISTIANITY is not a ſpeculative ſcience, but a practical obligation.

PIETY and pride can no more thrive together, than health and ſickneſs, light and darkneſs.

THOUGH our nature is imperfect and corrupt, yet it is ſo far improveable, by the grace of God upon our own good endeavours, that we all may, though not equally, be inſtruments of his glory, ornaments and bleſſings to this world, and capable of eternal happineſs.

THERE is a certain candour in true virtue, which none can counterfeit.

IN the moderate uſe of lawful things, there can be no crime; but in all extremes there is.

"WE cannot (ſays Amaſis in his epiſtle to Polycrates) "expect in this world an unmixt happineſs, without be-"ing tempered with troubles and diſaſters."

THE family is the proper province for private women to ſhine in.

TEMPERANCE is a regimen into which all perſons may put themſelves.

GOD hath promiſed pardon to him that repenteth; but he hath not promiſed repentance to him that ſinneth.

HEAVEN's

HEAVEN's favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not diſcharge from care,
And ſhould alarm us full as much as woes;
Awake us to their cauſe and conſequence,
O'er our ſcan'd conduct give a jealous eye,
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our deſert.

TO man's falſe optics (from his folly falſe)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepid with his age.
Behold him when paſs'd by! what then is ſeen
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out at his career.

A DREAM.

TORTUR'D with pain, as late I ſleepleſs lay,
Oppreſs'd with care, impatient for the day,
Juſt at the dawn, a gentle ſlumber came,
And to my wand'ring fancy brought this dream.
Methought my pains were huſh'd, and I was laid
In earth's cold lap, among the ſilent dead;
Prop'd on my arm, I view'd, with vaſt ſurprize,
This laſt retreat of all the great and wiſe;
Where fool, with knave, in friendly conſort lies.
Whilſt thus I gaz'd, behold a wretch appear'd,
In beggar's garb, with loathſome filth beſmear'd;
His carcaſe, Lazar like, was cruſted o'er
With odious leproſy, one horrid ſore.
This wretch approach'd, and laid him by my ſide,
Good Heaven!—how great a ſhock to mortal pride;
Enrag'd I cry'd—"Friend, keep the diſtance due
"To us of rank, from beggars ſuch as you;
"Obſerve ſome manners, and do me the grace,
"To move far off, and quit your betters place."
"And what art thou? audacious (he reply'd!)
"That thus doſt ſhew ſuch reliques of thy pride?
"What tho' in life the harder lot was mine,
"Of eaſe and plenty ev'ry bleſſing thine,

"Yet

" Yet here, diſtinctions ceaſe; a beggar's duſt
" Shall riſe with kings—more happy if more juſt.
" Till then we both one common maſs ſhall join,
" And ſpite of ſcorn, my aſhes mix with thine."

ON WRITING.

BLESS'D be the man, his memory at leaſt,
That found the art, thus to unfold his breaſt,
And taught ſucceeding times an eaſy way,
Their ſecret thoughts by letters to convey;
To baffle abſence, and ſecure delight,
Which, till that time, was limited to ſight.
The parting farewel ſpoke the laſt adieu,
The leſs'ning diſtance paſt, then loſs of view;
The friend was gone, which ſome kind moments gave,
And abſence ſeparated like the grave.
When for a wife the youthful Patriarch ſent,
The camels, jewels, and a ſervant went,
And wealthy equipage, tho' grave and ſlow,
But not a line that might the lover ſhew.
The rings and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms;
But had ſhe known of melting words the charms,
That under ſecret ſeals in ambuſh lie,
To catch the ſoul when drawn into the eye,
The fair Aſſyrian had not took his guide,
Nor her ſoft heart in chains of hair been ty'd.

WERE it lawful and becoming in man to chooſe his circumſtances in life, a mediocrity would perhaps be the moſt uſeful, and the freeſt from temptation; though notwithſtanding theſe advantages, ſome might think it not the moſt deſirable. Opulence may tempt us to diſſipation, indolence, ſenſuality, and total forgetfulneſs of God; poverty, to envy, falſhood, diſhoneſty, and perjury. Let us, therefore, ſay with Agur, " Give me " neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food conve- " nient for me; leſt I be full and deny thee, and ſay, " Who is the Lord? or be poor and ſteal, and take the

" name

" name of my God in vain." But even thoſe Chriſtians, who move in this middle ſphere, have their ſorrows and their joys; they feel ſome degree of pain, ſome proportionable meaſure of anxiety and care; they taſte a bitter mixed with every ſweet, and they find a faithful monitor within, who tells them that the earth is not their portion, was not given as their reſt, nor intended as their home.

MY God, the ſteps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Tho' they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
Thy hand ſupports them ſtill.
I chooſe the path of Heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me ſo rejoice.

To MIRA, on removing into the Country.

MIRA, while on earth we ſtay,
Change our reſidence we may;
Change it often, and yet ſtill
May be happy if we will.
Virtue ſtill ſhall be our care,
The Deity is every where;
Every where to bleſs the good,
Seen, tho' little underſtood.
Seen his wiſdom, goodneſs, pow'r,
When we cultivate the flow'r;
Wiſdom all its hues diſcloſe,
Its perfume with goodneſs glows.
Finite pow'rs in Heav'n or earth
Could not give the charmer birth.
God ſhall ſend, our board to ſpread,
Healthful herbage from the bed;
Cooling fruit from every bough,
Milk and butter from the cow;
From the hive, the comb replete,
Such as was Iſrael's Canaan treat;

Chicks that once before our door
Pick'd the crumbs, and aſk'd for more;
Pigs that grunted in our ſty,
Lambs that ſkipp'd when we were by;
This is goodneſs in exceſs,
Oh! how Heav'n delights to bleſs.
From the vine the gen'rous juice,
Not for luxury but uſe,
Pour'd for Mira, pour'd for me—
If content, how happy we.
Whereſoe'er we turn our eyes,
How the varying proſpects riſe!
Fertiliz'd by ſun and rain,
Earth how cloth'd with graſs and grain!
Groves with muſick fill our ears,
How the God, the God, appears!
He o'er barren hill and dale
Bade the farmer's toil avail;
Gave the linnet's note refin'd,
With its joys to charm mankind.
Mira, what ſo clear as this,
Joy in others, gives us bliſs?
With our ſuperfluous ſtore,
Let us clothe and feed the poor.
Worth that from the public flies,
Let us ſeek and patronize;
Worth that hopes for no diſplay,
'Till that all diſcloſing day;
Mira! then may you and I,
Claim a manſion in the ſky.

FORTITUDE has its extremes, as well as the reſt of the virtues; and ought, like them, to be always attended with prudence.

THE end of learning is, to know God, and out of that knowledge, to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the neareſt, by poſſeſſing our ſouls of true virtue.

CICERO

CICERO says, "Vicious habits are so great a stain "to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that "every person actuated by right reason, would avoid "them, though he was sure they would be always con- "cealed both from God and man, and had no future "punishment entailed upon them."

AS to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of a man.

A VIRTUOUS habit of mind is so absolutely necessary to influence the whole life, and beautify every particular action; to overbalance or repel all the gilded charms of avarice, pride, and self-interest, that a man deservedly procures the lasting epithets of good or bad, as he appears either swayed by it, or regardless of it.

A MAN of virtue is an honour to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the world. He is rich, without oppression or dishonesty, charitable without ostentation, courteous without deceit, and brave without vice.

ANGER may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rest only in the bosom of fools.

WHEN the last hour seems to be approaching, all terrestrial advantages are viewed with indifference; and the value that we once set upon them, is disregarded or forgotten. And if the same thought was always predominant, we should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out ourselves in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

TO him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the Universe, no difficulty should seem insurmountable.

WE have ſeen thoſe virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally tranſmitted to poſterity, as the trueſt objects of admiration and praiſe.

A Hymn.—Pſalm VIIIth.

LORD! how illuſtrious is thy name,
Whoſe pow'r both Heav'n and earth proclaim!
When I the Heav'ns, thy fabric, ſee,
The moon and ſtars, diſpoſed by thee;
O! what is man, or his frail race,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſuch a ſhadow grace?
Next to thy angels moſt renown'd,
With majeſty and glory crown'd!
All that on dales and mountains feed,
All that the woods and deſerts breed,
Whate'er thro' airy regions flees,
Or ſwims in deep and ſtormy ſeas,
Thou all beneath his feet haſt laid,
King of thy whole creation made.
Lord! how illuſtrious is thy name,
Whoſe pow'r both Heav'n and earth proclaim!

I ENVY no one's birth or fame,
Their title, train or dreſs;
Nor has my pride e'er ſtretch'd its aim,
Beyond what I poſſeſs.
I aſk not, wiſh not, to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay.
Lord make me wiſer every year,
And better every day!

A WISE and virtuous man can never be proud; nor can he be exalted in his thoughts at any advantages he has above others; becauſe he is conſcious of his own weakneſs and inability to become either wiſe or virtuous, by any thing he finds in his own power: and his ſenſe of the goodneſs of the bountiful God in beſtowing upon him more abundantly, what he has been pleaſed more

more ſparingly to vouchſafe to others, will inſpire his ſoul with humility, thankfulneſs and adoration.

MEN generally love to have their praiſes proclaimed, not whiſpered. There are not many who can have the patience to ſtay till the day of judgment, to receive the approbation and applauſe of their good actions.

Verſes written on the Severity of Winter.

WHILE the fierce winter rages all around,
And the hard earth's with froſty fetters bound;
While clothes its ſurface a thin garb of ſnow,
And rapid rivers now no longer flow:
Tho' keen the piercing cold, the vital flood
The rich can warm with raiment, fire, and food;
But whence the poor enable to ſuſtain
Oppreſſive want, and hunger's urgent pain?
How is it, naked, hungry—they can bear,
In their defenceleſs ſtate, the piercing air?
Whence ſhall their wants the juſt ſupply receive?
Ought man refuſe, when God empow'rs to give?
None can—but thoſe in whom compaſſion fails;
In whom nor love of God nor man prevails;
In whom all ſerious ſenſe of duty's loſt,
Colder their hearts than ſnow, and harder than the froſt.

ALL have their frailties. Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections, will never find what he ſeeks; we love ourſelves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friend in like manner.

THERE is nothing ſo engaging as a benevolent diſpoſition. This temper makes a man's behaviour inoffenſive, affable, and obliging; it multiplies friends, and diſarms the malice of an enemy.

A MAN without complaiſance, ought to have a great deal of merit in the room of it.

HE whoſe honeſt freedom makes it his virtue to ſpeak what he thinks, makes it his neceſſity to think what is good.

HYMN for the MORNING.

ON thee, each morning, O my God!
My waking thoughts attend;
In whom are founded all my hopes,
And all my wiſhes end.
My ſoul, in pleaſing wonder loſt,
Thy boundleſs love ſurveys,
And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares,
Her ſacrifice of praiſe.
Thou lead'ſt me thro' the maze of ſleep,
And bring'ſt me ſafe to light,
And with the ſame paternal care,
Conduct'ſt my ſteps till night.
When ev'ning ſlumbers preſs mine eyes,
With thy protection bleſt,
In peace and ſafety I commit
My wearied limbs to reſt.
My ſpirit, in thy hand ſecure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or aſleep,
Thou, Lord! art with me ſtill.
What fit return can I, weak fleſh,
Make to Almighty Pow'r!
For ſo much goodneſs, ſo much love!
Such mercies every hour!
I'll daily, to th' aſtoniſh'd world,
His wond'rous acts proclaim,
Whilſt all with me ſhall praiſes ſing,
With me ſhall bleſs his name.
At morn, at noon, at night, I'll ſtill,
The growing work purſue;
And him alone will praiſe, to whom
Alone all praiſe is due.

IT is a ſign of great prudence, to be willing to receive inſtruction; the moſt intelligent perſon, ſometimes ſtands in need of it.

THERE is nothing more diſagreeable than continual jeſting. By endeavouring to purchaſe the reputation of being pleaſant, a man loſes the advantage of being thought wiſe.

IT is ungenerous to give a perſon occaſion to bluſh at his own ignorance in any one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

THE greateſt wiſdom of ſpeech, is to know when, and what, and where to ſpeak; the time, matter, and manner. The next to it, is ſilence.

AS we ſhould never conſtrue that in earneſt, which is ſpoken in jeſt; ſo we ſhould not ſpeak that in jeſt, which may be conſtrued in earneſt.

THE talent of turning men into ridicule, and expoſing thoſe we converſe with, is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers. What an abſurd thing it is to paſs over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities; to obſerve his imperfections more than his virtues!

AS, amongſt wiſe men, he is the wiſeſt who thinks he knows leaſt; ſo, amongſt fools, he is the greateſt who thinks he knows moſt.

THERE is far more ſatisfaction in doing than receiving good. To relieve the oppreſſed, is the moſt glorious act a man is capable of; it is in ſome meaſure doing the buſineſs of God and Providence; and is attended with a Heavenly pleaſure, unknown but to thoſe that are beneficent and liberal.

LET worldly minds the world purſue,
It has no charms for me;

Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has ſet me free.
Its pleaſures now no longer pleaſe,
No more content afford.
Far from my heart be joys like theſe,
Now I have known the Lord.
As by the light of op'ning day,
The ſtars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleaſures fade away,
When Jeſus is reveal'd.
Now, Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthleſs worm like me?
Yes—tho' of ſinners I'm the worſt,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou had'ſt not lov'd me firſt
I had refus'd thee ſtill.

ALPHONSUS, king of Sicily, being aſked what he would reſerve for himſelf, who gave ſo much away, Even thoſe things, ſaid he, that I do give, for the reſt I eſteem as nothing.

NO character is more attractive of univerſal reſpect, than that of helping thoſe who are in no condition of helping themſelves.

THE temperate man's pleaſures are durable, becauſe they are regular; and all his life is calm and ſerene, becauſe it is innocent.

SOCRATES ſaid, "All the treaſures of the earth "were not to be compared to the leaſt virtue of the ſoul."

THE gifts of the mind are able to cover the defects of the body; but the perfections of the body cannot hide the imperfections of the mind.

THOUGH

THOUGH prudence may oblige a man to ſecure a competency, yet never was any one by right reaſon induced to ſeek ſuperfluities.

RICHNESS of dreſs contributes nothing to a man of ſenſe, but rather makes his ſenſe inquired into. The more the body is ſet off, the mind appears the leſs.

THE greateſt pleaſure wealth can afford us, is that of doing good.

OF all the things this world affords us, the poſſeſſion and enjoyment of wiſdom alone is immortal. A ſtrict adherence to virtue, and a well regulated life, renders our pleaſures more ſolid and laſting.

IF we apply ourſelves ſeriouſly to wiſdom, we ſhall never live without true pleaſure, but learn to be pleaſed with every thing. We ſhall be pleaſed ſo far with wealth, as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for; and with obſcurity, for being unenvied.

The Angler and the Philoſopher.

BESIDE a gentle murm'ring brook,
An angler took his patient ſtand:
He ey'd the ſtream with anxious look,
And wav'd his rod with cautious hand.
The bait with niceſt art was dreſt,
The fiſhes left their ſafe retreat,
And one more eager than the reſt,
Look'd, long'd, and ſwallow'd the deceit.
Too late ſhe felt the poignant ſmart,
Her pitying friends her fate deplore,
The angler, with well practis'd art,
Hook'd, play'd, and drew her to the ſhore.
Lur'd by the beauty of the day,
The ſun now ſinking in the ſky,

A ſage purſu'd his walk that way,
And ſaw the bleeding victim lie.
Far in the vale of years declin'd,
He watch'd the courſe of nature's law;
And thus with philoſophic mind,
He moraliz'd on what he ſaw.
Indulge, a while, the penſive vein,
And fix this image in your mind,
You've hook'd a fiſh—obſerve its pain,
And view the ſtate of human kind.
Fate gives us line, we ſhift the ſcene,
And jocund traverſe to and fro,
Pain, ſickneſs, ſtill will intervene,
We feel the hook where'er we go.
If proudly, we our ſchemes extend,
And look beyond the preſent hour,
We find our ſtraiten'd proſpects end,
And own an over-ruling pow'r.
Awhile we ſport, awhile lament,
Fate checks the line, and we are gone;
Dragg'd from our wonted element
To diſtant climes, untry'd, unknown.

IT is no common bleſſing to meet with a faithful, ſenſible, and diſcreet friend; faithful to conceal nothing from us; ſenſible to remark our faults; and diſcreet to reprehend us for them. But to be able to believe and follow his advice, is indeed a real happineſs. It frequently happens, that we take a pride in following our own conceits; like thoſe travellers that loſe their way for want of taking a guide, or inquiring after the road.

SLANDER is the revenge of a coward, and diſſimulation is his defence.

BEWARE what earth calls happineſs; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.

Who

Who builds on leſs than an immortal baſe,
Fond as he ſeems, condemns his joys to death.

Inſcription over the Door of a Gentleman's Retreat.

BENEATH this moſs-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, liberty, content and virtue dwell;
Say you who dare, this happy place diſdain,
What ſplendid palace boaſts ſo fair a train?

VIRTUE's the friend of life, the ſoul of health,
The poor man's comfort, and the rich man's wealth.

IT is not ſufficient, that the Chriſtian avoid only the commiſſion of known actual ſins; for more is certainly required of him who is commanded to abſtain from all appearance of evil; who is to ſpeak the truth to his neighbour, and ſo to walk that he may be pronounced blameleſs and without rebuke in the midſt of this crooked and perverſe generation. Circumſpection in the ordering of our ſpeech, is, in ſome reſpects, perhaps, as neceſſary for the ornament of religion, as the outward deportment of our conduct in the world; or, at leaſt, as neceſſary for the approbation of him, who, as one expreſſes, "Views effects in their cauſes, and actions in "their motives;" or, to uſe words ſtill more awful, who hath declared, that "Every idle word which men "ſhall ſpeak, they ſhall give an account thereof in the "day of judgment."

DISCRETION does not only ſhew itſelf in words, but in all the circumſtances of action, and is like an under agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

IMPRINT this maxim deeply in your mind, that there is nothing certain in this human and mortal ſtate; by which means you will avoid being tranſported with proſperity, and being dejected in adverſity.

O! BORN for nobler ends! dare to be wiſe;
'Tis not e'en now too late, aſſert thy claim;
Rugged the path conducting to the ſkies,
But the fair prize is an immortal fame.

HOUSEHOLD affairs ought inſenſibly to ſlide along, and repreſent a ſtill current without noiſe or waves.

CLEARNESS is the rule of ſpeaking, as ſincerity is the rule of thinking. Too bright ſallies of wit, like flaſhes of lightning, rather dazzle than illuminate.

LESSONS and precepts ought to be gilded and ſweetened as we do pills and potions, ſo as to take off the diſguſt of the remedy; for it holds both in virtue and in health, that we love to be inſtructed as well as phyſick'd with pleaſure.

Verſes ſent to a young Woman, with a Carnation growing in a Flower-Pot.

WHILE this gay flower attracts thy eager ſight,
And gives to every feeling ſenſe delight,
Let its beſt uſe thy better thoughts employ,
And yield thee profit, while it gives thee joy.
Like thee in beauty's faireſt noon it blows,
Flames as the ſun, and as the ruby glows;
But time, that fixes every mortal's fate,
Marks its ſhort exit, and uncertain date.
Thus the bright charms of youth and love decay,
As the fine flower that ſcents a ſummer's day.
Soon will the ſpoils of time thy mind engage,
And e'en thy beauty wither into age;
Amid the frolicks of engaging youth,
Be thine the care to hoard the charms of truth:
To mark the moment fancy's pow'rs decay,
And place thy bliſs beyond the fleeting day.

A TREE

A TREE that is every year tranſplanted, will never bear fruit; and a mind that is always hurried from its proper ſtation, will ſcarce ever do good in any.

SUPPOSING men were to live for ever in this world, it would be hardly poſſible to do more towards their eſtabliſhment here, than they now do.

LIBERALITY ſhould have ſuch a mixture of prudence, as not to exceed the ability of the giver.

WITH a falſe companion, it is hard to retain innocence; be therefore very cautious in chooſing your company.

RESOLVE to ſpeak and act well in company, in oppoſition to thoſe that do ill; whoſe vice ſet againſt thy virtue, will render it the more conſpicuous and excellent.

An Elegy written when the Bells were tolling for the Interment of a Corpſe.

HARK! how the ſolemn peal begins,
And ſounds the ſad alarm;
Forſake, it cries, forſake your ſins,
And ſhun impending harm.
Behold! the corpſe approaching near,
View there your tranſient ſtate;
Beſtow at leaſt one pious tear,
And with ſubmiſſion wait.
'Ere long this melancholy ſcene,
Shall on your hearſe attend;
With haſte employ the ſpace between,
To make of God your friend.
Then ſhall your mind feel ſweet repoſe,
Nor care diſturb your reſt,
Virtue alone this peace beſtows,
And thus rewards the bleſt.

SLIGHT

SLIGHT not thoſe joys Heaven's bounty doth beſtow,
Purſuing what was never found below;
So many ills in ſtormy life abound,
"In Heaven alone true happineſs is found."

The Cloſe of the Year.

AS rapid rolls the year away,
Down the ſwift current of the times,
A moment let the reader ſtay,
And mark the moral of my rhimes.
As rivers glide towards the ſea,
And ſink and loſe them in the main,
So man declines—and what is he?
His hope, his wiſh, alas, how vain!
Faſt goes the year, but ſtill renew'd,
The ball of time knows no decay;
Sure ſignal of that greateſt good,
We hope in God's eternal day.

YOUR wit may make clear things doubtful; but it is your prudence to make doubtful things clear.

IN converſation, a man of good ſenſe will ſeem to be leſs knowing, to be more obliging, and chooſe to be on a level with others, rather than oppreſs with the ſuperiority of his genius.

IT is according to nature, to be merciful; for no man that hath not diveſted himſelf of humanity, can be hard-hearted to others, without feeling a pain in himſelf.

TRUE honour, as defined by Cicero, is the concurrent approbation of good men; ſuch only being fit to give true praiſe, who are themſelves praiſe-worthy.

NOBILITY is to be conſidered only as an imaginary diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the practice of thoſe generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour, conferred upon ſuch as have no perſonal merit to deſerve them, are at beſt but the royal ſtamp ſet upon baſe metal.

TO

TO PEACE.

COME, lovely, gentle peace of mind,
With all thy ſmiling nymphs around,
Content and innocence combin'd,
With wreath of ſacred olive crown'd.
Come, thou that lov'ſt the walk at eve,
The banks of murm'ring ſtreams along,
That lov'ſt the crowded court to leave,
And hear the milk-maid's ſimple ſong;
That lov'ſt, with contemplation's eye,
The head-long cataract to view,
That foams and thunders from on high,
While echoes oft the ſound renew;
That lov'ſt the dark ſequeſter'd wood,
Where ſilence ſpreads her brooding wings,
Nor leſs the lake's tranſlucent flood,
The moſſy grots and bubbling ſprings.
With thee, the lamp of wiſdom burns,
The guiding light to realms above;
With thee, the raptur'd mortal learns
The wonders of celeſtial love.
With thee, the poor have endleſs wealth,
And ſacred freedom glads the ſlave;
With thee, the ſick rejoice in health,
The weak are ſtrong, the fearful brave.
O lovely, gentle peace of mind,
Be thou on earth my conſtant gueſt;
With thee, whate'er in life I find,
This pledge of Heav'n ſhall make me bleſt.

AS no man lives ſo happy, but to ſome his life would ſeem unpleaſant; ſo we find none ſo miſerable, but one ſhall hear of another that would change calamities with him.

HE that is aſhamed to be ſeen in a mean condition would probably be proud of a ſplendid one.

ENDEAVOUR

ENDEAVOUR to make peace among thy neighbours. It is a worthy and reputable action, and will bring greater and juſter commendations to thee, and more benefit to thoſe with whom thou converſeſt, than wit or learning, or any of thoſe ſo much admired accompliſhments.

PREFER ſolid ſenſe to wit; never ſtudy to be diverting, without being uſeful; let no jeſt intrude upon good manners, nor ſay any thing that may offend modeſty.

BE ſlow in chooſing a friend, and ſlower to change him; courteous to all; intimate with few. Slight no man for his meanneſs, nor eſteem any for their wealth and greatneſs alone.

AN idle body is a kind of monſter in the creation. All nature is buſy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain, that the day hangs heavy upon them; that they do not know what to do with themſelves. How abſurd are ſuch expreſſions, among creatures who can apply themſelves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of uſeful books; who may exerciſe themſelves in the purſuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themſelves wiſer and better than they were before.

A Contemplation on Night.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my ſenſe
Of an all-wiſe, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with eaſtern light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year;

The

The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhew.
The barren cliffs, with chalky fronts, ariſe,
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all nature mourns;
The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,
But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty loſt.
No diſtant landſkips draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet ſtill ev'n now, while darkneſs clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of ſtars in heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundleſs ſphere.
The ſilver moon her weſtern couch forſakes,
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle makes;
Her ſolid globe beats back the ſunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether thoſe ſtars, that twinkling luſtre ſend,
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare,
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that heaven's eternal King,
Who bid this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-powerful word ſhall hear.
When to the weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
To other lands a riſing day he lends;
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe.
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow ſoil.
While we, in ſleep's embraces, waſte the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light.
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy morning wakes;
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away,
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.

When the poor ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall night's alternate reign be known;
The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from th' Almighty ſtreams of glory flow.
Oh! may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ,
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy!
The ſtars ſhall drop, the ſun ſhall loſe his flame,
But thou, O God! for ever ſhine the ſame.

AS riches are in general the means of procuring ſome of the comforts, and almoſt all the conveniencies of life, we moſt commonly think that happineſs is annexed to the poſſeſſion of them. We, therefore, toil and labour for abundance; and when abundance is obtained, we find as many wants, as many cares, and as many ſorrows, as when humble poverty was our only burthen; when induſtry procured the neceſſaries of life; or when mediocrity of circumſtances placed us beyond the reach of want.

IT is our buſineſs to follow the leadings of Divine Providence, as the beſt and wiſeſt rule for our conduct in every ſtage and circumſtance of life. If worldly affluence is to be the portion of the labouring man, the hand of God will point out the way, and he will ſurmount the greateſt difficulties.

LET us be particularly careful to ſhun all occaſion of ſuperfluous diſcourſe, and watch over our words, that we utter nothing but what may tend to the glory of God, or the good of our neighbour.

HE that does good for virtue's ſake, ſeeks neither praiſe nor reward, though ſure of both at laſt.

THIS fib'rous frame, by nature's kindly law,
Which gives each joy to keen ſenſation here,
O'er purer ſcenes of bliſs the veil may draw,
And cloud reflection's more exalted ſphere.

When

When death's cold hand, with all-diſſolving pow'r,
Shall the cloſe tie with friendly ſtroke unbind,
Alike our mortal, as our natal hour,
May to new being wake the riſing mind;
On death's new genial day the ſoul may riſe,
Born to ſome higher life, and hail ſome brighter ſkies.

THIS is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And nips his root.

SO fond of liberty is man, that to reſtrain him from any thing, however indifferent, is ſufficient to make that thing an object of deſire.

NO man ever did a deſigned injury to another, without doing a greater to himſelf.

MAN's chief good is an upright mind, which no earthly power can beſtow, nor take from him.

TAKE no advantage of the ignorance, neceſſity, or prodigality of any man, for that gain can never be bleſt.

UPON whatſoever foundation happineſs is built, when that foundation fails, happineſs muſt be deſtroyed: for which reaſon, it is wiſdom to chooſe ſuch a foundation for it, as is not liable to deſtructive accidents.

IF happineſs be founded upon riches, it lies at the mercy of theft, deceit, oppreſſion, war, and tyranny; if upon fine houſes, and coſtly furniture, one ſpark of fire is able to conſume it; if upon wife, children, friends, health, or life, a thouſand diſeaſes, and ten thouſand accidents, have power to deſtroy it; but, if it be founded upon the infinite bounty and goodneſs of God, and upon thoſe virtues that entitle to his favour, its foundation is unmoveable, and its duration eternal.

PHAE-

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

FAST by the margin of her native flood,
Whoſe fertile waters are well known to fame,
Fair as the bord'ring flow'rs the princeſs ſtood,
And rich in bounty as the gen'rous ſtream.
When, lo! a tender cry afflicts her ear,
The tender cry declares an infant's grief;
Soon ſhe, who melted at each mortal's care,
With tend'reſt pity ſought the babe's relief.
The babe, adorn'd in beauty's early bloom,
But to the laſt diſtreſs expos'd, appears,
His infant ſoftneſs pleads a milder doom,
And ſpeaks with all the eloquence of tears.
The kind Egyptian gaz'd upon his charms,
And with compaſſion view'd the weeping child;
She ſnatch'd the little Hebrew to her arms,
And kiſs'd the infant—the ſweet infant ſmil'd.
Again ſhe claſps him with a fond embrace,
Yet more ſhe pities the young ſtranger's woe;
She wip'd the tears that hung upon his face,
Her own the while in pious plenty flow.
Now, cruel father, thy harſh law I ſee,
And feel that rigour which the Hebrews mourn;
O! that I could reverſe the dire decree,
Which dooms the babe a wretch as ſoon as born!
But that, alas! exceeds my ſlender pow'r—
And muſt this tender innocent be ſlain?
Poor harmleſs babe! born in a luckleſs hour,
Yet ſweet as ever ſooth'd a mother's pain.
Muſt thou, poor undeſerving infant, die?
No! in my boſom ev'ry danger ſhun;
A princeſs ſhall thy parents loſs ſupply,
And thou art worthy to be call'd her ſon.

SENECA himſelf allows, that in conferring benefits, the preſent ſhould always be ſuited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large preſents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling ſtations

tions are obliged to be content with preſents ſomething leſs, while the poor beggar, who may be truly ſaid to want indeed, is thought to be well paid if a ſingle farthing rewards his warmeſt ſolicitations.

SELF-DENIAL is the moſt exalted pleaſure; and the conqueſt of evil habits is the moſt glorious triumph.

THE true way to advance another's virtue, is to follow it; and the beſt means to cry down another's vice, is to decline it.

HOW ought every teſtimony of God's goodneſs to excite our love, our gratitude, and praiſe! The ſmalleſt temporal advantage is a bleſſing, to which we have no title; if we have food and raiment, they are more than we deſerve.

WHY are we commanded to pray, "Give us this "day our daily bread," if not to teach us, among other things, our daily dependance upon God as the diſpenſer of all our temporal bleſſings? Our various wants return with the morning; and to whom ſhould we look, but to him who is able to ſupply them? We need his direction through the perplexities and difficulties of every day; and without his bleſſing and ſupport, we can effect nothing to any valuable purpoſe. In the evening, we ſeek reſt in vain, unleſs he give ſlumber to the eye-lids, and ſleep to the eyes: and as there are wants common to every family, and what all its members conſtantly experience, they ought certainly to unite in ſupplicating the ſame Divine Goodneſs, and alſo in returning thanks for the mercies of which they have all been joint partakers.

THE neglect of any ſpiritual duty, ariſes from a declenſion of religion in the ſoul. Were we to live more under the ſenſible enjoyment of divine love, we ſhould be more active, vigorous, and ſteady in the performance of every divine precept or command. The ways of God would not then appear either burthenſome, or grievous, but as they truly are "Ways of pleaſantneſs, and paths "of peace."

THE

THE diſcontents of the poor are much eaſier allayed, than thoſe of the rich.

ON GOD.

WHAT tho' no object ſtrike upon the ſight,
Thy ſacred preſence is an inward light.
What tho' no ſound ſhall penetrate the ear,
To liſt'ning faith the voice of truth is clear.
Sincere devotion wants no outward ſhrine,
The centre of an humble ſoul is thine.
There may I worſhip, and there may'ſt thou raiſe
Thy ſeat of glory, and thy throne of grace;
Yea, fix (if Chriſt my advocate appear)
The ſtrict tribunal of thy juſtice there.
Let each vain thought, and each impure deſire,
Meet in thy wrath with a conſuming fire.
Thou too can'ſt raiſe (tho' puniſhing for ſin)
The joys of peaceful penitence within;
Thy juſtice and thy mercy both are ſweet;
Thou mak'ſt our ſufferings and ſalvation meet.
Befal me, then, whatever God ſhall pleaſe,
His wounds are healing, and his griefs give eaſe.
He is the true phyſician of the ſoul,
Applies the med'cine that can make it whole.
I'll do, I'll ſuffer, whatſoe'er he wills;
I ſee his aim thro' all theſe tranſient ills:
'Tis to enſure a ſalutary grief,
To fit the mind to abſolute relief;
Till purg'd from ev'ry falſe and finite love,
Dead to the world, alive to things above;
The ſoul renew'd, as in its firſt form'd youth,
Shall worſhip God in ſpirit and in truth.

NONE ſhould be ſo implacable, as to refuſe an humble ſubmiſſion: he whoſe very beſt actions muſt be ſeen with favourable allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving.

A PASSIONATE temper renders a man unfit for advice; deprives him of his reaſon; robs him of all that is great or noble in his nature. It makes him unfit for converſation;

converſation; deſtroys friendſhip; changes juſtice into cruelty; and turns all order into confuſion.

THERE is no greater ſign of a mean and ſordid ſpirit, ſays Cicero, than to doat upon riches; nor is any thing more magnificent, than to lay them out freely in acts of bounty and liberality.

A FIRM truſt in the aſſiſtance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, chearfulneſs, and all other diſpoſitions of mind, that alleviate thoſe calamities which we are not able to remove.

DIVINE Providence always places the remedy near the evil. There is not any duty, to which Providence has not annexed a bleſſing; nor any affliction, for which he has not provided a remedy.

A GOOD conſcience, and a contented mind, will make a man happy in all conditions.

HE that overcomes his paſſions, conquers his greateſt enemies.

THE deſire of being thought wiſe, is often an hinderance to being ſo; for ſuch a one is more ſolicitous to let the world ſee what knowledge he hath, than to learn that which he wants.

A WISE man endeavours to ſhine in himſelf; a fool to outſhine others. The firſt is humbled by the ſenſe of his own infirmities; the laſt is lifted up by the diſcovery of thoſe which he obſerves in others. The wiſe man conſiders what he wants; and the fool, what he abounds in. The wiſe man is happy when he gains his own approbation; and the fool, when he recommends himſelf to the applauſe of thoſe about him.

NO knowledge, which terminates in curioſity and ſpeculation, is comparable to that which is of uſe; and of all uſeful knowledge, that is moſt ſo which conſiſts in a due care and juſt notion of ourſelves.

OF all parts of wiſdom, the practice is the beſt. Socrates was eſteemed the wiſeſt man of his time, becauſe he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodneſs more than greatneſs.

THOUGH it be an argument of a great wit, to give ingenious reaſons for many wonderful appearances in nature; yet, it is an evidence of ſmall judgment, to be poſitive in any thing but the knowledge of our own ignorance.

THE higheſt learning is, to be wiſe; and the greateſt wiſdom is, to be good.

INSTEAD of labouring in nice learning and intricate ſciences; inſtead of trifling away precious time upon the ſecrets of nature, or myſteries of ſtate, it were better to ſeek that only which is really and ſubſtantially good.

TRUE philoſophy, ſays Plato, conſiſts more in fidelity, conſtancy, juſtice, ſincerity, and in the love of our duty, than in a great capacity.

THE beſt people need afflictions for trial of their virtue. How can we exerciſe the grace of contentment, if all things ſucceed well? Or that of forgiveneſs, if we have no enemies?

THE moſt excellent of all moral virtues, is to have a low eſteem of ourſelves, which has this particular advantage, that it attracts not the envy of others.

IF a man ſhould forſake a kingdom, and all the world, if he cannot renounce himſelf, he has hardly done any thing.

WHATSOEVER convenience may be thought to be in falſhood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under a continual jealouſy and ſuſpicion; ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted, when perhaps he means honeſtly.

Reflection

Reflection by a Perſon in his Sixtieth Year.

PLAC'D on the world's diſtracted ſtage,
And forc'd to act a joyleſs part,
Why ſhould I ſhrink at creeping age,
Which warns me friendly to depart?
Why do I rather not rejoice,
That I my hapleſs courſe have ran;
And, rul'd by wiſdom's heav'nly voice,
Make my laſt exit like a man?
Fierce tho' affliction's billows roll,
And deep diſtreſs deforms the ſcene;
If innocence ſecure the ſoul,
Vain is the rage, the tumult vain.
Serene ſhe ſmiles, yet ſmiling ſighs,
To quit this darkſome, dull abode;
Wiſhing to win her native ſkies,
And find a laſting reſt in God.
Weary'd, then let me quit the ſtrife;
Kind Heav'n aſſent, and ſet me free!
For why ſhould I be fond of life,
When life itſelf is tir'd of me!

ORDER is Heaven's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt;
More rich, more wiſe—but who infers from hence,
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.

BE careful not to endeavour to imitate other men's ways, except it be in their eſſential virtues.

THE diſtribution of all our temporal mercies is wiſely regulated by the hand of God. Some men are favoured with a large ſhare of worldly bleſſings; ſome with things juſt neceſſary and convenient; while ſome, equally deſerving, have ſcarcely whereon to lay their heads. The diſpoſal of theſe things is the work of God: he maketh poor and maketh rich; he bringeth low and lifteth up; and none have a right to ſay to him, What doſt thou?

EVERY ſerious perſon muſt trace the marks of an inviſible hand in all the variegated paths of life. He muſt acknowledge, that it is not in man who walketh, to direct his ſteps; yea, he will rejoice to find they are ordered by the Lord, who delighteth in his way. And were we more obſervant of the hand of Providence, many of our inquiries would be needleſs; we ſhould ſee the path marked out before us; and if at any time through miſtake we ſhould turn either to the right hand or to the left, we ſhould hear a ſtill ſmall voice whiſpering behind, "This is the way, walk in it."

The Contented Swain.

I SEEK not India's pearly ſhore,
Nor weſtern climes will I explore;
Nor 'midſt the world's tumultuous ſtrife,
Will waſte what now remains of life.
I ſeek not aught that me may lead,
From tufted grove or flow'ry mead;
Or from my native ſwains among,
Who liſten to my artleſs ſong.
For nought Golconda's gems avail,
In this ſequeſter'd humble dale;
Nor joys can crowded cities yield,
Like thoſe of hill or daiſy'd field.
Calm as the ſummer evening's ſun,
May here my glaſs of life be run!
And bright as is his parting ray,
My proſpect of a future day!
Mean while, the lab'ring hind to chear,
To wipe the widow's falling tear,
Such tranquil pleaſures will beſtow,
As riot's ſons can never know.
This, this be mine! the ſpeaking eye
Shall then the ſculptur'd ſtone ſupply;
As o'er my turf the ruſtics bend,
The poor ſhall ſay, "Here lies our friend."

LET your promiſes be ſincere, and ſo prudently conſidered, as not to exceed the reach of your ability: he who promiſes more than he is able to perform, diſgraces himſelf; and he who does not perform what he has promiſed, is falſe to his friend.

THE immortal mind, perhaps, will quit a cottage with leſs regret than it would leave the ſplendour of a palace; and the breathleſs duſt ſleep as quietly beneath the graſſy turf, as under the parade of a coſtly monument. Theſe are inſignificant circumſtances, to a ſpirit doomed to an endleſs duration of miſery or bliſs.

AS the belief of a God is the foundation of all religion, there can be no religion without faith; but as true religion includes virtue, religion cannot be perfect without works.

AMAZ'D, the wonders of thy God behold!
And meditate his mercies manifold.
Oh! happy time, when ſhaking off this clay,
The human ſoul at liberty ſhall ſtray
Thro' all the works of nature! ſhall deſcry
Thoſe objects which evade the mortal eye.
No diſtance, then, ſhall ſtretch beyond its flight,
No ſmallneſs 'ſcape its penetrating ſight;
But, in their real eſſence, ſhall be ſhewn,
Worlds unexplor'd, creations yet unknown.

REFLECTIONS.

WHAT, oh! my heart, overflowing with happineſs! are the ſentiments that ought to ſpring up in thee, when admitted, either in the ſolemnities of public worſhip, or the retiredneſs of private devotion, into the more immediate preſence of thy Maker, who does not govern, but to bleſs! whoſe divine commands are ſent to ſuccour human reaſon in ſearch of happineſs! Let thy law, Almighty! be the rule, and thy glory the conſtant

end, of all I do. Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but of honour to thy name. Let me not ſink piety in the boaſt of benevolence; my love of God in the love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No; it is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the donor from my thought; nor the love of pleaſures make me forſake the fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me aſk their title to my heart; when evils threaten, let me ſee thy mercy ſhining through the cloud, and diſcern the great hazard of having all to my wiſh. In an age of ſuch licentiouſneſs, let me not take comfort from the number of thoſe who do amiſs; an omen rather of public ruin, than of private ſafety. Let the joys of the multitude leſs allure than alarm me; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. In this day of domineering pleaſures, ſo lower my taſte, as to make me reliſh the comforts of life. And in this day of diſſipation, O give me thought ſufficient to preſerve me from being ſo deſperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual ſwarm of accidents, to depend on to-morrow; a dependence that is the ruin of to-day, as that is of eternity. Let my whole exiſtence be ever before me, nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my ſurvey. When temptations ariſe, and virtue ſtaggers, let imagination ſound the final trumpet, and judgment lay hold on eternal life. In what is well begun, grant me to perſevere, and to know, that none are wiſe, but they who determine to be wiſer ſtill. And ſince, O Lord! the fear of thee is the beginning of wiſdom, and, in its progreſs, its ſecret ſhield, turn the world intirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy bleſſed fear, in its ſtead. Turn out a fooliſh world, which gives its money for what is not bread; which hews out broken ciſterns, that hold no water; a world, in which even they, whoſe hands are mighty, have found nothing. There is nothing, Lord God Almighty! in heaven, in earth, but thee—I will ſeek thy face; bleſs thy name; ſing thy praiſes; love thy law; do thy will; enjoy thy peace; hope thy glory, till my final hour!

Thus

Thus ſhall I graſp all that can be graſped by man. This will heighten good, and ſoften evil, in the preſent life; and when death ſummonſes, I ſhall ſleep ſweetly in the duſt, till his mighty Conqueror bids the trumpet ſound, and then ſhall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

ALL pleaſures are imperfect here below;
Our ſweeteſt joys are mix'd with bitter woe;
The draught of bliſs, when in our goblet caſt,
Is daſh'd with grief, or ſpilt before we taſte.

CONTENTED poverty's no diſmal thing,
Free from the cares unwieldy riches bring.
At diſtance, both alike deceive our view;
Nearer approach'd, they take another hue.
The poor man's labour reliſhes his meat;
His morſel's pleaſant, and his reſt is ſweet:
Not ſo the rich, who find their weary'd taſte
Pall'd with the proſpect of the cumb'rous feaſt;
For what they have more than they can enjoy,
Inſtead of ſatisfying, does but cloy.

The Divine Preſence.

THE high and mighty King of kings
Whoſe praiſe the whole creation ſings,
Hath fix'd, in love to human kind,
His bleſſed image in our mind.—
The lines are ſtrong, the picture fair,
No need of anxious ſearch and care;
Look but within, and ſtrait appears,
The ſignature all nature wears!
Where'er I am, howe'er oppreſt,
This Heav'nly protrait in my breaſt
Inſpires, with confidence divine,
And comfort flows from ev'ry line!
Thro' dangers numberleſs I go,
Yet weather all the ſtorms that blow—
To lead me to the peaceful ſhore,
My God and guide is ſtill before!

At night, before I close my eyes,
And in the morning, when I rise,
I pray for safety, health, and grace,
And still the Lord before me place!
He sheds his odours round my head,
And makes me sleep secure in bed;
In all the labours of the day,
He goes before and points the way!

Soon as my passions wild prevail,
And faith and reason both assail;
When strong temptations spread their net,
Before me still the Lord I set;
His presence can the passions lay,
And teach them reason to obey;
Temptation's charms soon disappear,
And truth succeeds when God is near!

When sorrows upon sorrows roll,
And sharpest arrows pierce my soul;
When deepest sunk in black despair,
I lift my eyes and heart in pray'r!
Just when all human help had fail'd,
And friend and neighbour nought avail'd,
This best of friends, in constant view,
Shews what himself alone can do!

Thro' all the future ills of life,
Amidst contempt, reproach, and strife,
I'll set the Lord before me still,
And live obedient to his will!
So when thro' death's dark vale I move,
He will a light before me prove;
Conduct me safe to endless joy,
And mark me out some blest employ.

WHEN the oil of grace actuates the soul, the wheels of obedience move with celerity; but when this is wanting, every duty, if not neglected, will be indifferently performed.

TRUE

TRUE happineſs is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noiſe: it ariſes, in the firſt place, from the enjoyment of one's ſelf; and, in the next, from the friendſhip and converſation of a few ſelect companions. It loves ſhade and ſolitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: in ſhort, it feels every thing it wants within itſelf, and receives no addition from multitudes of witneſſes and ſpectators. On the contrary, falſe happineſs loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any ſatisfaction from the applauſes which ſhe gives herſelf, but from the admiration which ſhe raiſes in others. She flouriſhes in courts and palaces, theatres and aſſemblies; and has no exiſtence, but when ſhe is looked upon.

IF good we plant not, vice will fill the mind,
And weeds deſpoil the ſpace for flow'rs deſign'd.
The human heart ne'er knows a ſtate of reſt,
Bad tends to worſe, and better leads to beſt:
We either gain or loſe, we ſink or riſe,
Nor reſts our ſtruggling nature till ſhe dies.
Thoſe very paſſions that our peace invade,
If rightly pointed, bleſſings may be made.
Then riſe, my friend, above terreſtrial aims,
Direct the ardour which your breaſt inflames,
To that pure region of eternal joys,
Where fear diſturbs not, nor poſſeſſion cloys;
Beyond what fancy forms of roſy bow'rs,
Or blooming chaplets of unfading flow'rs;
Fairer than e'er imagination drew,
Or poets warmeſt viſions ever knew:
Preſs eager onward to thoſe bliſsful plains,
Where one unbounded ſpring for ever reigns!

LEARN to purſue virtue from the man that is blind, who never makes a ſtep, without firſt examining the ground with his ſtaff.

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SET bounds to your zeal by diſcretion; to error by truth; to paſſion by reaſon; and to diviſion by charity.

THE path of virtue is the path of peace; in that only we can travel with ſafety, or rationally hope to enjoy permanent pleaſures.

Let uſeleſs riches ne'er engroſs my care,
The bane of piety, the miſer's pray'r;
Yet let my purſe the mod'rate ſtore contain,
To ſatisfy my wants, and eaſe my pain;
And when the needy at my threſhold ſtand,
To ſoothe their cares, and fill the craving hand.

CONTENT.

HAPPY the man (but oh! how few we find)
Who feels the pleaſures of a tranquil mind!
Who meets all bleſſings in content alone,
Nor knows a ſtation happier than his own!
No anxious cares diſturb his peaceful breaſt,
With life content, and with contentment bleſt;
No pangs he feels to break his calm repoſe;
No envy fears, for he no envy knows.
To man ſtill faithful, and to God reſign'd,
His body ſubject to its lord, the mind.
He muſt be good—for ſurely Heav'n ne'er meant,
Without ſtrict virtue, to beſtow content.
'Tis not the glory falſe ambition brings,
The wealth of miſers, or the pow'r of kings;
Nor all the fleeting joys by man poſſeſs'd,
Can give this earthly frame that heav'nly gueſt.
Whate'er the muſe of love or glory ſings,
Virtue alone the ſacred ſtranger brings.

CONSCIENCE diſtaſteful truths may tell,
But mark her ſacred leſſons well!
Whoever lives with her at ſtrife,
Loſes his better friend for life.

THE

THE line of human underſtanding, is undoubtedly too ſhort to fathom the depths of the divine diſpenſations; and the moſt enlarged capacity too narrow, to comprehend the ways of Infinite Wiſdom.

IT is deſirable, for the inward peace and eaſe of men's own minds within themſelves, that they ſhould not be under the power of fretful paſſions, and the laſting reſentments of a revengeful ſpirit; but that they be meek and gentle, peaceable, and eaſy to be reconciled: which ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, improved upon religious principles into a habit of meekneſs, is a virtue reflecting upon itſelf that calm and ſedate ſatisfaction, which is in a peculiar manner a reward to itſelf; nor is it leſs beneficial to the public, as being the great preſervative againſt that beginning of ſtrife, which Solomon elegantly compares to the letting out of water; that is, the opening of a breach, which no man can be ſure to ſtop, before it proceeds to the moſt calamitous events.

THERE is no terreſtrial good, that can yield that ſubſtantial happineſs, which is ſuited to the nature and deſires of the human mind; and he who thinks to find it in any thing beneath the ſun, is purſuing a phantom, that will elude his chace; and if it ſeem to loiter for his approach, it will only be to convince him of his folly, to ſhew him a miſtake that he never ſaw, and of which thouſands never thought, till their race terminated in that country, from whence none ever yet returned to own their error, or confeſs their ſhame.

WOULD you the bloom of youth ſhould laſt,
'Tis virtue that muſt bind it faſt;
An eaſy carriage, wholly free
From ſour reſerve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unſkill'd in any art.
Theſe are the charms that ne'er decay,
Tho' youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things elſe removes,
Still brightens virtue and improves.

BOAST not of health or beauty, or the days of youth. Delay not the care of the ſoul, in hopes that you will live to old age, or that you can do all that is required of youth, with reſpect to religion, on a bed of affliction. Strive, by the grace of God, ever to be in readineſs to go hence, and be with our Saviour, which is infinitely better than all that this world can afford; and then you may meet the king of terrors with a placid countenance, and a heart that rejoiceth in hope.

THEY enjoy life beſt, who are beſt prepared for death; who look not for more happineſs from this world, than it is capable of giving; who live righteouſly, ſoberly, and piouſly; who pray to God for the bleſſings they need, and receive thankfully all good things as his gifts; and who can rejoice in the animating hope of ſalvation, through a Redeemer.

WHEN you a wilder'd trav'ller meet,
Guide to the road his erring feet;
Or to your roof, if late, invite,
And ſhield him from the damps of night.
To ſtill the voice of anguiſh, try
To wipe the tear from ſorrow's eye;
And every good you can, impart,
With ready hand, and glowing heart;
So ſhall ye paſs, from manhood's ſtage,
Smoothly along the ſlope of age.
Then from the pleaſing journey reſt,
In peaceful ſleep, belov'd and bleſt.

CONTENTMENT.

FORGET not that thy ſtation on earth is appointed by the wiſdom of the Eternal; who knoweth thy heart, who ſeeth the vanity of all thy wiſhes, and who in mercy often denieth thy requeſts; yet, for all reaſonable deſires, for all honeſt endeavours, his benevolence hath appointed, in the nature of things, a probability of ſucceſs.

ceſs. The uneaſineſs thou feeleſt, the misfortunes thou bewaileſt, behold the root from whence they ſpring, even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own diſtempered fancy. Murmur not therefore at the diſpenſations of God, but correct thine own heart; neither ſay within thyſelf, If I had wealth or power, or leiſure, I ſhould be happy; for know, they all of them bring to their ſeveral poſſeſſors their peculiar inconveniencies.

THE poor man ſeeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich; he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power, neither the weariſomeneſs of leiſure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot. But envy not the appearance of happineſs in any man, for thou knoweſt not his griefs. To be ſatisfied with a little, is the greateſt wiſdom; and he that increaſeth his riches, encreaſeth his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treaſure, and trouble findeth it not. Yet, if thou ſuffereſt not the allurements of fortune to rob thee of juſtice or temperance, or charity or modeſty, even riches themſelves ſhall not make thee unhappy; but hence ſhalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath appointed him to run, and happineſs the goal which none can arrive at, till he hath finiſhed his courſe, and received his crown in the manſions of eternity.

An Hymn to Contentment.

LOVELY, laſting peace of mind,
Sweet delight of human kind;
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the ſky,
With more of happineſs below,
Than victors in a triumph know;
Whither, oh! whither, art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?

What happy regions doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of charms and eaſe?
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate, to meet thee there;
Increaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold enſhrin'd;
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Thro' rocks, amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The ſilent heart, which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales;
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks, as I have vainly done,
Amuſing thought; but learns to know,
That ſolitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple on the ground;
Or in a ſoul, exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky;
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All nature in its forms below.
The reſt it ſeeks—in ſeeking dies,
And doubts, at laſt, for knowledge riſe.
'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood;
And, loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper'd as they wav'd;
It ſeem'd as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of the grace,
When thus ſhe ſpoke—"Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow.
Then ev'ry grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt."
Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat,
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy.

Rais'd, as ancient prophets were,
In Heav'nly viſion, praiſe, and pray'r;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone.
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight,
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear and court my ſong,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And thee, great Source of Nature, ſing!
The ſun, that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon, that ſhines with borrow'd light,
The ſtars, that glad the gloomy night,
The ſeas, that roll unnumber'd waves,
The wood, that ſpreads its ſhady leaves,
The field, whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee
Should be ſung, and ſung by me;
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want, and aſk, the tongue of man.
Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

GRATITUDE.

THERE is not a more pleaſing exerciſe of the mind, than gratitude. It is accompanied with ſuch an inward ſatisfaction, that the duty is ſufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with ſo much pleaſure, that were there no poſitive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it for the natural gratification that accompanies it. If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man

to his Maker. The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us thoſe bounties, which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even thoſe benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every bleſſing we enjoy, by what means ſoever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

WHEN thou haſt done a kindneſs, or good office to any, be ſure thou boaſt not of it It is the employment of a great ſoul, rather to do things worthy to be admired, than to admire what himſelf hath done.

NOTHING but virtue is capable of making us happy; if other advantages contribute thereto in ſome meaſure, it is only in as much as virtue bears them company.

SUPINENESS and effeminacy have ruined more conſtitutions, than ever were deſtroyed by exceſſive labours. Moderate exerciſe, far from prejudicing, ſtrengthens and conſolidates the body.

WE ought never to think too lightly of other people's complaints; but to regard the ſorrows of our fellow-creatures with ſentiments of humanity and compaſſion.

MAN ſhould weigh well the nature of himſelf,
The varying frailneſs of this flattering world,
And the true excellence of Heav'n's high Lord;
Then would he this deſpiſe, and truſt in him.
The world deceives us all. In God is truth.
Let not thy riches or thy power prevail
To ſwell thy boſom with conceits of pride;
Look back, remember thoſe thou haſt ſeen high,
And mark, if thou haſt never ſeen them ſink;
Let this teach thee. One end awaits us all!
And when inevitable death commands,
That we ſhould follow to this dreary realm,
Matters it much, if from a royal couch,

Or

Or from a mattreſs, thrown upon the ground,
We riſe to take our journey.

The Huſbandman's Meditation in the Field.

WITH toilſome ſteps when I purſue,
O'er breaking clods, the plough-ſhare's way,
Lord! teach my mental eye to view
My native diſſoluble clay.
And when with ſeed I ſtrew the earth,
To thee all praiſes let me give,
Whoſe hand prepar'd me for the birth,
Whoſe breath inform'd and bade me live.
Pleas'd, I behold the ſtately ſtem
Support its bearded honour's load;
Thus, Lord! ſuſtain'd by thee, I came
To manhood, thro' youth's dang'rous road.
Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
From ſin, rank weed of deepeſt ſtain,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.
When blaſts deſtroy the op'ning ear,
Life, thus replete with various woe,
Warns me to ſhun, with ſtudious care,
Pride, my moſt deadly latent foe.
When harveſt comes, the yellow crop
Prone to the reaper's ſickle yields;
And I beneath death's ſcythe muſt drop,
And ſoon or late forſake theſe fields.
When future crops, in ſilent hoards,
Sleep for a while to ſervice dead;
Thy emblem this, oh grave! affords,
The path to life which all muſt tread.

EVENING HYMN.

INDULGENT God, whoſe bounteous care
O'er all thy works is ſhewn,
Oh! let my grateful praiſe and pray'r
Aſcend before thy throne.
What mercies has this day beſtow'd,
How largely haſt thou bleſt,
My cup with plenty overflow'd,

And with content my breaſt.
Safe, 'midſt a thouſand latent ſnares,
Thy careful hand has led;
And now, exempt from anxious cares,
I preſs the downy bed.
I fall this night into thy arms,
Which I have prov'd ſo kind;
Oh! keep my body from all harms,
And from all ſins my mind.
Let balmy ſlumbers cloſe my eyes,
From pain and ſickneſs free;
And let my waking fancy riſe,
To meditate on thee.
So bleſs each future day and night,
'Till life's fond ſcene is o'er,
And then, to realms of endleſs light,
Oh! aid my ſoul to ſoar.

A little Ode to a little Maid, on her firſt going out after her Birth.

LITTLE zephyrs, loves, and graces,
Bid each chilling wind be laid,
Shelter'd in your warm embraces,
See where comes my little maid.
With your guardian wings protect her,
Every motion hover o'er;
Thro' her little path direct her,
She ne'er ventur'd out before.
Forth ſhe comes, a new born creature,
How her little blue eyes range!
Wonder ſits on every feature,
All around is gay and ſtrange.
Couldſt thou, little maid, but paint me,
What thy little fancy warms,
Or thy little tongue acquaint me
'Midſt this glitter what moſt charms.
To a ſtranger all's inviting,
All a morning beauty wears;

Be the world, as now, delighting,
Taſte its joys, but not its cares!
Pity, gentleſt child of Heav'n,
Little maid will thee attend;
Innocence is alſo given
As thy guardian, as thy friend.
She ſhall wake thy heart to pleaſures,
Such as virtue can diſcloſe;
Give thee love and friendſhip's treaſures,
Strew thy path with many a roſe.
As in years, in wiſdom growing,
Never from her ſide depart;
Thro' thy future life ſtill ſhewing
She had form'd thy youthful heart.
Let the falſe world ne'er confound thee,
From its vices turn thine ear;
Shun the bad examples round thee,
Give them but a ſigh!—a tear!
Thus ſelf-guarded, thus defended,
Thy experience ſhall confeſs,
Spite of what's by fools pretended,
Virtue is true happineſs!
Such a blameleſs tract purſuing,
Thy perfection's ſenſe ſhall tell;
Oft this little ode reviewing,
Little maid, I wiſh thee well.

THE CHURCH-YARD

THINK, oh my ſoul, that while friends or ſtrangers are engaged on this ſpot, and reading the date of my departure hence, thou wilt be fixed under a deciſive and unchangeable ſentence, rejoicing in the rewards of time well improved, or ſuffering the ſorrows that ſhall attend the abuſe of it, in an unknown world of happineſs or miſery.

MODESTY ſeldom reſides in a breaſt, that is not enriched with nobler virtues.

MODESTY

MODESTY is always, and juſtly, ſuppoſed to be a concomitant of merit; and every appearance of it is winning and prepoſſeſſing.

PRAISE beſtowed on living merit, is often found to injure the goodneſs it applauds.

THE ingratitude of the world, can never deprive us of the conſcious happineſs of having acted with humanity ourſelves.

TO thee, oh God! thy ſuppliant lifts his eyes,
To thee Supreme, Omnipotent, and Juſt;
On thee alone for ſuccour he relies,
And in thy goodneſs places all his truſt.
Teach me, with patience, meekly to ſubmit
To whatſoe'er thy wiſdom judges beſt;
To ſay, with humble Job—the Lord thinks fit,
"Giving or taking let his name be bleſt."

SURE 'tis a ſerious thing to die! My ſoul,
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou haſt the gulph in view!
That awful gulph, no mortal e'er repaſs'd,
To tell what's doing on the other ſide.

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, ſtill on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation riſe.
Hope, like the glimm'ring tapers light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And ſtill, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

MODESTY is not only an ornament, but alſo a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling

ing in the ſoul, which makes her ſhrink and withdraw herſelf from every thing that has danger in it. It is ſuch an exquiſite ſenſibility, as warns her to ſhun the firſt appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

RICHES, in the hand of a beneficent man, are a bleſſing to the public. Such a one is a ſteward to Providence, and the noble means of correcting the inequalities of fortune, of relieving the miſerable, and ſpreading happineſs to all that are within the reach of his acquaintance.

The Wife's Conſolation to her Huſband under Affliction.

NO more, lov'd partner of my ſoul,
At diſappointment grieve.
Can flowing tears our fate controul,
Or ſighs our woes relieve?
Adverſity is virtue's ſchool,
To thoſe who right diſcern;
Let us obſerve each painful rule,
And each hard leſſon learn.
When wintry clouds obſcure the ſky,
And Heav'n and earth deform,
If fix'd the ſtrong foundations lie,
The caſtle braves the ſtorm.
Thus, fix'd on faith's unfailing rock,
Let us endure awhile
Misfortune's rude impetuous ſhock,
And glory in our toil.
Ill fortune cannot always laſt;
Or, tho' it ſhould remain,
Yet we each painful moment haſte,
A better world to gain;
Where calumny no more ſhall wound,
Nor faithleſs friends deſtroy;
Where innocence and truth are crown'd
With never-fading joy.

GOOD

GOOD diſcourſe is but the reflection or ſhadow of wiſdom; the pure and ſolid ſubſtance, is good actions.

THERE can be no true and ſincere pleaſure in any ſinful and vicious courſe, though it be attended with all the pomp and ſplendor of outward happineſs and proſperity; for wherever ſin and vice is, there muſt be guilt; and wherever guilt is, the mind will be reſtleſs and unquiet.

INDUSTRIOUS wiſdom often prevents what lazy folly thinks inevitable. Induſtry argues an ingenuous, great, and generous diſpoſition of ſoul, by unweariedly purſuing things in the faireſt light, and diſdaining to enjoy the fruit of other men's labours, without deſerving it.

CONCEITEDNESS and ignorance are a moſt unhappy compoſition; for none are ſo invincible as the half-witted, who know juſt enough to excite their pride, but not ſo much as to cure their ignorance.

ENDEAVOUR to be religious without ſuperſtition; juſt without rigour; merciful without partiality; cautious without fear; valiant without raſhneſs; and great without pride.

TO endeavour not to pleaſe, is ill nature; altogether to neglect it, folly; and to overſtrain for it, vanity and deſign.

WHEN winds the mountain-oak aſſail,
And lay its glories waſte,
Content may ſlumber in the vale
Unconſcious of the blaſt.

SWEET are the jeſs'mine's breathing flow'rs,
Sweet the ſoft-falling vernal ſhow'rs,
Sweet is the gloom the grove affords,
And ſweet the notes of warb'ling birds;

But

But not the groves, nor rains nor flow'rs,
Nor all the feather'd ſongſters pow'rs,
Can ever ſweet or pleaſing be
O! lovely freedom, without thee.

TEACH me between the two extremes to glide,
Not brave the ſtream, nor ſwim with ev'ry tide;
But more with charity, than zeal poſſeſt,
Keep my own faith, yet not condemn the reſt.

RELIGION better qualifies all ſorts of men, and makes them in public affairs the more ſerviceable; governors apter to rule with conſcience; and inferiors, for conſcience ſake, more willing to obey.

LIBERALITY is never ſo beautiful or engaging, as when the hand is concealed which beſtows the gift.

OECONOMY is no diſgrace, it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

HOLY-DAYS.

SOME Chriſtians to the Lord obſerve a day,
While others to the Lord obſerve it not;
And tho' theſe ſeem to chooſe a diff'rent way,
Yet both at laſt to the ſame point are brought.
Who for the obſervance pleads, may reaſon thus—
"As on this day our Saviour and our King
"Perform'd ſome glorious act of love for us,
"We keep the time in mem'ry of the thing."
Hence he to Jeſus points his good intent,
With pray'rs and praiſes celebrates his name;
And as to Chriſt alone his love is meant,
The Lord accepts it—and who dares to blame?
For tho' the ſhell indeed is not the meat,
'Tis not rejected when the meat's within;
Tho' ſuperſtition is a vain conceit,
Commemoration ſurely is no ſin.

He

He likewiſe, that to days has no regard,
The ſhadow only for the ſubſtance quits;
Towards his Saviour's preſence preſſes hard,
And that preferring outward things omits;
For thus within he ſeriouſly reflects,
"My Lord alone I count my only good;
All empty forms for him my ſoul rejects,
And only ſeek the riches of his blood.
All days, in Jeſus, is my ſole delight,
The firſt and worthieſt object of my care;
For whoſe dear ſake all outward ſhews I ſlight,
Leſt aught but him ſhould my devotion ſhare."
Let not the obſerver therefore entertain,
Againſt his brother any ſecret grudge;
And let the non-obſerver too refrain
From cenſuring others whom he ſhould not judge.
Thus both their motives bringing to the teſt,
Our condeſcending Lord may both approve,
While each purſues the way he deems the beſt,
For none can walk amiſs who walk in love.

IF at any time you are preſſed to do any thing haſtily, be careful: Fraud and deceit are always in haſte; but diffidence is the right eye of prudence.

IT is of little conſequence to read eternal truths, if we pray not to obtain the gift of underſtanding them aright.

MEN take a great deal more pains for this world, than Heaven would coſt them; and when they have it, do not live long to enjoy it.

THE time of life is the only time wherein we can prepare for another world; and oh! how ſhort and uncertain is this time! How frail and uncertain is the life of man! What multitudes does death ſurpriſe in an hour, when they think nothing of it! How ſilently and inſenſibly

ſibly does time ſlide away; with what a winged ſwiftneſs does it fly, and we cannot ſtay its progreſs, ſtop its courſe, or retard its haſty motion.

IN the morning ſay to thyſelf, what ſhall I do this day, which God has given me? How ſhall I employ it to his glory? In the evening conſider within thyſelf, and recollect, what have I done this day, and how have I ſpent it?

TO prevent ſpeaking evil of your neighbour, think no evil of him; and if you hear any, live in hopes that it is a miſtake.

IF you deſire to depend upon God, let it appear in every inſtance of his Providence towards you: Be content with the want of thoſe outward comforts which he thinks fit to deny you.

'TIS commonly obſerved, that the firſt ſtep to wickedneſs, is idleneſs; and indeed there is little hopes of any one being a good man, or a good Chriſtian, who akes no care of his time.
t

OUR wants are daily, and the temptations which draw our hearts from God, to the things of this world, are alſo daily; and upon both theſe accounts, ought our prayers to be daily alſo.

LET it never enter into your head, that you are a man of merit. Be the only perſon, who neither knows or ſpeaks of your own worth.

THE well-taught philoſophic mind,
To all compaſſion gives;
Caſts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for each that lives.

IF friendleſs, in a vale of tears I ſtray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Lord, let my ſteady ſoul thy goodneſs ſee,
And with ſtrong confidence lay hold on thee;

With

With equal eye my various lot receive,
Reſign'd to die, or reſolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiſs the ſceptre or the rod,
While God is ſeen in all, and all in God.

WE muſt never undervalue any perſon. The workman loves not that his work ſhould be deſpiſed in his preſence. Now God is preſent every where, and every perſon is his work.

TO live contented in a moderate eſtate, we muſt never conſider thoſe that have more, but thoſe that have leſs than ourſelves.

THE BEECHEN SHADE.

TO this lone ſhade, where peace delights to dwell,
Oft let my unambitious muſe retire,
Here bid the vain tumult'ous world farewell,
And praiſe my Maker with the wood-land choir.
How ſhall I joy the dew-bright morn to view!
With pleaſure bluſhing o'er the fair domain;
The lowing herds and bleating flocks purſue,
Thick ſtraggling o'er the verdant flow'ry plain.
To ſee fair nature, with parental love,
Give life and beauty to the rural ſcene,
While tuneful birds, in ev'ry vocal grove,
In ſweet aſſemblage all around are ſeen.
To walk, by turns, the grove, the plain, the glade;
To trace the riv'let in its winding way,
At eve's approach, to hail my beechen ſhade,
And eye, with ſilent joy, the dancing ſpray.
While through my veins a pleaſing rev'rence thrills,
How ſhould I joy to ſee the parting day,
Glide from the plains, the foreſts, and the hills,
While Philomel begins her ev'ning lay,
Then with bold wings ſtill upwards might I ſoar,
And range, at will, the planetary field;

The

The hand that guides the glowing worlds adore,
And praiſe, in ſilent admiration, yield.
Hail, bliſsful ſilence! ſtill this ſhade attend,
Be thou my conſtant, never-failing gueſt;
Be thou my guide, my counſellor, my friend,
Unrivall'd regent of my glowing breaſt.
Let not the vain parade of wealth, or ſhew,
One wiſh of envy in my breaſt excite;
Ah! teach my heart this right'ous truth to know,
That all the works of Providence are right.

SERENITY and gladneſs of heart will attend a devout mind, when it maintains an intercourſe with the great Author of its Being. When we are in company with our God, with our Redeemer, with our deareſt and beſt of friends, our hearts will burn with love, exult with gratitude, ſwell with hope, and triumph in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence, which every where ſurrounds us; or elſe we pour out our fears, our troubles, or our dangers, to the great Supporter of our exiſtence.

THE happineſs of a life religiouſly ſpent, plainly appears, from the poor and trifling enjoyments, that all thoſe are forced to take up with, who live according to their own humour.

RELIGION is a ſecure refuge, in ſeaſons of deepeſt diſtreſs; it ſmooths the chagrin of life, makes us eaſy in all circumſtances, and fills our ſouls with the greateſt peace that our natures are capable of. The contemplation of the life and ſufferings of our Divine Leader, muſt adminiſter comfort in the ſevereſt affliction; while the ſenſe of his power and omnipotence, gives us humiliation in proſperity.

ON RETIREMENT.

WHILE here ſequeſter'd from the buſy throng,
Let calm reflection animate my ſong;

May ſweet retirement, with its ſoothing pow'rs,
Compoſe each thought, and gild the paſſing hours;
And meek-ey'd peace, in whiteſt robes be ſeen,
To cheer the heart, and make the mind ſerene.
Then while the world in buſy ſcenes engage,
I'll ſhun the follies of a vicious age;
Freed from the dull impertinence of ſtrife,
Serenely paſs in ſolitude my life:
And when Aurora uſhers in the dawn,
And tuneful ſongſters hail the riſing morn,
With grateful heart perform the ardent pray'r,
And thank kind Heav'n for its protecting care.
Then while the ſun in radiant ſplendour reigns,
And with its luſtre decks the hills and plains,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy vale,
And breathe ſweet fragrance from the paſſing gale;
Or, led by fancy, frequent let me rove,
To ſome thick foreſt, or ſome ſhady grove,
Where peaceful ſilence reigns throughout the ſcene,
And painted daiſies deck the lovely green;
While gentle zephyrs, with their ſilken wings,
Diſplay their beauties o'er the cryſtal ſprings.
Or on the margin of a purling ſtream,
Indulge my mind on friendſhip's pleaſing theme,
Whoſe gentle murmurs calm the troubled breaſt,
And ſoothe each ſorrow when the mind's diſtreſs'd.
Then when the ſun, obedient to command,
Shall take his flight, and viſit foreign land,
May pale-ey'd Cynthia, empreſs of the night,
With mildeſt luſtre, ſhed her ſolemn light;
While twinkling ſtars diſpenſe a friendly ray,
And gently guide the trav'ller on his way:
At this lone hour when ſolemn ſilence reigns,
And mournful Philomel renews her ſtrains,
May no ſad thought my peaceful mind moleſt,
Each murmur ſtifled, and each ſigh ſuppreſs'd.
Save when compaſſion at another's woe
Shall cauſe the tears of tenderneſs to flow;
Freely I'll bear a ſympathetic part,
And ſhare the ſorrows of the drooping heart;

With

With fervent pray'rs implore kind Heav'n to bleſs,
And fondly ſtrive to make their ſorrows leſs.
Thus may my time in rural ſhades be ſpent,
Far from the world, enrich'd with calm content,
'Till death's cold hand ſhall cloſe theſe languid eyes,
And hope conduct me to yon bliſsful ſkies.

O GLORIOUS day! O day of peace, ariſe,
And with thy ſplendours glad my longing eyes.
O time! which oft ſo quickly glid'ſt away,
Methinks thou ling'reſt and defer'ſt the day;
Juſt like an arrow from a bow half ſtrung,
Thy flagging pinions ſlowly ſkim along.
Oh! with new vigour, urge thy flying courſe,
And ſtretch each tendon with redoubled force;
That peace may flow like ocean's ſwelling tide,
" And ſeas but join the regions they divide."

IT is the peculiar excellence of a good name, that it is out of the reach of death, and is not buried in the grave, but rather grows up from it. Solomon hath joined this good name, which is better than precious ointment, with the day of one's death, which is better than the day of one's birth, as it completes the character of thoſe that finiſh their courſe well, and are faithful unto death; whereas a great name, like the names of the great ones of the earth, is often withered and blemiſhed by death.

WHAT is the blooming tincture of a ſkin,
To peace of mind, to harmony within?
What the bright ſparkling of the fineſt eye,
To the ſoft ſoothing of a calm reply?
Can comelineſs of form, or ſhape, or air,
With comelineſs of words or deeds compare?
No—thoſe at firſt th' unwary heart may gain,
But theſe, theſe only, can that heart retain.

RELIGION naturally tends to all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and noble; and the true ſpirit of it, not only compoſes, but cheers the ſoul. Though it baniſhes all levity of behaviour, all vicious and diſſolute mirth, yet in exchange, it fills the mind with a perpetual ſerenity, and uninterrupted pleaſure. The contemplation of divine mercy and power, and the exerciſe of virtue, are in their own nature ſo far from excluding all gladneſs of heart, that they are the principal and conſtant ſources of it.

TEACH me, what all believe, but few poſſeſs,
That life's beſt ſcience is ourſelves to know;
The firſt of human bleſſings is to bleſs,
And happieſt he who feels another's woe.
Thus cheaply wiſe, and innocently great,
While time's ſmooth ſand ſhall regularly paſs,
Each deſtin'd atom's quiet courſe I'll wait,
Nor raſhly break, nor wiſh to ſtop the glaſs.
And when in death my peaceful aſhes lie,
If e'er ſome tongue congenial ſpeaks my name,
Friendſhip ſhall never bluſh to breathe a ſigh,
And great ones envy ſuch an honeſt fame.

HE that can ſay to himſelf, "I do as much good, and am as virtuous, as my moſt earneſt endeavours will allow me," whatever is his ſtation in the world, is as to himſelf poſſeſſed of the higheſt honour. If ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual ſucceſſion of anxiety and vexation. But when it has this caſt, it invigorates the mind; and the conſciouſneſs of its own worth is a reward, which it is not in the power of envy, detraction, or reproach, to take from it. Thus the ſeat of ſolid honour is in a man's own boſom; and no one can want ſupport, who is in poſſeſſion of an honeſt conſcience, but he who would ſuffer the reproaches of it for other greatneſs.

THERE are ſome men, in whom a deficiency of ſenſe or wit gives no pain; there are ſome, in whom abundance of both gives no pleaſure.

The

The following lines are taken from a deſcription of Hawkſtone, an elegant ſeat in Shropſhire. The author of that deſcription tells us, they were compoſed by the owner of the above-mentioned ſeat, when he was contemplating the aſtoniſhing ſcenes around him in his own park, where the verſes are to be ſeen in a natural cavern of a vaſt rock, from the top of which you command a very diverſified and romantic proſpect.

WHILST all thy glories, O my God!
Thro' the creation ſhine,
Whilſt rocks and hills, and fertile vales,
Proclaim the hand divine;
O! may I view, with humble heart,
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Diſplay'd alike in wilder ſcenes,
As in each blade and flow'r.
But whilſt I taſte thy bleſſings, Lord!
And ſip the ſtreams below,
O may my ſoul be led to thee,
From whom all bleſſings flow.
And, if ſuch footſteps of thy love,
Thro' this loſt world we trace,
How far tranſcendent are thy works
Throughout the world of grace!
Juſt as before yon noon-tide ſun,
The brighteſt ſtars are ſmall;
So earthly comforts are but ſnares,
'Till grace has crown'd them all.

Epitaph on a Country Clergyman.

STILL, like his Saviour, known by breaking bread,
The rich he entertain'd, the needy fed.
Of humour eaſy, and of life unblam'd,
The friend delighted, while the prieſt reclaim'd.
The friend, the father, and the huſband gone,
The prieſt ſtill lives in the recording ſtone,
Where pious eyes may read his praiſes o'er,
And learn each grace his pulpit taught before.

THE bent and inclination of a virtuous man is towards ſilence, as much as poſſible, becauſe the principal light and knowledge of this life, conſiſts in being thoroughly acquainted with the depth and greatneſs of his own ignorance. So that thoſe who make great progreſs in human ſciences, for the moſt part become peremptory and deciſive. On the contrary, the proficients in the ſcience of God become more reſerved, more inclined to ſilence, leſs addicted to their own ſenſe, and leſs ventureſome to judge of others; becauſe they diſcover more and more how uncertain and obſcure our knowledge is, how much we often deceive ourſelves in the things we think we know beſt, how many faults and errors we run into by haſte and precipitation in judging, and what diſorders are often cauſed by raſh judgments and advices.

Inſcription for an Hermitage.

FOND man, retire to this lone cell,
And bid the buſy world farewell;
Ah! quit the city's noiſy ſcene,
For pleaſures tranquil and ſerene;
Seek in this calm, this ſweet receſs,
The roſe lip'd cherub, happineſs,
That haunts the hermit's moſſy floor,
And ſimple peaſant's rural door.
How pleaſant is yon oak's brown ſhade,
The ſpreading beach, the adjacent glade;
The cryſtal ſtreams, that ſmoothly glide;
The warbling thruſh, at even tide?
Fond man, here ſweetly thou may'ſt ſpend
Thy fleeting days, nor fear thy end;
Stealing thro' life, as thro' the plain,
Yon rill flows ſilent to the main.
Here (when in ruſſet veſt the morn
Walks o'er the mountain or the lawn)
Thy early oriſons begin,
And live ſecure from woe and ſin.

Here

Here too, at ev'ning's ſober hour,
Adore the great Almighty pow'r;
The Sovereign Ruler of the ſkies,
For ever juſt, and good, and wiſe.

PATIENCE will wipe away the ſtreaming tear,
And hope will paint the pallid cheek of fear:
Content will always happineſs ſupply,
And virtue calls a bleſſing from on high.

WHEN any body's miſbehaviour diſturbs you, diſmiſs the image of the injury, and bethink yourſelf whether you have not been guilty of the ſame fault. Such reflection is the ſhorteſt and moſt certain way of becoming truly wiſe and truly pious.

NO trees bear fruit in autumn, unleſs they bloſſom in the ſpring. To the end that our age may be profitable, and laden with ripe fruit, let all endeavour, that our youth may be ſtudious, and flowered with the bloſſoms of learning and obſervation.

WE may judge of men by their converſation towards God, but never by God's diſpenſations towards them.

TO learn to accommodate our taſte to that portion of happineſs, which Providence has ſet before us, is of all the leſſons of philoſophy, ſurely the moſt neceſſary. High and exquiſite gratifications are not conſiſtent with the appointed meaſures of humanity; and perhaps if we would fully enjoy the reliſh of our being, we ſhould rather conſider the miſeries we eſcape, than too nicely examine the intrinſic worth of the happineſs we poſſeſs.

WHEN a man is in company with his betters, it is as much more adviſeable to hear, than to ſpeak, as it is better to reap, than to ſow.

HE is the richeſt man, who deſires no ſuperfluity, and wants for no neceſſary.

RESTLESS mortals toil for nought:
Bliſs in vain from earth is ſought;
Bliſs, a native of the ſky,
Never wanders. Mortals try;
There you cannot ſeek in vain,
For to ſeek her is to gain.

COME gentle age! to me thou doſt appear
No cruel object of regret or fear;
Thy ſtealing ſtep I unreluctant ſee,
Nor would avoid, or wiſh to fly from thee.

OTHERS good turns to thee be ſure to tell,
But nothing ſay, when thou thyſelf doſt well.

SOME have pleaſed themſelves with the thought, "That departed ſpirits ſupply the place of guardian angels to their friends; that they delight to follow them in their ſolitary walks, and watch their nightly ſlumbers, and make impreſſions on their ſleeping fancy, to warn them of approaching dangers." 'Tis not unlikely, that the tempeſts of human paſſions are ſometimes compoſed by the ſoft inſpiring whiſpers of thoſe propitious beings, while the ſeats of joy have opened their glories in viſionary ſcenes to their ſleeping imagination.

YOU may enjoy what you have, if you do not wiſh for more. Like a clear ſtream, which glides ſmoothly on, but by endeavouring to increaſe the waters, it becomes a torrent.

OF greatneſs, and its pompous train,
What notions falſe we entertain!
The glitt'ring dreſs, the ſplendid feaſt,
Thoſe ſeeking moſt, who know them leaſt;
Our time, anxiety, and coſt,
In the vain acquiſition's loſt.
The man we envy oft as bleſt,
In ſecret pines with care oppreſs'd.

MANY

MANY ſcripture parables and ſimilitudes are taken from the common actions of this life, that when our hands are employed about them, our hearts may the more eaſily paſs through them to divine and heavenly things.

EVERY thing is beautiful in its ſeaſon; and it is wiſdom of the prudent, ſo to order the duties of their general callings as Chriſtians, and thoſe of their particular callings in the world, as that they may not claſh or interfere.

IT is related of the pious Philip Henry, that if any aſked his charity, whoſe repreſentation of their caſe he did not like, or who he thought did amiſs to take that courſe, he would firſt give them an alms, and then mildly reprove them; labouring to convince them that they were out of the way of duty; that they could not expect God ſhould bleſs them in it, and would not chide, but reaſon with them. He would ſay, if he ſhould tell them of their faults, and not give them an alms, the reproof would look only like an excuſe to deny his charity, and would be rejected accordingly.

TO be over ſolicitous after praiſe, to be greedy of it, and eager in purſuing it, and to ſeem in ſome meaſure to beg it, inſtead of being the character of a great ſoul, is the moſt certain ſign of a vain and light diſpoſition, which feeds upon the wind, and takes the ſhadow for the ſubſtance.

THE ANTS.

SO when the ants, a ſmall induſtrious train,
Embodied rob ſome golden heap of grain,
Studious, 'ere ſtormy winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their darkſome cells the treaſur'd prey,
In one long track the duſky regions lead
Their prize in triumph, thro' the verdant mead.
Here bending with the load, a panting throng,
With force conjoined, heave ſome huge grain along;
Some laſh the ſtragglers to the taſk aſſign'd,
Some to their ranks the bands that lag behind;

They croud the peopled path in thick array,
Glow at the work, and darken all the way.

HOW bleſs'd the man, who, like theſe inſects, wiſe,
Exerts his pow'rs to lay up Heav'nly food;
Convinc'd, that nought like this beneath the ſkies
Deſerves his care, and ought to be purſu'd.

WOULD you in ſafety plough th' inconſtant tide,
The helm let prudence ever watchful guide.
She ſhuns the deep, where mountain-billows roar,
And ſhuns alike the ſhallows and the ſhore.
The few, by precept or experience wiſe,
Who know the mean, the golden mean, to prize,
With equal ſcorn reject a ſordid ſtate,
And the gilt ſorrows of the vainly great.
Fix'd in that point, where all the virtues reſt,
Between the extremes with peaceful pleaſure bleſt,
They know to curb irregular deſires,
When av'rice tempts them, or ambition fires.

POSTS of preferment, and the marks of reſpect annexed to them, may flatter the ambition and vanity of mankind, but in themſelves include no real glory or ſolid happineſs, as they are foreign to them; as they are not always the proof and reward of merit; as they add nothing to the good qualities either of body or mind; as they correct none of our faults; but often, on the contrary, ſerve only to multiply and make them more remarkable, by making them conſpicuous, and exhibiting them in a ſtronger light.

IT is virtue alone which fixes the price of every thing, and is the ſole ſource of ſolid glory and real happineſs.

WIT is commonly looked upon with a ſuſpicious eye, as a two-edged ſword, from which not even the ſacredneſs of friendſhip can ſecure. It is more eſpecially dreaded in women.

A MAN may be reſerved and modeſt in the midſt of riches and honours, as he may be proud and avaricious in the obſcurity of a poor and wretched life.

TIME, always precious, can never be more ſo, than in our early years; the firſt ideas make the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting impreſſion.

NUMBERLESS are the branches of good nature! Numberleſs are the benefits we ourſelves receive by it, and confer on others!

MERE good humour, if abuſed, will degenerate into its reverſe; but good nature is always the ſame, and incapable of changing; like the divine ſource, of which it is an emanation, it returns injuries with benefits; it endeavours to work on the bad heart that offers them, by ſoft perſuaſion, and pities what it cannot mend.

WHAT tho' to-day's oppreſs'd with various woes;
To-morrow's dawn may happier ſcenes diſcloſe.
The bounteous pow'r that o'er wide nature reigns,
Now bids ſtern winter blaſt the freezing plains;
And now recalls the ſpring, the ſpring returns,
Each face now ſmiles, and ev'ry boſom burns;
New beauty burſts upon the raviſh'd ſight,
And all around is joy, and life, and light.

THRO' life let manly fortitude prevail:
Whate'er the current, and whate'er the gale,
Preſs forward ſtill, and ev'ry adverſe tide
Let thy ſlow, perſevering bark, divide.
But when too ſtrong the fav'ring breeze you find,
Furl the broad ſail, nor truſt the faithleſs wind.

To MIRA, with a Watch.

MIRA, this machine, you'll find,
Suits a moralizing mind.

Has it motion? 'Tis as clear
Action is man's proper ſphere.
Equal ſhould its progreſs prove,
So thro' life let Mira move.
When you forward urge its pace,
Think it may be Mira's caſe;
In my paſſage to the ſky,
Have I linger'd?—let me fly!
Backwards are the hands convey'd,
To the points from whence they ſtray'd?
Bluſh not, Mira! to untread
Steps that wiſdom never led.
If it ſtand, reflecting ſay,
Time for no machine will ſtay.
Heav'n obſerves—and will it find
Mira with him, or behind?
Mark its hands with thanks to Heav'n,
For each hour and minute given;
Giv'n as means to make us wiſe;
Giv'n to form us for the ſkies.
Falſe if either hand be view'd,
Some internal fault conclude.
Thus if Mira's life ſhould ſin,
Let her firſt reform within.
When it ſtrikes the hour, admit
Silence is not always fit.
Ev'ry day its taſk purſu'd,
Hints how thine muſt be renew'd.
Say, when winding up, alas!
Human wheels, like thoſe of braſs
Soon their functions would forego,
Nought if foreign hand beſtow.
If all day it acted right,
When ſhe hangs it by at night,
Then let Mira aſk her heart,
How have I perform'd my part?
If it err'd let Mira pray,
Heav'n forgive my faults to-day!
For its uſe, my preſent prize,
All beſides neglect, deſpiſe.

Shine its trinkets as they will,
Trinkets are but trifles ſtill.
Mira! when at court array'd
All in jewels and brocade,
If at heart no merit dwell,
If no deeds that merit tell,
Tho' a lord ſhould ſmile, or king,
Thou'rt a glitt'ring, uſeleſs thing.
If, whate'er its preſent praiſe,
All its pow'r to ſerve decays,
Means to mend it vainly try'd,
When you caſt it from your ſide;
On a life of virtue paſt,
Joyful retroſpection caſt.
But let Mira think again,
Only virtue paſt were vain;
Perſeverance, 'till we die,
Wins the Chriſtian's crown on high.

A WOMAN of true ſenſe, will be always ambitious, not of gaining admiration, but of deſerving it.

THERE is no being long and ſincerely happy, without being good; which, as common an obſervation as it has been, yet wants to be made anew, by moſt, even of thoſe whom the world thinks both wiſe and happy.

GOOD-HUMOUR ſhuns not an opportunity of obliging; but good-nature is induſtrious in ſeeking out as many as it can. Good-humour frequently promiſes more than is in its power to perform; but good-nature does more than it gives you reaſon to expect.

THE want of thought creates many miſchiefs among mankind; and this is the reaſon that none ought to ſpeak, 'till they have firſt reflected on every thing that may poſſibly be the conſequence of what they ſpeak.

IT is indeed a dreadful thing, when people cannot reſolve to content themſelves with the ſphere in which they are placed by Heaven. It is this reſtleſſneſs of the mind, that occaſions half the miſchiefs that befal mankind; and yet we are all, more or leſs, apt to have ſome ſhare of it. Every one wiſhes for ſomething he has not, and that hinders him from enjoying, properly, what he is poſſeſſed of. We fancy we know better than he that made us, what will befit us, and accuſe Providence of partiality in the lot aſſigned to us.

LIFE is an uncertain ocean; numberleſs, nameleſs dangers, lurk beneath the faireſt ſurface. No one, at his firſt embarkation, can promiſe to himſelf that he ſhall go through his voyage, unruffled with the ſtorms which from above, below, and every where, ſurround. Who then would not be glad to ſecure ſome friendly bark at hand, whoſe kind aſſiſtance, in caſe of a wreck, might ſave him?

THE ſeeds of thoſe ſpiritual joys and raptures, which are to riſe up and flouriſh in the ſoul to all eternity, muſt be planted in her, during her preſent ſtate of probation.

BEWARE thy meddling hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But ſeek to know, and bend thy ſerious thought,
To ſearch the profitable knowledge out.
So joys, on joys, for ever will increaſe,
Wiſdom ſhall crown thy labours, and ſhall bleſs
Thy life with pleaſure, and thy end with peace.

LET gratitude, in acts of goodneſs flow;
My love to God, in love to man below.
Be this my joy, to calm the troubled breaſt,
Support the weak, and ſuccour the diſtreſt;
Direct the wand'rer, dry the widow's tear,
The orphan guard, the ſinking ſpirits chear.
Tho' ſmall my pow'r to act, tho' mean my ſkill,
God ſees the heart, he judges by the will.

AN

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

NOW down the ſteep of heav'n the ſource of day
Purſues, unwearied, his diurnal way.
Mild ſhine his rays, his beams ſerene deſcend,
And o'er the earth a ſweet effulgence ſend.
The bluſt'ring winds a pleaſing ſilence keep,
And in their caves, with folded pinions, ſleep.
No longer from the cloud deſcends the rain,
But a clear azure ſpreads th' etherial plain.
A ſolemn, pleaſing ſilence, hovers round,
And peace, with downy wing, o'erſpreads the ground.
While ſilver Cynthia ſheds her milder light,
And uſhers in the awful reign of night.
So when the lamp of life ſhall dimly burn,
And this frail frame to kindred duſt return,
May the rude ſtrife of earth-born paſſions ceaſe,
And life's ſhort journey terminate in peace.
May then no cares terreſtrial break my reſt,
Or keen reflections diſcompoſe my breaſt.
May then no fears, no dread of ills to come,
Make me ſhrink back with terror from the tomb;
But when the awful mandate from on high
The ſentence ſhall proclaim, that bids me die,
Reſign'd and peaceful, let me bow my head,
And heav'n enjoy, when number'd with the dead.

TO be too inquiſitive into things in which we have no concern, and which with the utmoſt labour, aſſiſted by the greateſt learning and ſtrongeſt capacity, we can never be able to penetrate, is doubtleſs both a ſin and a folly.

A MIND, eager to inquire into the minuteſt works of nature, will be inſenſibly led to a contemplation on the greateſt; and in all, we ſhall find ſufficient for our aſtoniſhment, and the exciting in us ſuch ideas of the great Author of Nature, as cannot fail to fill us with the higheſt ſenſe of the infinity of his goodneſs to all his creatures;

tures; and to us in particular, to whom alone, of all ſublunary beings, he has given the power of reaſon and reflection.

THERE is nothing requires a greater delicacy of ſentiment and expreſſion, than what we call raillery; and a perſon muſt be very polite indeed, who knows how to practiſe it, ſo as not to give offence.

TO be merry ourſelves, or make ſport for others, on the errors or miſtakes of our friend or companion, is certainly very unkind; but if our jeſt is on the defects or infirmities of his perſon, it is really cruel.

The Dying Chriſtian to his Soul.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit! this mortal frame—
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark they whiſper, angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight;
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes, it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
Oh! grave, where is thy victory?
Oh! death, where is thy ſting?

THO'

THO' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind deſpair:
For bleſſings always wait on virtuous deeds,
And tho' a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds.

THE brighteſt hours of proſperity have their clouds; and the ſtream of life, if it is not ruffled by obſtructions, will grow putrid by ſtagnation.

WHATEVER buſies the mind, without corrupting it, has at leaſt this uſe, that it reſcues the day from idleneſs; and he that is never idle, will not often be vicious.

KNOWLEDGE is praiſed and deſired by multitudes, whom her charms could never rouſe from the couch of ſloth.

SINCE life itſelf is uncertain, nothing which has life for its baſis, can boaſt much ſtability.

OF him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indiſpenſably required, that he forgive.

FEW are placed in a ſituation ſo gloomy and diſtreſsful, as not to ſee every day beings yet more forlorn and miſerable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

A CONSTANT habit of unprofitable amuſement, relaxes the tone of the mind, and renders it totally incapable of application, ſtudy, or virtue.

TO inſult over the miſeries of an unhappy creature, is inhuman; not to compaſſionate them, is unchriſtian.

THE wickedneſs of a woman changeth her face, and darkeneth her countenance like ſack-cloth.

As the climbing of a ſandy way is to the feet of the aged, ſo is a wife full of words to a quiet man.

A woman that will not comfort her huſband in diſtreſs, maketh weak hands, and feeble knees. Eccleſ. xxv. chap.

Extract

Extract from Young's Reſignation.

WHAT cannot reſignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That pow'rful charm, "thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudeſt ſtorm.
Our hearts are faſten'd to this world,
By ſtrong and tender ties;
And ev'ry ſorrow cuts a ſtring,
And urges us to riſe.
When Heav'n would kindly ſet us free,
And earth's enchantments end,
It takes the moſt effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.
Oh! how diſorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix;
When nature ſtrikes no leſs than twelve,
And folly points at ſix.
They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run,
And, doing nothing for themſelves,
Imagine nothing done.
Dang'rous miſtake—their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds—
And their not doing, is ſet down,
Amongſt their darkeſt deeds.

IT was the practice of Veſpaſian, the Roman emperor, to call himſelf to an account every night for the actions of the paſt day; and as often as he let ſlip one day without doing ſome good, he entered upon his diary this memorial:

"I have loſt a day."

THE grace of a wife delighteth her huſband, and her diſcretion will fatten his bones.

A ſilent and loving woman is a gift of the Lord: and there is nothing ſo much worth, as a mind well inſtructed.

As the ſun when it ariſeth in the high heaven, ſo is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her houſe. Eccl. xxvi.

TO

TO hint at a fault, does more miſchief than ſpeaking out; for whatever is left for the imagination to finiſh, will not fail to be overdone.

MEEKNESS is imperfect, if it be not both active and paſſive; if it will not enable us to ſubdue our own paſſions and reſentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently, the paſſions and reſentments of others.

ALEXANDER (ſays Seneca) had two friends, Clitus and Lyſimachus; the one he expoſed to a lion, the other to himſelf: he who was turned looſe to the beaſt eſcaped, but Clitus was murdered, for he was turned looſe to an angry man.

COUNT that day loſt, whoſe low deſcending ſun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

LOVE the great God, with all thy might,
And know, whatever is, is right.
To his diſpoſal always yield,
Who clothes the lillies of the field;
And truſt his ever-watchful care,
Which numbers every ſingle hair.
Each day the ſacred pages view,
For theſe give pleaſures ever new.
The truths that there conſpicuous ſhine,
Proclaim their Author all divine.
See here thy great Redeemer's love,
Who left the radiant realms above,
To perfect all the goſpel plan;
Then dy'd, to ſave degen'rate man.
To him prefer thy ardent pray'r,
For ſuch things as expedient are;
And if thy breaſt a manſion be,
Fit to receive the heav'nly Three,
The Comforter ſhall ſoon be ſent,
To fill the mind with ſweet content:
And tho' the world, as all confeſs,
Can neither ſatisfy or bleſs,
Hence may'ſt thou draw that liquid ſtore,
Which he that drinks of, thirſts no more.

WITH

——WITH Heaven's ennobling gifts
Benignly bleſt, the blooming Lucia ſhines:
Pleaſing her ſpeech, by nature taught to flow,
Strong and perſuaſive ſenſe, ſincere and clear.
Her manners greatly plain; a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic art,
Adorns her. Her calm temper, winning, mild,
Nor pity ſofter; truth itſelf the ſource.
Conſtant in doing well, ſhe neither ſeeks,
Nor ſhuns applauſe. No baſhful merit ſighs
Near her neglected: ſympathizing, ſhe
Wipes off the tear from ſorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and bids her heart to ſmile.

MEEKNESS may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obſtruction, and ſmooths every difficulty, that might impede their entrance, or retard their progreſs.

IF it were only for mere human reaſons, it would turn to a better account, to be patient: nothing defeats the malice of an enemy, like a ſpirit of forbearance; the return of rage for rage cannot be ſo effectually provoking. True gentleneſs, like an impenetrable armour, repels the moſt pointed ſhafts of malice; they cannot pierce through this invulnerable ſhield, but either fall hurtleſs to the ground, or return to wound the hand that ſhot them.

A MEEK ſpirit will not look out of itſelf for happineſs, becauſe it finds a conſtant banquet at home; yet, by a ſort of Divine Alchymy, it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce ſome good, even from the moſt unpromiſing; it will extract comfort and ſatisfaction from the moſt barren circumſtances; "it will ſuck honey out of the rock, and oil "out of the flinty rock."

HONOURS and dignities are tranſient, beauty and riches frail and fleeting, to a proverb. Would not the

the truly wise, therefore, wish to have some one possession, which they might call their own in the severest exigencies? But this wish can only be accomplished, by acquiring, and maintaining, that calm and absolute self-possession, which as the world had no hand in giving, so it cannot, by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away.

AN amiable and wise woman will always have something better to value herself on than outward advantages, which, however captivating, are still but subordinate parts of a truly excellent character.

HOW cruel is it to extinguish, by neglect or unkindness, the precious sensibility of an open temper, to chill the amiable glow of an ingenuous soul, and to quench the bright flame of a noble and generous spirit! These are of higher worth, than all the documents of learning; of dearer price, than all the advantages which can be derived from the most refined and artificial mode of education.

THE best of men, and the best of books, can do us good, only so far as they turn us from themselves and every human comfort, to seek and receive every kind of good, from God alone.

TO desire to communicate good to every creature, in the degree we can, and it is capable of receiving from us, is a divine temper; for thus God stands unchangeably disposed towards the whole creation.

IN vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod;
Return, and seek thy Father and thy God.
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy.
Mysterious passage! hid from mortal eyes;
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise.
Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide;
Regain by meekness, what thou lost by pride.

LET

LET thy ſtock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppreſſion, and let thy converſation be above. Thus ſhalt thou "rejoice "in hope," and look forward to the end of life, as the conſummation of thy felicity.

WHAT an example is Job, to ſuch as have loſt their ſubſtance all at once, by unforeſeen misfortunes: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Bleſſed be the name of the Lord."

HUMANITY.

AH me! how little knows the human heart,
The pleaſing taſk of ſoft'ning others woe;
Stranger to joys, that pity can impart,
And tears ſweet ſympathy can teach to flow.
If e'er I've mourn'd my humble lowly ſtate,
If e'er I've bow'd my knee at fortune's ſhrine,
If e'er a wiſh eſcap'd me to be great,
The fervent pray'r, humanity, was thine.
Pity the man, who hears the moving tale
Unmov'd, to whom the heart-felt glow's unknown;
On whom the widow's plaints conld ne'er prevail,
Nor made the injur'd wretch's cauſe his own.
How little knows he the extatic joy,
The thrilling bliſs of chearing woe, deſpair?
How little knows the pleaſing, warm employ,
That calls the grateful tribute of a tear?
The ſplendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,
The glare of pride and pomp, be, grandeur, thine;
To wipe from mis'ry's eye the wailing tear,
And ſoothe th' oppreſſed orphan's woes, be mine.
Be mine the bluſh of modeſt worth to ſpare,
To change to ſmiles affliction's riſing ſigh;
The kindred warmth of charity to ſhare,
Till joy ſhall ſparkle from the tear-fill'd eye.
Can the loud laugh, the mirth-inſpiring bowl,
The dance, or choral ſong, or jocund glee,
Affect the glowing, ſympathizing ſoul,
Or warm the breaſt, humanity, like thee?

AC-

ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

HE that keepeth the law, bringeth offerings enough: He that taketh heed to the commandment, offereth a peace-offering: He that requiteth a good turn offereth fine flour: And he that giveth alms, ſacrificeth praiſe. To depart from wickedneſs, is a thing pleaſing to the Lord; and to forſake unrighteouſneſs, is a propitiation. Thou ſhalt not appear empty before the Lord; for all theſe things are to be done, becauſe of the commandment. The offering of the righteous maketh the altar fat, and the ſweet ſavour thereof is before the Moſt High! The ſacrifice of a juſt man is acceptable, and the memorial thereof ſhall never be forgotten. Eccleſ. xxxv.

WE ſee almoſt every day the unexpected death of our friends and our enemies. We ſee new graves often opened for men older and younger than ourſelves; for the cautious and the careleſs, the diſſolute and the temperate; for men, who like us, were providing to enjoy or improve hours now irreverſibly cut off. We ſee all this, and yet, inſtead of living, let year glide after year in preparations to live.

A MAN that faſteth for his ſins, and goeth again and doeth the ſame, who will hear his prayer? or what doth his humbling profit him? Eccleſ. xxxiv. 26.

THE mind is never ſo ſenſibly diſpoſed to pity the ſufferings of others, as when it is itſelf ſubdued and ſoftened by calamity. Adverſity diffuſes a kind of ſacred calm over the breaſt, that is the parent of thoughtfulneſs and meditation.

HE that looks upon the buſineſs and buſtle of the world, with the philoſophy with which Socrates ſurveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at laſt with this exclamation, "How many things are here which I do not want."

WHILE affliction prepares us for felicity, we may conſole ourſelves under its preſſures, by remembering, that they are no particular marks of divine diſpleaſure, ſince

ſince all the diſtreſſes of perſecution have been ſuffered by thoſe, "of whom the world was not worthy;" and the Redeemer of mankind himſelf was "a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief."

IF thou haſt gathered nothing in thy youth, how canſt thou find any thing in thine age?

Much experience is the crown of old men, and the fear of God is their glory.

Oh, how great is he that findeth wiſdom! Yet is there none above him that feareth the Lord! The fear of the Lord is the beginning of his love; and faith is the beginning of cleaving unto him.

OF all the virtues, there are none ought more to be inculcated, into the mind of a young girl, than modeſty and meekneſs. Vanity and pride are perpetually endeavouring to force their way into the heart; and too much care cannot be taken to repulſe their efforts.

WE muſt, in this world, gain a reliſh of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taſte that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next.

The GOVERNESS: A SIMILE.

AS when blithe lambs their vernal revels keep,
Bound from the turf, and o'er the hillocks leap;
Now harmleſs try to butt, then run away;
Now wearied feed, and thus conſume the day;
Th' indulgent ſhepherdeſs attentive lies
Leſt from the woods ſome ſudden foe ſhould riſe,
And as they play, her harmleſs flock ſurprize.
So, the ſage governeſs, whoſe conſtant care
By wiſdom's dictates, forms the tender fair,
When her gay female throng, to ſport inclin'd,
Suſpend the nobler pleaſures of the mind,
With jealous eyes each motion does ſurvey,
Leſt they ſhould ſwerve from virtue in their play.

CHILDREN, like tender oziers, take the bow,
And as they firſt are faſhion'd, always grow;

For

For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by ſecond nature prone.

Extract from Young's Night Thoughts.

THE chamber, where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heav'n.
Fly, ye profane! if not draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the hand
That threw in this Bethesda your diſeaſe.
If unreſtor'd by this, deſpair your cure;
For here, reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells—
A death-bed's a detector of the heart;
Here tir'd diſſimulation drops her maſk,
Thro' life's grimace, that miſtreſs of the ſcene!
Here real, and apparent, are the ſame.
You ſee the man, you ſee his hold on Heav'n.
If ſound his virtue, as Philander's ſound,
Heav'n waits not the laſt moment, owns her friends
On this ſide death, and points them out to men—
A lecture ſilent, but of ſov'reign pow'r!
To vice, confuſion—and to virtue, peace.

IT is a certain ſign of an ill heart, to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmleſs and innocent, can have no gratification that way; but it ever ariſes from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's ſelf, and an impatience of ſeeing it in another.

TO forbear replying to an unjuſt reproach, and overlook it, with a generous, or (if poſſible) with an intire neglect of it, is one of the moſt heroic acts of a great mind.

EVERY appearance of amiable ſimplicity, or of honeſt ſhame, nature's haſty conſcience, will be dear to ſenſible hearts; they will carefully cheriſh every ſuch indication in a young female; for they will perceive, that it is this temper, wiſely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the lovelineſs of virtue and the beauty of holineſs; from which ſhe will acquire a taſte for the doctrines of religion, and a ſpirit to perform the duties of it.

THE hypocriſy of aſſuming virtues, which are not inherent in the heart, prevents the growth and diſcloſure of thoſe real ones, which it is the great end of education to cultivate.

GOOD diſpoſitions, of themſelves, will go but a very little way, unleſs they are confirmed into good principles. And this cannot be effected, but by a careful courſe of religious inſtruction, and a patient and laborious cultivation of the moral temper.

IN the great and univerſal concern of religion, both ſexes, and all ranks, are equally intereſted. The truly catholic ſpirit of Chriſtianity accommodates itſelf, with an aſtoniſhing condeſcenſion, to the circumſtances of the whole human race.

LET no miſtaken girl fancy ſhe gives a proof of her wit, by her want of piety; or that a contempt of things ſerious and ſacred, will exalt her underſtanding, or raiſe her character, even in the opinion of the moſt avowed male infidels.

CICERO ſpoke it as the higheſt commendation of Cato's character, that he embraced philoſophy, not for the ſake of diſputing like a philoſopher, but of living like one. The chief purpoſe of Chriſtian knowledge, is to promote the great end of a Chriſtian life.

From the Book of Wiſdom:—Hearken unto thy father—deſpiſe not thy mother when ſhe is old. Extract:

'TIS wiſdom ſpeaks—her voice divine
Attend my ſon, and life is thine.—
Thine, taught to ſhun the devious way,
Where folly leads the blind aſtray:
Let virtue's lamp thy footſteps guide,
And ſhun the dang'rous heights of pride;
The peaceful vale, the golden mean,
The path of life purſue ſerene.
From infancy what ſufferings ſpring—
While yet a naked helpleſs thing,

Who

Who o'er thy limbs a cov'ring caſt,
To ſhield thee from th' inclement blaſt?
Thy mother—honour her—her arms
Secur'd thee from a thouſand harms;
When helpleſs, hanging on her breaſt,
She ſooth'd thy ſobbing heart to reſt;
For thee her peace, her health deſtroy'd,
For thee, her ev'ry pow'r employ'd;
Thoughtful of thee, before the day
Shot through the dark its riſing ray;
Thoughtful of thee, when ſable night
Again had quench'd the beams of light.
To Heav'n, in ceaſeleſs pray'r for thee
She rais'd her head, and bent her knee.
Deſpiſe her not—now feeble grown—
Oh! make her wants and woes thy own;
Let not thy lips rebel; nor eyes,
Her weakneſs, frailty, years, deſpiſe;
From youthful inſolence defend,
Be patron, huſband, guardian, friend.
Thus ſhalt thou ſooth, in life's decline,
The mis'ries that may once be thine.

AN unwary moment may happen to the moſt guarded and reſerved; and this reflection ought to fill us with charity for others.

A PRUDENT man hath his eyes open, and his mouth ſhut; and as much deſires to inform himſelf, as to inſtruct others.

IN diſcourſe, make not too great a profuſion or expence of your knowledge, leſt your treaſure be ſoon exhauſted.

THE thought of immortality, the hope of endleſs happineſs, is enough to animate the ſoul with the nobleſt ambition, and yet make it look, with the humbleſt compaſſion, upon that part of the creation, that wants ſo divine a hope.

The latter Part of the 3d Chap. of Habbakuk imitated.

ALTHO' the blooming plants forget to ſhoot,
The fig-tree fade, and vines deny their fruit;
No taſteful olives finiſh our repaſt,
Nor op'ning buds ſurvive the wintry blaſt;
The barren fields their wonted blades withhold,
And lambs no longer fill the ſcanty fold;
Nor flocks, nor herds, around the vale be ſeen,
But one ſtern famine ſweep th' impov'riſh'd green—
Yet ſhall the God of nature claim my praiſe,
Wake my firſt ſongs, and ſhare my lateſt lays;
Each night and morn ſhall ſtring the duteous lyre,
And all my nerves retouch with ſacred fire;
Hills, vales, and groves, the ſounding anthem own,
And the ſweet echoes reach th' unſhaken throne,
Where reigns for ever, in unclouded day,
My Guide, that leads at once and lights my way.
He from my paths will turn th' oppoſing wind,
And give my feet the ſwiftneſs of the hind;
Life's rugged tracts make like the pleaſant plains,
On whoſe ſmooth ground the trav'ler ſooths his pains.

"IF thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirſt, give him drink." That is, if we behold our enemy labouring under any extraordinary diſtreſs or calamity, which is in our power to remove, or alleviate; as in the caſe of extreme poverty, ſickneſs, or misfortune, we ought then cheerfully to lend him our help and aſſiſtance, to extricate him out of his difficulties or afflictions. An amiable example of which our Saviour affords us in the parable of the good Samaritan, who had a much better reaſon for neglecting the diſtreſſed traveller, than either the prieſt, or the Levite, viz Becauſe he was a Jew, and therefore his declared enemy. But in him all party animoſities were overpowered by the tender feelings of pity and compaſſion.

SELFISHNESS may indifferently happen to be a motive to an action, that, in itſelf, is either good or evil,

evil, either hurtful or beneficent. But, as far as ſelfiſhneſs, merely, is a motive to any action, it never had, nor can have, any relation to virtue. We muſt ſearch ſomewhat deeper for the root of that tree, which is productive of this divine fruit.

ALL who would pleaſe the great, muſt be flatterers; but the true province of friendſhip is, to put us in mind of our own faults.

MEEKNESS makes any condition tolerable and eaſy to be endured. He that meekly bears any ſuffering, takes off the edge of it, that it cannot wound him; whereas he that frets and rages at it, whets it, and makes it much ſharper than it would otherwiſe be.

IT is ſaid of our bleſſed Saviour, that "he was led as a ſheep to the ſlaughter; that when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he ſuffered, threatened not." And if he, the Lord of glory, ſuffered thus meekly and unjuſtly from his own creatures, with what face can we ever complain of any injury done to us?

BE very watchful over thine heart, and never ſuffer it to feed on the fancy of thy own worth; but whenever any ſuch thought ariſes, beat it down immediately, with the remembrance of ſome of thy follies or ſins, and ſo make this very motion of pride an occaſion of humility.

NEVER compare thyſelf with thoſe thou thinkeſt more fooliſh or more wicked, that ſo thou mayeſt, like the Phariſee, extol thyſelf for being better; but if thou wilt compare, do it with the wiſe and godly; and then thou wilt find thou comeſt ſo far ſhort, as may help to pull down thy high eſteem of thyſelf.

POVERTY is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance. Poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur, and diſcontent. Riches expoſe a man to pride and luxury, a fooliſh elation of heart, and too great a fondneſs for the preſent world. In ſhort, the middle condition is moſt eligible.

WINTER.

THE fields, diſconſolate and ſad,
No vegetation bring;
No verdure makes the peaſant glad,
Nor ſhews the welcome ſpring.
No more the trees in lively green,
Their leafy honours ſhew;
The boughs, where trembling leaves were ſeen,
Exhibit flakes of ſnow.
The plumy race of various dies,
Have loſt their wonted fire;
To thickets cloſe, from low'ring ſkies,
The feather'd tribe retire.
The cryſtal floods, in fetters bound,
No ruſhing torrents feel;
In vain, auſpicious gales are found,
To waft the gloſſy keel.
In icy fetters they remain,
Depriv'd of liberty,
'Till gentle zephyrs looſe the chain,
And ſet the captives free.

The TRULY GREAT.

THEY'RE only great, whom no baſe motive rules,
Who owe no glory to the breath of fools;
Friends to true merit, to their country dear,
To others kind, but to themſelves ſevere;
Quiet in ſuff'ring, with their lot content,
And careful to improve the talent lent;
Good without pride, tho' humble, yet not mean,
In danger fearleſs, and in death ſerene.

IF every perſon would conſider, that he is in this life nothing more than a paſſenger, and that he is not to ſet up his reſt here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that ſtate of being to which he approaches every moment, and which

which will be for ever fixed and permanent: this ſingle conſideration would be ſufficient to extinguiſh the bitterneſs of hatred, the thirſt of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

IT is a great preſumption, to aſcribe our ſucceſſes to our own management; and not to eſteem ourſelves upon any bleſſing, rather as it is the bounty of Heaven, than the acquiſition of our own prudence.

Extracted from "A Midnight Thought."

WHILE active thought unſeals my eye,
And midnight darkneſs ſhades the ſky,
Be huſh'd, my ſoul, ye moments ſtay,
While I rejudge the guilty day.
See conſcience glares, more dreadful made
By ſilence and the awful ſhade!
She points her poignard to my breaſt,
And bids my juſtice ſpeak the reſt.
Then think, my ſoul, while Heav'n gives breath,
And antedate the ſtroke of death!
Reflect how ſwift the moments fly,
Nor linger, unprepar'd to die!
Penſive revolve, 'ere yet too late,
The ſcenes of an eternal ſtate,
A ſeries of unnumber'd years,
Or crown'd with joys, or loſt in tears.
What awful hints theſe thoughts inſpire,
They chill the blood, they pall deſire;
They teach the ſoul her Heav'nly birth,
And baniſh all the pomps on earth.
Here, as in air, a bubble toſt,
Her worth unknown, her genius loſt;
At pleaſure's fancy has ſhe drove,
Forgetful of her ſeat above!
Oh! what ſuch folly can atone?
Reaſon dejected from her throne;
Let humble penitence reſtore,
And bid my ſoul to err no more.

All clement thou, O God! all juſt,
The good man's rock, the ſinner's truſt;
Accept the blood my Saviour ſhed,
To ſave from woe this guilty head.
Oh! ſend thy life-reſtoring grace,
Effuſe the luſtre of thy face;
From guilt and ſorrow ſet me free,
And guide me, till I come to thee.

NOTHING will give a better luſtre to all your virtues, than modeſty.

HE that is his own appraiſer, will be miſtaken in the value.

A LITTLE eſteem of one's ſelf, hinders a great deal from others; boaſting may gain applauſe from fools, but it puts a wiſe man to the expence of a bluſh.

SELF eſteem is commonly puniſhed with univerſal contempt.

NO revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

IT is in vain for him to pretend to love either God or man, who loves his money ſo much better, that he will ſee his poor brother (who is a man, and bears the image of God) ſuffer all extremities, rather than part with any thing to relieve him.

"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord"—and that too on ſolemn promiſe of repayment. "That which he hath given, will he pay him again." It is, amongſt men, thought a great diſparagement, if we refuſe to truſt them: It ſhews we either think them not ſufficient, or not honeſt. How great an affront is it then to God, thus to diſtruſt him?

Innumerable accidents there are, which may, in an inſtant, bring a rich man to beggary: And therefore, what courſe ſo prudent can we take for our wealth, as to put it out of the reach of thoſe accidents, by lending it to God, where we may be ſure to find it ready at our greateſt need, and that too with improvement and increaſe?

The

The contented Country Maid.

WHAT happineſs the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day ſhe ſpends:
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has ſent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
She ſeldom feels the ſpleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy ſtagnates in her veins;
She rarely loſes life in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Nor on the velvet couch invites diſeaſe.
Her homeſpun dreſs in ſimple neatneſs lies,
And for no glaring equipage ſhe ſighs.
Her reputation, which is all her boaſt,
In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt.
No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love and quiet in her boſom reign,
And like enjoyment in her happy ſwain,
No home-bred jars her quiet ſtate controul,
Nor watchful jealouſy torments her ſoul.
With ſecret joy ſhe ſees her little race
Reſt on her knee, and her ſmall cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their buſy fingers cull,
Or from the ſpindle draw the length'ning wool;
Thus flow her hours with conſtant peace of mind,
Till age the lateſt thread of life unwind.

OF all thoſe ſorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee aſſign'd,
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load,
For know what man calls Fortune, is from God.

AMONG the antient Romans, it was not the houſe which honoured the maſter, but the maſter the houſe. A cottage with them became as auguſt as a temple, when juſtice, generoſity, probity, ſincerity, and honour, were lodged in it; and how can a houſe be called ſmall, which contains ſo many and ſuch great virtues?

AN extraordinary merit may lie hid under a mean habit, as a rich garment may cover enormous vices.

THE nobility arising from birth, is by far inferior to that which proceeds from merit.

MARCUS Aurelius was averse to every thing that had the air of pomp and luxury. He lay upon the bare ground; at twelve years old he took the habit of a philosopher; he forbore the use of guards, the imperial ornaments, and the ensigns of honour, which were carried before the Cæsars and the Augusti. Nor was this conduct owing to his ignorance of what was grand and beautiful, but to the juster and purer taste he had of both, and to an intimate persuasion, that the greatest glory, and principal duty of man, especially if in power, and eminently conspicuous, is so far to imitate the Deity, as to throw himself into a condition of wanting as little as may be for himself, and doing all the good to others he is capable of.

IF it shews a greatness of soul to overlook our own nobility, and not suffer it to gain the ascendant over our actions, we may likewise observe, that it is no less great in such as have raised themselves by merit, not to forget the meanness of their extraction, nor be ashamed of it.

WE read in the scriptures, that Boaz, in the midst of riches, was laborious, diligent in husbandry, plain without luxury, delicacy, sloth or pride. How affable, how obliging and kind to his servants! "The Lord be with "you," says he to his reapers; and they answered him, "The Lord bless thee." This was the beautiful language of religious antiquity; but how little known in our days.

How commendable was his behaviour towards Ruth, when he desires her not to go into any other field to glean, but to abide fast by his maidens, to eat and drink with them; and the charitable order he gives his reapers to let her glean even among the sheaves, and to let fall some of the handfuls on purpose for her, that she might gather them up without being ashamed; teaching us by this wise conduct, to save those we oblige, the confusion of receiving, and ourselves the temptation of vain-glory in giving.

THE

THE Providence of God is univerſal; it preſides over all to the minuteſt particular, and governs and directs all.

Part of the Book of Job verſified.

FOND man, the viſion of a moment made—
Dream of a dream, and ſhadow of a ſhade;
What worlds haſt thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd?
What inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Call upon God, importunate for food.
Who hears their cry? Who grants their hoarſe requeſt,
And ſtills the clamour of the craving neſt?
Who taught the hawk to find, in ſeaſons wiſe,
Perpetual ſummers and a change of ſkies?
When clouds deform the year, ſhe mounts the wind,
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the ſtorm behind.
The ſun returning, ſhe returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.
Am I a debtor? Haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on me confer'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand vallies fills,
And mine the herds that graze a thouſand hills.
Earth, ſea, and air, all nature is my own,
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne,
And dar'ſt thou, with the world's great Father vie,
Thou who doſt tremble at my creature's eye?
Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſt.
Thou canſt accompliſh all things, Lord of might!
And every thought is naked to thy ſight—
But oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
Oft have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,
But never ſaw thee till this dreadful hour.
O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of life I ſee,
Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to thee.
Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt thine anger more:
Man was not made to queſtion, but adore.

To a Child of a Month old.

BLESS'D babe, who ſtranger to all worldly ſtrife,
Art lately launch'd upon the ſea of life;
And midſt thoſe dang'rous waves wilt ſoon be toſt,
Where ſome by pleaſure, ſome by pain, are loſt—
Who yet not feels, nor fear'ſt to feel, the rage
Of ſtorms, that threaten man's maturer age;
But view'ſt, with careleſs and indiff'rent eyes,
The clouds of folly that around thee riſe.
Accept, not fear infection from my ſong;
Few authors flatter at an age ſo young.
Look round the habitable world and ſee,
Who would not wiſh to change their place with thee.
Would not the miſer broach each fav'rite mine,
His heart as eaſy, thoughts as free as thine?
What would the hoary villain not endure,
His hands as innocent, his ſoul as pure.
Would not the ſpendthrift beg his ſquander'd ore,
To purchaſe half the bliſs thou haſt in ſtore?
Ne'er was a maxim truer ſure than this,
That want of innocence is want of bliſs.
'Tis this, 'tis innocence, thy boſom cheers,
This calms thy troubles, this diſpels thy fears;
This ſpreads o'er all its beautifying rays,
Makes every object, every play-thing pleaſe.
This (whilſt leſs things the guilty breaſt can awe)
Gives muſick to a key, and beauty to a ſtraw.
So thro' the priſm, to philoſophic eyes,
The barren lawns in pleaſing proſpect riſe,
Steep hills in azure tempt the diſtant ſight,
Waſte wilds look lovely in a borrow'd light,
Deck'd by the glaſs the cottage apes the throne,
And ſhines in colours that were ne'er its own.
Long may this pleaſing calm remain within,
Unknown to trouble, as unknown to ſin;
When infant reaſon ſhall begin to riſe,
Prate on thy lips, and wanton in thy eyes,
Oh! may this charm thy ev'ry care beguile,
Aſſiſt thy prattle, and improve thy ſmile.

When growing ſenſe, to rip'ning judgment join'd,
Shall fix a doubtful empire in thy mind—
If heat of blood, with wanton frenzy warm—
If eaſe ſhould tempt thee, or if pleaſure charm,—
Oh! may this love of virtue, love of truth,
Lead thee ſtill ſafe thro' all the paths of youth.
Next, when thy part in life's ſtill varying plan
Shall call thee forward on the ſtage of man,
Oh! may it keep thee honeſt, gen'rous, juſt,
True to thy word, and cautious of thy truſt;
Light in thy ſoul devotion's ſacred flame,
Make virtue all thy wiſh, and Heav'n thy aim.
And laſt, when manhood's vigour ſhall decay,
Time ſhake thy head, and ſilver't o'er with grey,
Long may this ſov'reign remedy remain,
To prop thy weakneſs, and aſſuage thy pain;
'Till the laſt moment ſhed its kindly ray,
And glad the ev'ning of thy well-ſpent day.
But may ten thouſand pleaſures riſe between
Thy op'ning curtain, and this cloſing ſcene;
May health attend thee, beautiful and gay,
And ſmooth, thro' life, thy elfe too rugged way.

PROSPERITY quickens, and gives a ſort of falſe courage to men of low, degenerate minds, and dreſſes them up in an outward grandeur, which impoſes upon the majority of mankind; but adverſity is the touchſtone of ſouls truly great and generous.

SILENCE is ſometimes more ſignificant and ſublime, than the moſt noble and moſt expreſſive eloquence, and is, on many occaſions, the indication of a great mind.

But ſilence never ſhews itſelf to ſo great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no juſt occaſion for them.

HOW different is the view of paſt life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wiſdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly. The latter

latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the proſpect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and ſpacious landſcape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can ſcarce caſt his eye on a ſingle ſpot of his poſſeſſions, that is not covered with ſome beautiful plant or flower.

TO look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition, which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

THAT we might not want inducements to engage us in ſuch an exerciſe of the body, as is proper for its welfare, it is ſo ordered, that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands, and ſweat of the brows. Providence furniſhes materials, but expects that we ſhould work them up ourſelves.

As for thoſe who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miſerable than the reſt of mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary labour, which goes by the name of exerciſe.

Thoughts on the Grave of a Child.—By a Father.

HERE, here ſhe lies! Oh! could I once more view
Thoſe dear remains; take one more fond adieu;
Weep o'er that face of innocence, or ſave
One darling feature, from the noiſome grave!
Vain wiſh!—now low in earth that form of love
Decays, unſeen, yet not forgot above.

In

In angel light array'd, beyond the ſtars,
Some more exalted form her ſpirit wears;
The work of God, that beauteous clay, which here
In infant charms ſo lovely could appear,
As tho' in nature's niceſt model caſt,
Exactly poliſh'd, wrought too fine to laſt—
By the ſame pow'rful hand again ſhall riſe,
To bloom more gay, more lovely in the ſkies.
No ſickneſs there can the pure frame annoy,
Nor death preſume God's image to deſtroy.
Thoſe ſeats of pleaſure, not a tear ſhall ſtain,
In them not ev'n a wiſh ſhall glow in vain.
That active mind, intent on trifles here,
Enlarges now to objects worth its care;
Looks down with ſcorn upon the toys below,
And burns, with tranſport, better worlds to know,
Where ſcenes of glory open to her ſight,
And new improvements furniſh new delight;
Where friendly angels, for her guidance giv'n,
Lead her, admiring, thro' the courts of heav'n.
No wonder then her courſe ſo ſwiftly run,
Like the young eaglet, tow'ring to the ſun.
Wing'd for eternal bliſs, and plum'd for day,
Her ſoul, enraptur'd, made ſuch haſte away,
Impatient to regain its native ſhore,
Juſt ſmil'd at folly, and look'd back no more.
That winning nature, and obliging mien,
Pleas'd to ſee all, by all with pleaſure ſeen.
Smiling and ſweet as vernal flow'rs new blown,
Aſſociates now with tempers like her own.
Her love to me (how artleſs and ſincere!)
Riſes from earth to heav'n, and centers there.
So pure a flame, heav'ns gracious Sire will own,
And with paternal love indulgent crown.
Ceaſe, then, frail nature, to lament in vain,
Reaſon forbids to wiſh her back again;
Rather congratulate her happier fate,
And new advancement to a better ſtate.
This bleſſing quick recall'd, can Heav'n beſtow,
No more in pity to a father's woe?

Know

Know the ſame God, who gave, hath tak'n away,
He orders her to go, and thee to ſtay.
Tho' in this vale of miſery, alone,
Deſerted, weary, thou ſhould'ſt travel on,
Still be reſign'd, my ſoul! his will be done.
Eſcap'd from life, and all its train of ills,
Which, ah! too ſure, the hoary pilgrim feels,
To ſhorter trial doom'd, and lighter toil,
Ere ſin could tempt her, or the world defile.
She, favour'd innocent, retires to reſt,
Taſtes but the cup of ſorrow, and is bleſt.
Such the mild Saviour to his arms receives,
And the full bleſſings of his kingdom gives.
There angels wait, ſubmiſſive, round his throne,
To praiſe his goodneſs in theſe infants ſhewn.
Amidſt that gentle throng, how heav'nly bright
Diſtinguiſh'd Lucy ſhines, fair ſtar of light!
Short, yet how pleaſing, was her viſit here,
She's now remov'd to grace a nobler ſphere.
There, while thy much lov'd parents mourn below,
Thou, happy child! ſhalt not our ſorrows know.
Eternal joys be thine, full anthems raiſe,
And glad all heav'n with thy Creator's praiſe.

IF we are firmly reſolved to live up to the dictates of reaſon, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like conſiderations, any more than as they fall in with our principal deſign, we may go through life with ſteadineſs and pleaſure. But if we act by ſeveral broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value ſet upon it by the world, we ſhall live and die in miſery and repentance.

INQUIRIES after happineſs, and rules for attaining it, are not ſo neceſſary and uſeful to mankind, as the arts of conſolation, and ſupporting one's ſelf under affliction. The utmoſt we can hope for, in this world, is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we ſhall meet with nothing but grief and diſappointments. A man ſhould direct all his ſtudies and endeavours, at making himſelf eaſy now, and happy hereafter.

IT

IT is of the laſt importance to ſeaſon the paſſions of a child with devotion, which ſeldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may ſeem extinguiſhed for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out, and diſcovers itſelf again as ſoon as diſcretion, conſideration, age, or misfortunes, have brought the man to himſelf. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and ſmothered.

PURE devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more ſublime ideas, than any that are to be met with in the moſt exalted ſcience; and at the ſame time warms and agitates the ſoul more than ſenſual pleaſure.

IT is of unſpeakable advantage to poſſeſs our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions, at the ſame laudable end; the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, and the benefit of our own ſouls.

SOCRATES, on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poiſon was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a diſcourſe on the immortality of the ſoul, has theſe words: "Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am ſure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to pleaſe him; and I have a good hope, that this my endeavour will be accepted by him."

HYMN.

WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with gilt and fear,
I ſee my Maker, face to face,
O how ſhall I appear?
If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,

My

My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought,
When thou, O Lord! ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit on judgment on my ſoul,
Oh! how ſhall I appear?
But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears,
Shall endleſs woe prevent.
Then ſee the ſorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.
For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair,
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd,
To make her pardon ſure.

SELF-LOVE but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in of every kind.
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

IT may be laid down as a poſition, which will ſeldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company, there is ſomething wrong. He muſt fly from himſelf, either becauſe he feels a tediouſneſs in life from the equipoiſe of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion, more than another, but as it is impelled by ſome external power, muſt always have recourſe to foreign objects; or he muſt be afraid of the intruſion of ſome unpleaſing ideas, and is, perhaps, ſtruggling to eſcape from the remembrance of a loſs, the fear of a calamity, or ſome other thought of greater horror.

eſcape

CAN a mortal look down, without giddineſs and ſtupefaction, into the vaſt abyſs of Eternal Wiſdom? Can a mind, that ſees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Remember, that perfect happineſs cannot be conferred on a creature, for perfect happineſs is an attribute as incommunicable, as perfect power and eternity.

Extract from Cowper's Poem called the Taſk.*

——————DETESTED ſport!
That owes its pleaſures to another's pains;
That feeds upon the ſobs and dying ſhrieks
Of harmleſs nature; dumb, but yet endued
With eloquence, that agonies inſpire,
Of ſilent tears, and heart-diſtending ſighs.
Vain tears, alas! and ſighs that ſeldom find
A correſponding tone in jovial ſouls.
Well, one at leaſt is ſafe; one ſhelter'd hare
Has never heard the ſanguinary yell
Of cruel man exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years experience of my care
Has made at laſt familiar, ſhe has loſt
Much of her vigilant, inſtinctive dread,
Not needful here beneath a roof like mine.
Yes, thou may'ſt eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou may'ſt frolic on the floor
At ev'ning, and at night retire ſecure
To thy ſtraw couch, and ſlumber unalarm'd;
For I have gain'd thy confidence, and pledg'd
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unſuſpecting gratitude and love.
If I ſurvive thee, I will dig thy grave;
And when I place thee in it, ſighing ſay,
I knew at leaſt one hare that had a friend.

* From Cooper's Poems, in 2 vols. 8vo,—publiſhed by J. Johnſon, St. Paul's Church-yard; alſo ſold by the printer hereof, price 8s in boards.

CRUEL

CRUEL ſports were thought very high reflections on the politeneſs of the Romans. Are they not much greater on the mercy and humanity of Chriſtians?

IT behoves us to accuſtom ourſelves to a ſober, modeſt way of ſpeaking, and to avoid all thoſe modes of ſpeech, which border upon, or naturally lead to falſhood.

BE careful to practiſe nothing which you are aſhamed of; to do nothing for which you need be afraid of the eye or ear of God, and the world: then will you be under no temptation of lying, to conceal what you have done amiſs.

IF we had true notions of God and eternity, right notions of ourſelves and of the world, they could not fail to create in us thoughts full of humility towards ourſelves, full of contempt towards the vain world, full of the higheſt adoration towards God, and full of earneſtneſs to acquire a happy eternity.

PRAYER, unaccompanied with a fervent love of God, is like a lamp unlighted; the words of the one, without love, being as unprofitable as the oil and cotton of the other, without flame.

HE alone is a great man, whoſe heart is ſtrongly diſpoſed to acts of humanity and benevolence; and who has fortitude enough to do his duty in all circumſtances of life; who acts for the good of mankind, as long as he is able, and then finiſhes his courſe in the cauſe of virtue.

THE way to avoid prejudice, is to govern the paſſions with a ſteady hand; to treat all things, in a calm and diſintereſted manner, not ſuffering our deſires or averſions to be moved, but by a juſt conſideration of real uſefulneſs.

TAKE but the humbleſt lilly of the field,
And if our pride will to our reaſon yield,
It muſt by ſure compariſon by ſhewn,
That on the regal ſeat great David's ſon.

Array'd

Array'd in all his robes and types of pow'r,
Shines with leſs glory, than that ſimple flow'r.

ENOUGH I think my preſent ſtore,
Nor do I aſk of Heav'n for more,
But thank the kindneſs of my God,
For that ſmall ſtock he has allow'd.
Lo, time ſtill waſtes, and waſtes away,
And moons ariſe but to decay;
Then why, fond mortals, tell me why!
Ye raiſe your coſtly domes ſo high?
Why build ye palaces ſo great,
With all th' extravagance of ſtate,
When ev'ry ſtone muſt fall away,
And crumble ſtill, and ſtill decay?
Why ſtrive ye to enrich ye more,
With ware from every foreign ſhore,
When death ſtands knocking at your door?

PRAYER.

THERE is ſuch a thing as converſe with God in prayer, and it is the life and pleaſure of a pious ſoul: without it we are no Chriſtians; and he that practiſes it moſt, is the beſt follower of Chriſt: for our Lord ſpent much time in converſe with his heavenly Father. This is the balm that eaſes the moſt raging pains of the mind, when the wounded conſcience comes to the mercy-ſeat, and finds pardon and peace there. This is the cordial that revives and exalts our natures, when the ſpirit, broken with ſorrows, and almoſt fainting to death, draws near to the almighty Phyſician, and is healed and refreſhed.

THE mercy-ſeat in heaven is our ſureſt and ſweeteſt refuge in every hour of diſtreſs and darkneſs upon earth; this is our daily ſupport and relief, while we are paſſing through a world of temptations and hardſhips, in the way to the promiſed land. "It is good to draw near to "God."

THE

THE Creator is to be firſt loved for his own ſake, for his infinite goodneſs and perfection; and then the creature, as his work, and in proportion to its reſemblance to him.

HE that thinks twice before he ſpeaks once, will ſpeak twice the better for it.

WHEN in thy ſacred preſence, Lord! I bow,
Let true devotion in my boſom glow;
There, with the ſenſe of thy great goodneſs fraught,
May I with care correct each wand'ring thought;
Drink at my ears the Preacher's heav'nly lore,
And ſtill the more I hear, improve the more;
Make this ſhort life an earneſt of the next,
And all my acts a comment on thy text.

On the Vanity of Riches.

SEEST thou, fond youth, yon precipice on high,
Rob'd by the clouds, and turban'd by the ſky,
How low'ring darkly o'er the ſhadow'd plains,
It ſtrikes wild terror thro' the gazing ſwains?
Its craggy ſides can boaſt no fertile ſoil,
No promis'd harveſt tempts a rural toil;
No grazing cattle find their paſture there,
Nor fragrant flowers perfume the ambient air;
No ſweet-meand'ring current glides along,
Courting the meadows with its murm'ring ſong;
No ſhady bow'rs adorn its barren ſides,
Nor fair encloſure its rough ground divides;
No lofty ſpires a wond'ring glance invite,
Nor artful gardens tempt the diſtant ſight.
All rough and wild, it rears its rocky head,
And ſtrikes the wond'ring eye with awful dread.
From its high top impetuous torrents flow,
Form'd by diſſolving tracts of native ſnow;
Sorrow ſits brooding on its furrow'd face,
And deſolation triumphs o'er the place.

Seeſt

Seeſt thou all this, fond mortal? Think, if ſo,
Thou ſeeſt the bliſs the vain ambitious know.
Such are the barren pleaſures they enjoy,
For this alone whole ages they employ.
They move our pity, tho' they tempt our ſight,
High above all, but wretched by their height.

THE Prince of peace—He firſt reconciled God to man, and then endeavoured to reconcile men to each other. When he came into the world, he, by his angels, proclaimed peace; and when he left the world, he bequeathed the ſame as his legacy: "Peace I leave with "you," &c.

THE merciful man will extend his hand of relief and comfort, as far as he may, to his fellow-creatures, whether they labour under temporal or ſpiritual diſtreſs, whether they call for his pity from their ſins or from their ſorrows; while, in every relation of life, he will exerciſe this heavenly temper; as a magiſtrate, gentle and humane, however compelled, in certain caſes, to be ſeverely juſt; as a creditor, mild and forbearing, not flying haſtily and rigorouſly to the utmoſt extremity, much leſs condemning the unhappy debtor to impriſonment, which may utterly incapacitate from all power and hope of payment; and in ſhort, in every caſe exerciſing that lenity, mildneſs, forgiveneſs, and mercy, whereof the eternal God hath ſet us ſo bright an example; and all our expectation of which from him, he hath made to depend on our ſhewing the ſame to others: "Bleſſed are the merci-"ful, for they ſhall obtain mercy."

——————YE good diſtreſs'd,
Ye noble few!—who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more;
The ſtorms of wintry time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded ſpring encircle all.

On the Nativity of Chriſt.

AWAKE from ſilence every voice,
Each chearful pipe and ſounding ſtring;
Let ev'ry grateful heart rejoice,
And ev'ry tongue in rapture ſing.
On this diſtinguiſh'd day of grace
Th' Eternal Prince of Glory came,
To purge the guilt of human race,
And ſave them by his pow'rful name.
Bow down your heads, ye lofty pines,
Ye mountains crown'd with cedars tall;
Be ſtill, ye rude imperious winds,
Throughout the wide terreſtrial ball.
Let nought but harmony and love
O'er all th' expanded ſurface reign,
And let the ſacred choir above
Approve, and join the Heav'nly ſtrain.
When we in bondage were exil'd,
And rebels to th' eternal God,
Our ſouls, with blackeſt guilt defil'd,
Obnoxious to th' impending rod;
That from his ſeat of perfect bliſs
The Son of Glory ſhou'd deſcend,
To offer man the terms of peace,
And his unbounded grace extend.
Such goodneſs, ſuch ſtupendous grace!
Nor men, nor angels can explore;
Then let us, what we cannot trace,
With awful reverence adore.
Ye wing'd inhabitants of air,
All ye that graze the verdant plain;
Ye herds, that to the wilds repair,
And ye that ſkim the ſurging main,
Some ſigns of exultation ſhow,
While grateful minds your voices raiſe,
'Tis all that mortals can below,
To hail the day in ſongs of praiſe.
While ſkilful hands the chorus join,
And tune the rapture-raiſing lyre,

While grateful ſtrains of love divine,
Serene, extatic joys inſpire.
Thus ſacred be the happy day,
While ſun, and moon, and ſtars endure;
Till nature feels her laſt decay,
And time itſelf ſhall be no more.

LET us entertain a general good opinion of all men, till unqueſtionable evidence ſhall oblige us to give up that good opinion; yet, at the ſame time, let us be cautious not to ſuffer our good opinion to betray us into any improper compliances or connexions.

SELL not your hopes of heavenly treaſures, nor any thing that belongs to your eternal intereſt, for any of the advantages of the preſent life: "What ſhall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul."

TO piety join modeſty and docility, reverence of your parents, and ſubmiſſion to thoſe who are your ſuperiors in knowledge, in ſtation, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modeſty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been eſteemed a preſage of riſing merit.

PROVIDENCE never intended, that any ſtate here ſhould be either completely happy, or entirely miſerable. If the feelings of pleaſure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, ſuch alſo are thoſe of pain. If greatneſs flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increaſes our gratifications, it increaſes, in the ſame proportion, our deſires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet, within that circle, lie moſt of thoſe natural ſatisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the moſt genuine and true.

WE have ſeen, that inordinate paſſions are the great diſturbers of life; and that, unleſs we poſſeſs a good conſcience, and a well-governed mind, diſcontent will

 blaſt

blaſt every enjoyment, and the higheſt proſperity will prove only diſguiſed miſery. Fix then this concluſion in your mind, that the deſtruction of your virtue, is the deſtruction of your peace. " For our rejoicing is this, the teſtimony of our conſcience, that in ſimplicity, and godly ſincerity, not with fleſhly wiſdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our converſation in the world, and more abundantly to you-wards." 2 Cor. i. 12.

Caution againſt Pride.

CONSIDER what you ſhall be. Your fleſh returns to corruption and common earth again; nor ſhall your duſt be diſtinguiſhed from the meaneſt beggar or ſlave; no, nor from the duſt of brutes and inſects, or the moſt contemptible of creatures: and as for your ſouls, they muſt ſtand before God, in the world of ſpirits, on a level with the reſt of mankind, and diveſted of all your haughty and flattering circumſtances. None of your vain diſtinctions in this life ſhall attend you to the judgment-ſeat. Keep this tribunal in view, and pride will wither, and hang down its head.

MONEY, like manure, does no good, till it is ſpread; there is no real uſe of riches, except in the diſtribution; the reſt is all conceit.

BY love directed, and in mercy meant,
Are trials ſuffer'd, and afflictions ſent,
To ſtem impetuous paſſion's furious tide;
To curb the inſolence of proſp'rous pride;
To wean from earth, and bid our wiſhes ſoar
To that bleſt clime, where pain ſhall be no more,
Where wearied virtue ſhall for refuge fly,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd from ev'ry eye.

HAPPY are they who preſerve their innocence unſullied by any great or wilful crimes, and who have only the common failings of humanity to repent of; theſe are ſufficiently mortifying to a heart deeply ſmitten with the love of virtue, and with the deſire of perfection.

" WHAT-

"WHATSOEVER ye would that men ſhould do unto you, even ſo do unto them." There is no occaſion, great or ſmall, on which you may not ſafely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct; and, whilſt your heart honeſtly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any ſort of injuſtice or unkindneſs.

ENDEAVOUR to acquire a temper of univerſal candour and benevolence; and learn neither to deſpiſe nor condemn any perſons on account of their particular modes of faith and worſhip; remembering always, that goodneſs is confined to no party; that there are wiſe and worthy men among all the ſects of Chriſtians; and that to his own maſter, every one muſt ſtand or fall.

VIRTUE is the foundation of honour and eſteem, and the ſource of all beauty, order, and happineſs, in nature.

BEAUTY and wit will die, learning will vaniſh away, and all the arts of life be ſoon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever.

A GOOD word is an eaſy obligation; but not to ſpeak ill, requires only our ſilence, which coſts us nothing.

The Fire-Side.

I.

DEAR Chloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance:
Tho' ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs:

No noisy neighbours enter here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heart-felt joys.

III.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſts this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to beſtow,
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut our home.

IV.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When, with impatient wing, ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the ark:
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

V.

The' fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender, and the good,
A paradiſe below.

VI.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a ſpring,
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:
We'll form their minds with ſtudious care,
To all that's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

VII.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompenſe our cares.

VIII.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot;
Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate;
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humble lot.

IX.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

X.

We'll therefore reliſh with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r:
For if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

XI.

To be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n:
Dear Chloe, this is wiſdom's part,
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to Heav'n!

XII.

We'll aſk no long, protracted treat,
(Since winter-life is ſeldom ſweet)
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our ſtore.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand, thro' life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious ſteps we'll tread:

Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

XIV.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath:
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death!

SINCERITY is firm and ſubſtantial, and there is nothing hollow or unſound in it; and becauſe it is plain and open, fears no diſcovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger.

PLUTARCH has written an eſſay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and mentions this in particular, "that, by the reproaches caſt upon us, we ſee the worſt ſide of ourſelves, and open our eyes to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our lives and converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved without the help of ſuch ill-natured monitors."

LET us "keep the heart with all diligence, ſeeing out of it are the iſſues of life." Let us account our mind the moſt important province which is committed to our care; and as we cannot rule events, ſtudy at leaſt to rule ourſelves.

IT is too common with the young, even when they reſolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to ſet out with preſumptuous confidence in themſelves. Truſting to their own abilities for carrying them ſucceſsfully through life, they are careleſs of applying to God, or of deriving any aſſiſtance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy diſcipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them?

Neither human wiſdom, nor human virtue, unſupported by religion, are equal for the trying ſituations which

which often occur in life. By the ſhock of temptation, how frequently have the moſt virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the preſſure of diſaſter, how often has the greateſt conſtancy ſunk! Deſtitute of the favour of God, you are in no better ſituation, with all your boaſted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackleſs deſart, without any guide to conduct them, or any ſhelter to cover them from the gathering ſtorm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not that your happineſs can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, ſeek the protection of the God of Heaven.

THE cheerfulneſs of a well-regulated mind, ſprings from a good conſcience, and the favour of Heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reaſon. It makes a man happy in himſelf, and promotes the happineſs of all around him. It is the clear and calm ſunſhine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good diſpoſitions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart.

LET no man raſhly determine, that his unwillingneſs to be pleaſed, is a proof of underſtanding, unleſs his ſuperiority appears from a leſs doubtful evidence; for though peeviſhneſs may ſometimes boaſt its deſcent from learning or from wit, it is much oftener of baſe extraction, the child of vanity and nurſling of ignorance.

LET the virtuous remember, amidſt all their ſufferings, that though the heart of the good man may bleed, even to death, he will never feel a torment equa to the rendings of remorſe.

PLATO being told, that he had many enemies who ſpoke ill of him, "It is no matter," ſaid he, "I will live ſo that none ſhall believe them." Hearing, at another time, that an intimate friend of his had ſpoken detractingly of him, "I am ſure he would not do it," ſays he, "if he had not ſome reaſon for it." This is

the ſureſt, as well as the nobleſt way, of drawing the ſting out of reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief againſt the pains of calumny, a good conſcience.

JUDGE not of mankind in general from the conduct of a few individuals. There are perſons capable of alleviating all our cares by a friendly participation, and of heightening every ſatisfaction by ſharing them. Cultivate an acquaintance with the truly deſerving, and the painful remembrance of ingratitude will ſoon be loſt in the reciprocal endearments of ſincere friendſhip.

DOST thou aſk a torch to diſcover the brightneſs of the morning? Doſt thou appeal to argument for proofs of divine perfection? Look down to the earth on which thou ſtandeſt, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee: thou beholdeſt ſplendour, abundance and beauty; is not he who produced them mighty? Thou conſidereſt—is not he who formed thy underſtanding, wiſe? Thou enjoyeſt—is not he who gratifies thy ſenſes, good? Can aught have limited his bounty, but his wiſdom? or can any defects be therein diſcovered by thy ſagacity?

RELIGION preſcribes to every miſerable man the means of bettering his condition; it ſhews him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them; it makes him eaſy here, becauſe it can make him happy hereafter.

A CONTENTED mind is the greateſt bleſſing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the preſent life his happineſs ariſes from the ſubduing of his deſires, it will ariſe in the next from the gratification of them.

EVERY wiſe man will conſider this life only as it may conduce to the happineſs of the other, and cheerfully ſacrifice the pleaſures of a few years to thoſe of an eternity.

HOWEVER far ſome men may have gone in the ſcience of impartiality, perhaps there is not one of them but would be ſurprized, if he could be ſhown how much farther he might go.

THO'

THO' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lords the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal—
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil;
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carrols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den, where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays the cleanly platter on the board.

EVERY station of life has duties, which are proper to it. Those who are determined, by choice, to any particular kind of business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity; but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either useful to themselves, or beneficial to others.

NO one of the sons of Adam ought to think himself exempt from that labour and industry, which were denounced upon our first parent, and in him, to all his posterity. Those to whom birth or affluence may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burden on the species, and be the only useless parts of the creation.

IT sometimes happens, that too close an attention to minute exactness, or a too rigorous examination of every

thing, by the ſtandard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the underſtanding, and teaches the mind to diſcern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident, likewiſe, to men of vigorous imaginations, to pleaſe themſelves too much with futurities, and to fret, becauſe thoſe expectations are diſappointed, which ſhould never have been formed.

KNOWLEDGE and genius are often enemies to quiet, by ſuggeſting ideas of excellence, to which men, and the performances of men, cannot attain.

WE ſhould always act with great cautiouſneſs and circumſpection, in points where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived.

LET no fond love of earth exact a ſigh,
No doubt divert our ſteady ſteps aſide,
Nor let us long to live, or dread to die,
Heav'n is our hope, and Providence our guide.

A Thought on waking.

SLEEP by night, and cares by day,
Bear my fleeting life away:
Lo! in yonder eaſtern ſkies,
Sol appears, and bids me riſe:
Tells me, "life is on the wing,
And has no returning ſpring:
Death comes on with ſteady pace
And life's the only day of grace."
Shining preacher! happy morning!
Let me take th' important warning;
Rouſe then all my active pow'rs,
Well improve the coming hours;
Let no trifles kill the day,
(Trifles oft our heart betray.)
Virtue, ſcience, knowledge, truth,
Guide th' inquiries of my youth.

Wiſdom,

Wiſdom, and experience ſage,
Then ſhall ſoothe the cares of age;
Thoſe with time ſhall never die,
Thoſe will lead to joys on high;
Thoſe the path of life diſplay,
Shining with celeſtial day;
Bliſsful path! with ſafety trod,
As it leads the ſoul to God.

ON HAPPINESS.

LONG have I ſought the wiſh of all,
True happineſs to find,
Which ſome will wealth, ſome pleaſure call,
And ſome a virtuous mind.
Sufficient wealth, to keep away
Of want the doleful ſcene,
And joy enough to gild the day,
And make life's courſe ſerene.
Virtue enough to aſk my heart,
Art thou ſecure within?
Haſt thou perform'd an honeſt part?
Haſt thou no private ſin?
This to perform, theſe things poſſeſs,
Muſt raiſe a noble joy,
Muſt conſtitute that happineſs,
Which nothing can deſtroy.

O! THOU, whoſe pow'r o'er moving worlds preſides,
Whoſe voice created, and whoſe wiſdom guides,
On darkling man, with fond effulgence ſhine,
And chear the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breaſt,
With ſilent confidence and holy reſt;
From thee, great God! we ſpring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original and end.

IT was a common ſaying among the Heathens, that the wiſe man hates nobody, but only loves the virtuous. The Chriſtian owes a more general love.

A Thought on Death.

DEATH, to a good man, is but paſſing through a dark entry, out of one little duſky room of his father's houſe, into another, that is fair and large, lightſome, glorious and divinely entertaining.

THERE is nothing of greater importance to us, than to ſift our thoughts, and examine all the dark receſſes of the mind, if we would eſtabliſh our ſouls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial virtue, as will turn to account in that great day, when it muſt ſtand the teſt of infinite wiſdom and juſtice.

ALL the real pleaſures and conveniencies of life, lie in a narrow compaſs; but it is the humour of mankind, to be always looking forward, and ſtraining after thoſe who have got the ſtart of them in wealth and honour.

A GOOD conſcience is to the ſoul, what health is to the body; it preſerves a conſtant eaſe and ſerenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can poſſibly befal us. I know nothing ſo hard for a generous mind to get over, as calumny and reproach; and cannot find any method of quieting the ſoul under them, beſides this ſingle one, of our being conſcious to ourſelves, that we do not deſerve them.

The Rural Scene.

SWEET contemplation to purſue,
Behold a rural ſcene in view,
The bleating herds, the lowing kine,
The ſpreading oak, the tow'ring pine;
The air, from noxious vapours free,
Whilſt ſquirrels trip from tree to tree,
And the ſweet ſongſters hover round,
Fruit, herbs, and flow'rs, enrich the ground,
And each their various fruits produce,
Some for delight, and ſome for uſe.

Behold,

Behold, O! youth, this ſcene, and ſee
What nature's God hath given to thee,
With wonder view his great deſigns,
In which ſuperior wiſdom ſhines;
Revere his name, admire his love,
And raiſe thy thoughts to worlds above.

To the Poor.

THE Providence of Almighty God has placed you under difficult circumſtances of life, and daily reads you a leſſon in a more particular manner to depend upon him. This you may be aſſured of for your comfort, that you are under God's conſtant and immediate care: And one advantage you enjoy above the rich, in your journey to Heaven, is, that you are not clogged and hindered in your courſe thither, by thoſe manifold incumbrances which lie on them; of whom our Saviour hath ſaid, "That it is very hard for them to enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Their temptations are proportioned to their abundance; their cares are more, and their diſtractions greater; ſo that you have no reaſon to envy them, nor repine at your own condition; and theſe are chiefly your temptations, and againſt theſe you muſt be more particularly watchful. Certainly, if you conſider things aright, you will find that your ſtore-houſe is the moſt ſure, your ſupply moſt certain; for you are immediately in the hands of God, of him who feedeth the ravens, and cloatheth the graſs of the field; ſo that you may be much more aſſured that he will clothe you. Endeavour to be humble, holy, heavenly-minded; always remembering, that he is the pooreſt man, who is poor in grace. Your Saviour had not where to lay his head; let his example ſerve to reconcile your low condition to you; and let your religious behaviour under it be the means to ſanctify it.

WHEREVER we turn our eyes, we find ſomething to revive our curioſity, and engage our attention. In the duſk of the morning, we watch the riſing of the ſun, and

and ſee the day diverſify the clouds, and open new proſpects in its gradual advance. After a few hours, we ſee the ſhades lengthen, and the light decline, till the ſky is reſigned to a multitude of ſhining orbs, different from each other in magnitude and ſplendour. The earth varies its appearance, as we move upon it; the woods offer their ſhades, and the fields their harveſts; the hill flatters with an extenſive view, and the valley invites with ſhelter, fragrance and flowers.

LET not the curious from your boſom ſteal
Secrets, where prudence ought to ſet her ſeal;
Yet be ſo frank and plain, that at one view,
In other things, each man may ſee you thro'.

GOD of my ſoul! without thy ſtrength'ning grace,
How weak, how poor, how blind, is human grace!
To ſound thy praiſe, ten thouſand worlds agree,
And nature lifts the grateful ſong to thee;
To thee, with awe, the brute creation bends,
When thunder burſts, or ſtormy rain deſcends;
Obedient to thy will, the rocks and trees
Now reſt in ſnow, now bleſs the vernal breeze;
Yet man, preſuming on his glimm'ring ſenſe,
Raſh man alone diſclaims thy Providence;
The truths he dare not controvert, denies,
And 'gainſt conviction ſhuts his ears and eyes.

OUR follies, when diſplay'd, ourſelves affright,
Few are ſo bad, to bear the hideous ſight;
Mankind in herds, thro' force of cuſtom ſtray,
Miſlead each other into error's way,
Purſue the road, forgetful of the end,
Sin by miſtake, and without thought offend.

SHE who values not the virtue of modeſty in her words and dreſs, will not be thought to ſet much price upon it in her actions.

IN

IN caſe of temptation, it is a prudent caution to avoid the encounter, when we are conſcious of weakneſs, or unable to withſtand it.

MOST men are ready enough to reckon up the income of their eſtates, and compute how it will anſwer their ſeveral expences; but few employ their arithmetic to calculate the value of their life and time, or conſider how they may be expended to the beſt advantage. In theſe the beggar has as large a revenue as the king, though they are juſtly accounted the more valuable treaſure.

THE ſoul, agitated with paſſions, fares like a weak bird in a ſtormy day; ſhe is not able to make a ſtraight flight, but is toſſed from the track ſhe would purſue, being loſt and carried in the air at the pleaſure of the winds. In this condition is the ſoul, till, by a conſtant meditation on God, and application to him, it has obtained a ſtrong and vigorous faith to ballaſt and ſtrengthen it, and enable it to maintain the ſtraight and ſteady courſe of virtue.

STILL as thro' life's meandring paths I ſtray,
Lord! be the ſweet companion of my way;
A kind conductor to the bleſt abode
Of light, of life, of happineſs and God.

RELIGION's ſacred lamp alone
Unerring, points the way,
Where happineſs forever ſhines
With unpolluted ray.

Written on a Watch.

WERE but our minds, like this machine,
Unmov'd by paſſion, or by ſpleen,
And, true to nature's guardian pow'r,
Could mark, with goodneſs, ev'ry hour,
Then health and joy would follow too,
As laws of thought and motion do;

Sweet

Sweet health to paſs the moments o'er,
And joy when time ſhall be no more.

'TIS a contradiction to imagine, that reputation or praiſe is a ſuitable recompence for virtue; ſince it is a reward that nothing but vanity can make acceptable; it declares a man both fooliſh and vicious, that can be pleaſed and ſatisfied with it; and that his merit is only owing to his pride.

TRUE virtue, as it has no other aims than the ſervice and honour of God, ſo the leaſt and only recompence it aſpires to, is his approbation and favour.

MY God! my all-ſufficient good!
My portion and my choice;
In thee are all my hopes renew'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

GRANT me to live, and if I live, to find
The dear lov'd portion of a peaceful mind;
That health, that ſweet content, that pleaſing reſt
Which God alone can give, as ſuits me beſt.

CHARITY.

CHARITY, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with juſt reins, and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile ſhame, and arbitrary pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives;
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes;
Soft peace ſhe brings wherever ſhe arrives,
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature ev'n,
And opens in each heart a little Heav'n.

THERE is no preſervative from vice, equal to an habitual and conſtant intercourſe with God: Neither does any thing equally alleviate diſtreſs, or heighten proſperity; in diſtreſs it ſuſtains us with hope, and in proſperity it adds to every other enjoyment, the delight of gratitude.

IN

IN true good nature, there is neither the acrimony of ſpleen, nor the ſullenneſs of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither eaſy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender ſenſibility, a participation of the pains and pleaſures of others, and is therefore, a forcible and conſtant motive, to communicate happineſs, and alleviate miſery.

IT ſhould be a general rule, never to utter any thing in converſation, which would juſtly diſhonour us if it ſhould be reported to the world.

TO a benevolent diſpoſition, every ſtate of life will afford ſome opportunities of contributing to the welfare of mankind. Opulence and ſplendour are enabled to diſpel the cloud of adverſity, to dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, and to increaſe the felicity of all around them. Their example will animate virtue, and retard the progreſs of vice. And even indigence and obſcurity, though without power to confer happineſs, may at leaſt prevent miſery, and apprize thoſe who are blinded by their paſſions, that they are on the brink of irremediable calamity.

O REPUTATION! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balſam, lovely, ſweet of ſmell,
Whoſe cordial drops once ſpilt by ſome raſh hand,
Not all thy owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude ſpoiler, ever can collect
To its firſt purity and native ſweetneſs.

Solomon's good Wife paraphraſed. Proverbs, 31ſt Chapt.

THE wife, in whoſe ſoft, faithful boſom, dwells
The mingled warmth of love and virtue's flame,
As much in worth the ruby's price excels,
As greateſt merits higheſt honours claim.
On her the partner of her breaſt relies,
In her can fulleſt confidence repoſe,
Can ev'n the pride and ſpoils of war deſpiſe,
For good, not ill, from all her conduct flows.

The

The wool and flax employ her willing hands,
And tho' domeſtic arts are moſt her care,
Yet, as the merchant-ſhip from diſtant lands
Brings precious freight, ſhe brings her food from far.
E'er light ſhe forces ſleep's ſoft bands to yield,
And to her houſhold gives refreſhment due;
With careful earnings purchaſes a field,
And, ſtill more wond'rous, plants a vineyard too.
By daily uſe her arms their ſtrength increaſe—
Her merchandize is good, ſhe gladly finds;
And as by day her labours rarely ceaſe,
By night her candle unextinguiſh'd ſhines.
Her lib'ral hand extends to all the poor,
Beſtowing alms as diff'rent wants require;
Nor fears her houſhold hardſhips may endure,
For they in ſcarlet boaſt a rich attire.
To clothe herſelf ſhe weaves gay tapeſtry,
Purple and ſilk the labour of her hand,
With which bedeck'd, her huſband ſits on high,
Diſtinguiſh'd 'midſt the elders of the land.
Fine linen alſo, by her art is made,
And girdles offer'd to the merchant's choice,
While ſhe in ſtrength and honour well array'd,
Thro' times to come ſhall happily rejoice.
The law of kindneſs in her heart preſides,
The words of wiſdom from her lips diſtill,
A meek diſcretion thro' her houſhold guides,
And duteous all their deſtin'd taſk fulfil.
Her children, riſing up with grateful voice,
Pronounce her bleſt, as love or prudence ſways,
Her huſband, conſcious of his happy choice,
With pleaſure joins their voluntary praiſe.
Tho' many wives, in this and ages paſt,
Of virtuous conduct bright examples ſhine,
Yet all to her, the firſt as well as laſt,
The palm of female excellence reſign.
True as when ſpoke, remains the royal word,
"That favour's tranſient, and all beauty vain;"*
But ſhe who keeps his law, and fears the Lord,
Shall the juſt tribute of applauſe obtain.

WHEN

WHEN we conſider the different allotments of Providence to his creature man, in this ſtate of exiſtence, and compare the wants and ſufferings of ſome, with the eaſe and affluence of others, we ſhould be almoſt ready to conclude, that the preſerving care of our Heavenly Father was not equally extended to all; though he has aſſured us in ſcripture, that he is no reſpecter of perſons; but we muſt be very cautious of making ſuch an inference; for as our Great Creator ſees not as we ſee, and has a view in all his diſpenſations to the ultimate good of his creatures, we ought rather to ſuppoſe, that the particular condition of every man, ſo far from being an impeachment of divine impartiality, is allotted him in perfect wiſdom, in order to his happineſs at laſt.

THE neceſſities of the poor may be intended as the moſt certain means of preſerving their health, and keeping them moral, temperate, and humble, which are great virtues. While the ſuperfluities of the rich, by ſubjecting them to many vices, may render the final account of their ſtewardſhip a matter of the greateſt anxiety and diſtreſs of mind, to which no temporal ſuffering can be equivalent. Hence, if we conſider preſent leſs grievous than future evil, it will appear, in this comparative view of the higher and lower ranks of men, that the difference is rather in favour of the latter, under all the preſſures and mortifications of poverty.—Yet this is by no means to be uſed as an argument by the opulent, for withholding aſſiſtance and ſupport from their fellow-creatures, in real want of them; for humanity, and the cardinal virtue, charity, call upon and require all, who are able, to ſuccour and relieve ſuch objects—to which may be added, that this is a duty particularly enjoined by our bleſſed Saviour, who has told us, as a forcible incitement to the practice of it, that ſuch as give to the poor, lend to the Lord; which is telling us, in other words, that by this means treaſure is to be laid up in Heaven.

SIMPLICITY, the inſeparable companion both of genuine grace, and of real modeſty, if it doth not always ſtrike at firſt (of which it ſeldom fails) is ſure, however,

however, when it does ſtrike, to produce the deepeſt and moſt permanent impreſſions.

IN ſolitude I'll ſpend the day;
The ſultry hour I'll paſs away,
In calm retirement's ſeat;
Enraptur'd, ſnatch her peaceful joys,
While other court ambition's toys,
And ſtudy to be great.

THE BEGGAR.

"PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have led him to your door;
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n ſhall bleſs your ſtore.
Theſe tatter'd rags my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my length of yeare,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a ſtream of tears.
Yon houſe erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from the road,
For plenty there a reſidence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.
Hard is the caſe of the infirm and poor,
There begging for a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial thruſt me from the door,
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.
Oh! take me to you hoſpital dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold,
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
For I am miſerably poor and cold,
Heav'n ſends afflictions—why ſhould we repine?
Here happineſs we ne'er were born to ſee,
Too ſoon, alas! your lot may be like mine,
The child of ſorrow and of miſery.
Was I to tell the ſource of every grief,
If ſoft compaſſion ever touch'd your breaſt,
Your hand could not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repreſt.
A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I ſprightly hailed the morn,

But

But ah! oppreſſion drove me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.
My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain, left her native home,
Is now abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.
My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care,
With anguiſh felt the ſore calamity,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to deſpair,
And left the world, and wretchedneſs, to me.
Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have led him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bleſs your ſtore."

EVERY thing overdone, is liable to ſuſpicion. Innocence, in women, wants not the aid of oſtentation; like integrity in men, it reſts in its own conſciouſneſs.

AS cheerfulneſs is the moſt natural effect of real goodneſs, it is alſo its moſt powerful recommendation. Wiſdom is never ſo attractive, as when ſhe ſmiles.

SHE that cannot "weep with them that weep," as well as "rejoice with them that rejoice," is a ſtranger to one of the ſweeteſt ſources of enjoyment, no leſs than to one of the nobleſt leſſons of Chriſtianity. Thoſe are the happieſt diſpoſitions, which are the beſt.

THERE is not any thing more contemptible, or more to be pitied, than that turn of mind, which, finding no entertainment in itſelf, none at home, none in books, none in rational converſation, nor in the intercourſes of real friendſhip, nor in ingenious works of any kind, is continually ſeeking to ſtifle reflection in a tumult of pleaſures, and to divert wearineſs in a crowd.

FEMALE modeſty is often ſilent; female decorum is never bold. Both forbid a young woman to lead the converſation;

converſation; and true religion dreads every thing that might look oſtentatious. The moſt prudent courſe you can purſue, is to aſſociate, as much as poſſible, with thoſe that from real principle love the ſhade.

IF thou wouldeſt bear thy neighbour's faults, caſt thine eye upon thine own.

THE truly humble man, ſuffers quietly, and patiently, internal troubles; and he is the man that makes great way in a little time, like one that ſails before the wind.

PERFECTION does not conſiſt in teaching the truth, but in doing it, becauſe he is neither the greateſt ſaint, nor the wiſeſt man, that knows the truth moſt, but he that practiſes it.

WHEN a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and reſpectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good or gentle, that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition ſhe is placed.

The unknown World—On hearing a Paſſing Bell.

HARK, my gay friend, that ſolemn toll
Speaks the departure of a ſoul.
'Tis gone—that's all we know, not where,
Or how the unbody'd ſoul does fare.
In that myſterious world none knows,
But God alone to whom it goes;
To whom departed ſouls return
To take their doom, to ſmile or mourn.
Oh! by what glimm'ring light we view,
The unknown world we're haſt'ning to.
Swift flies the ſoul—perhaps 'tis gone
A thouſand leagues beyond the ſun;
Or twice ten thouſand more thrice told,
Ere the forſaken clay is cold.
And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,

Tho'

Tho' dead, may be ſo far remov'd,
Only this veil of fleſh between,
Perhaps they watch us, though unſeen.
Whilſt we their loſs lamenting ſay,
They're out of hearing far away,
Guardians to us, perhaps they're near,
Conceal'd in vehicles of air,
And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us how or where they live.
Tho' conſcious, while with us below,
How much themſelves deſir'd to know,
As if bound up by ſolemn fate,
To keep this ſecret of their ſtate;
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man might live by faith alone.
Well, let my Sov'reign, if he pleaſe,
Lock up his marvellous decrees;
Why ſhould I wiſh him to reveal
What he thinks proper to conceal?
It is enough that I believe
Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive;
And he that makes it all his care
To ſerve God here, ſhall ſee him there.
But oh! what worlds ſhall I ſurvey,
The moment that I leave this clay;
How ſudden the ſurprize—how new—
Let it, my God! be happy too!

FROM the conſideration of God, as he is in himſelf power, wiſdom, goodneſs, beauty and felicity itſelf, children muſt be often excited and ſtirred up to the deſire of eſteeming him, of praiſing him, of honouring him as he deſerves, and of pleaſing him in every thing. They muſt be made to underſtand, that this is the principal end for which we are ſent into the world, namely, to eſteem, honour, and praiſe God, without ceaſing, by the continual deſires and elevations of our hearts to him; and that, ſince this is the employment of angels, by being exerciſed in it, we become their companions in this world,

world, and even fellow-citizens of Heaven with them, by imitating those divine spirits.

SINCE both the imagination and the memory, are faculties which have the most strength, and most activity in children, it would be well to cultivate them from the very beginning, that we may communicate unto them as much knowledge of the things of their salvation, as is possible, and as they are capable of receiving.

SILENCE is necessary on many occasions, but you must always be sincere and courteous: You ought to retain some thoughts, but disguise none.

AND, from the pray'r of want, and plaint of woe,
O! never, never, turn away thine ear;
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heav'n refuse to hear?
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wisheſt to be done;
Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear,
And friends and native land; nor those alone,
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.

TRUE dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has rais'd above the things below,
Who ev'ry hope and fear to Heav'n resign'd,
Shrinks not, though adverse winds may keenly blow.

WE should be cautious and circumspect in all our ways, and watchful over ourselves, living in the fear of God all the day long, that we sin not against him.

LET us all endeavour to be spiritually minded, and set our affections on things above; subdue our passions, be peaceable and loving, meek, courteous, modest, teachable and governable, not wise in our own conceit, not wilful or stubborn.

WE

WE muſt be contented with our preſent condition, not murmuring or repining at it, or either ambitiouſly or covetouſly ſeeking one more high or plentiful; neither fretting and vexing our own ſouls, nor envying others; but leaving freely all things to God's diſpoſal, and ſubmitting chearfully to his providence.

MAY we wiſely improve every talent that God has given us; doing as much good as we can with every thing, both to ourſelves and others. We muſt ſhun ſloth and idleneſs, vain paſtimes, and ſuperfluous recreations, coſtly vanities, unprofitable ſtudies and employments.

IN the evening reaſon with thyſelf and ſay, how have I ſpent this day? Am I better than I was yeſterday? Have I overcome any vice? and hath God's grace been effectual in me? if it has, then let my ſoul rejoice exceedingly, and aſcribe to her Lord the glory of her good actions.

THE heart is the fountain, and our words are the ſtreams; and if the fountain be muddy, the ſtreams proceeding from it cannot be clear.

BE my ambition only to excel
In the bleſt art, "the art of living well:"
Who this attains, bids ſin and ſorrow ceaſe,
With hope looks Heav'n-ward, and ſhall die in peace.

ON A WATCH.

WHILE this gay toy attracts thy ſight,
Thy reaſon let it warn;
And ſeize, my dear, that rapid time,
That never muſt return.
If idly loſt, no art or care
The bleſſing can reſtore;
And Heav'n requires a ſtrict account
For ev'ry miſpent hour,

Short is our longeſt day of life,
And ſoon its proſpect ends,
Yet on that day's uncertain date
Eternity depends.
Yet equal to our being's aim
The ſpace to virtue giv'n;
And ev'ry minute, well improv'd,
Secures an age in Heav'n.

YIELDING to immoral pleaſures, corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debaſes it; both, in their degree, diſqualify it for its genuine good, and conſign it over to wretchedneſs. Whoever would be really happy, muſt make the diligent and regular exerciſe of his ſuperior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, expreſſing good will to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude.

THE greateſt honour you can pay to the author of your being, is by ſuch a chearful behaviour, as diſcovers a mind ſatisfied with his diſpenſations.

THE ſcripture ſays, we are to forgive until ſeventy times ſeven; that is, perpetually, thoſe who do repent: and thoſe who do not repent, but perſiſt in injuring us, we are to pray for, and be willing to do acts of charity and humanity to them, when need requires; and not to revenge, but much rather to deſire their amendment, and by all reaſonable means promote reconciliation.

ONE part, one little part, we dimly ſcan,
Thro' the dark medium of life's fev'riſh dream,
Yet dare arraign the whole ſtupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous ſeem.—
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our bleſſings riſe;
Oh! then, renounce that impious, ſelf-eſteem,
For thou art but of duſt; be humble, and be wiſe.

GOOD-

GOOD-NATURE is not of leſs importance to ourſelves than to others. The moroſe and petulant firſt feel the anguiſh that they give: reproach, revilings and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are conſtantly again forced back upon their ſource.

The Ten Commandments.

RENOUNCE all other gods, but only me,
And to no image bow thy heart or knee.
Take not the awful name of God in vain,
Nor e'er his holy ſabbath day prophane.
Honour thy parents, and thou long ſhalt live,
Commit not murder, but all wrongs forgive.
From filthy luſts, keep ſoul and body free,
Nor ſteal, tho' preſs'd by dire neceſſity.
Againſt thy neighbour, ne'er falſe witneſs bear,
Nor covet goods, in which thou haſt no ſhare.

From Pope's Eſſay on Man.

LO, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler Heav'n;
Some happier iſland in the watry waſte,
Some ſafer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be content's his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

SO much have our common purſuits, which we plead as the means of ſupporting life, diverted men from the true ends for which they were ſent into the world, that the judicious and pious in all ages, ſince the time of Solomon, have readily ſubſcribed to his opinion, that

all of them are indeed "vanity and vexation of ſpirit." For we find there are ſome who ſpend their whole time in grammar and rhetoric, or in learning to ſpeak well, without allowing themſelves any leiſure to ſtudy the more important concern of living well.

Others there are, who are ſo buſy in finding out the riddles of a logical ſphinx, that they examine all the trifles and impertinencies of reaſon, to find out what reaſon is, and in the ſearch thereof, oftentimes loſe themſelves and their reaſon too.

There are many, who, by arithmetic, learn to divide every thing into the moſt minute fractions, and yet do not know how to divide an halfpenny with a poor afflicted brother in the way of charity.

Many there are, who, by the help of geometry, can ſet limits to grounds, and ſeparate them from one another; can meaſure cities and countries, and yet cannot attain to any rule whereby they are enabled to meaſure themſelves.

The muſician can bring different voices and tones into one harmony, and yet all the while may have nothing that is harmonious in his own mind; nothing, which, by reaſon of its perturbation, does not run counter to all muſical meaſures.

The aſtronomer, whilſt with fixed eyes he looks up to Heaven, and attentively views the motion of the ſtars, very frequently ſtumbles into the next ditch; and while he is foretelling things to come, loſes thoſe that are preſent; for tho' with fixed eyes he looks up to Heaven, yet his mind is too much darkened and defiled with the mire of this world, to think of a better.

The philoſopher diſputes gravely and accurately, of the nature of things, and yet, perhaps, is no wiſer than a real child, as to the nature of himſelf, and the things of Heaven.

The phyſician takes care of the health of others, but as to the knowledge of the diſeaſes of his own mind, may be as blind as a beetle; he diligently watches the variations

tions of his patient's pulſe, but how to cure the evil diſpoſitions and wrong tempers in himſelf, he knows and cares but little about them.

The hiſtorian has the Theban and Trojan wars at his fingers ends, but is almoſt wholly ignorant of a much higher concern, the proper knowledge of himſelf.

The lawyer, though he has ſpent whole years in the conſtruction and expoſition of human laws, for the government of others, is too often but little acquainted with that divine law which teaches and enjoins a ſtrict government over his own actions.

The theologiſt, earneſtly contends for, and diſputes about faith, but too ſeldom thinks of charity; he ſpeaks much of God, but to help his neighbour in time of need, has too little concern.

The merchant is very ſolicitous of gain from every port to which he can extend his trade, or in which he can obtain credit—yet ſeldom troubles his head in eſtabliſhing a correſpondence with that happy country, which offers the richeſt merchandize—that neither moth can corrupt, or thieves have power to ſteal.

The farmer, though daily exerciſed with much toil and fatigue, in breaking up and improving the moſt ſtubborn and rugged ſoils, with a view to a beneficial crop, yet how does he neglect, year after year, to break up and improve the barren ſoil of his own heart, which, without equal care and cultivation, will never produce that crop of good works, which makes truly rich, and adds no ſorrow.

Arts and ſciences do indeed weary the minds of men with continual labour, but yield them no true felicity.

It is religion only can regulate the heart—it cauſes it to melt in ſympathy with diſtreſs, or to glow with pleaſure at the happineſs of another—it is that alone can harmonize the mind,

"Attuning all its paſſions into peace."

The aſtronomer, if enlightened by it, muſt contemplate, with wonder and admiration, thoſe luminaries

which his eye ſo often gazes on with pleaſure. The philoſopher too, when the wonders of nature are opened to his view, with what adoration and gratitude muſt he look to that great ſource from whence they flow! And in all profeſſions, how imperfect is man, unleſs illumined by the bright rays of religion, which, like the glorious luminary, the ſun, will enlighten all our paths.

H Y M N.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

3.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful ſhade.

4.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy beauty ſhall my pains beguile—
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

NO thought is beautiful, which is not juſt; and no thought can be juſt, which is not founded in truth.

WE are apt to fancy, that we ſhall be happy and ſatisfied, if we poſſeſs ourſelves of ſuch and ſuch particular enjoyments;

enjoyments; but either by reaſon of their emptineſs, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no ſooner gained one point, but we extend our hopes to another. We ſtill find new inviting ſcenes and landſcapes, lying behind thoſe which at a diſtance terminated our view.

IF we hope for what we are not likely to poſſeſs, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and ſhadow than it really is.

An Autumnal Reflection.

In fading grandeur, lo! the trees
Their tarniſh'd honour ſhed;
While every leaf-compelling breeze
Lays their dim verdure dead.
Ere while they ſhot a vig'rous length,
Of flow'rs, and fruit, and green;
Now, ſhorn of beauty and of ſtrength,
They ſtand a ſhatter'd ſcene!
Ere long the genial breath of ſpring
Shall all their charms renew;
And flow'rs, and fruit, and foliage bring,
All pleaſing to the view!
Thus round and round the ſeaſons roll,
In one harmonious courſe,
And pour convictions on the ſoul
With unremitting force.
Not ſuch is man's appointed fate—
One ſpring alone he knows!
One ſummer, one autumnal ſtate,
One winter's dead repoſe.
Yet, not the dreary ſleep of death,
Shall e'er his pow'rs deſtroy,
But man ſhall draw immortal breath
In endleſs pain or joy.
Important thought?—oh mortal! hear
On what thy peace depends;
The voice of truth invites thine ear,
And this the voice ſhe ſends.
"When virtue glows with youthful charms,
How bright the vernal ſkies!

When

When virtue like the ſummer warms,
What golden harveſts riſe?"
When vices ſpring without controul,
What bitter fruits appear!
A wintry darkneſs wraps the ſoul
And horrors cloſe the year.
Let youth to virtue's ſhrine repair,
And men their tribute bring,
Old age ſhall loſe its load of care,
And death ſhall loſe its ſting.
Borne upwards on ſeraphic wing,
Their happy ſouls ſhall ſoar,
And there enjoy eternal ſpring,
Nor fear a winter more.

THERE is nothing in nature unworthy of a wiſe man's regard, becauſe the moſt inferior of all her productions, may, in ſome light or another, be made inſtrumental to his improvement.

THERE is ſuch a cloſe affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower garden, and a right diſcipline of the mind, that it appears difficult for a rightly thoughtful perſon, that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That induſtry and care which are ſo requiſite to cleanſe a garden from all ſorts of weeds, will naturally ſuggeſt to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the ſame diligence in eradicating all ſorts of prejudices, follies and vices, from the mind; where they will be as ſure to prevail, without a great deal of care and correction, as common weeds in a neglected piece of ground. And as it requires more pains to extirpate ſome weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixt, more numerous, or more naturalized to the ſoil; ſo thoſe faults will be found the moſt difficult to be ſuppreſſed, which have been of the longeſt growth, and taken the deepeſt root; which are more predominate in number, and moſt congenial to the conſtitution.

IF our common life is not a common courſe of humility, ſelf-denial, renunciation of the world, poverty

of

of ſpirit, and Heavenly affection, we do not live the lives of Chriſtians.

WEAK and imperfect men, ſhall, notwithſtanding their frailties and defects, be received, as having pleaſed God, if they have done their utmoſt to pleaſe him.

THE rewards of charity, piety, and humility, will be given to thoſe whoſe lives have been a careful labour to exerciſe theſe virtues in as high a degree as they could.

VALUE no man but for his probity, and living up to the rules of piety and juſtice. If integrity does not make you proſperous, it will at leaſt keep you from being miſerable; for no man can be truly religious, that is not likewiſe conſcientiouſly juſt and honeſt.

A SOUND faith is the beſt divinity; a good conſcience the beſt law; and temperance the beſt phyſic.

A Soliloquy on Death.

TO die, is but to take a laſt farewel
Of life, and all its tranſitory cares;
To cloſe our eyes, and ſhut out day for ever.
Thus much we know: And that this frail exiſtence
Shall to its ſiſter earth again return,
To pulverize, and be diſſolv'd to nought.
To die (however awful ſeems the ſound)
Is but to lay us peaceful down to reſt,
Sink into ſleep, and waken in eternity.
Whence then proceeds this coward fear of death,
Theſe conſcience-working pangs that plague us all,
And make us ſink, e'en to the grave itſelf,
At the bare mention? Has not that Great Cauſe,
The Eternal One, whoſe wiſdom cannot err,
From the beginning of the earlieſt time,
Declar'd, that man and all his race ſhould die?
'Tis the eſſential paſſport that muſt bring
(No matter when, or how, or ſoon, or late)

All

All nature to that never-ending ſtate,
Which immortality alone can give.
The ſoul, then, as inſtructed from above,
Soon as it quits its lifeleſs, clay-cold corſe,
Mounts on the borrow'd ſilver-plumes of Heav'n,
Thro' chequ'ring clouds, and ſoars above the ſtars.
But, oh! who dare inquire its fate decreed?
For Heav'n that knowledge interdicts to man,
And ſtupifies the buſy, wand'ring ſenſe,
That may attempt this ſecret to explore.

GRANT I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with pray'r the conſecrated day;
Tune thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies;
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.

Extract from Young's Laſt Day.

HAVE angels ſinn'd, and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind;
None are ſupinely good: Thro' care and pain,
And various toils, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, crown'd with peace.

THE END.

MISCELLANIES,

MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

COLLECTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS,

FOR THE

USE OF SCHOOLS,

AND IMPROVEMENT OF YOUNG PERSONS

OF BOTH SEXES.

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu. HOR.

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MISCELLANIES.

——— KNOWLEDGE dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wiſdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable maſs,
The meer materials with which wiſdom builds,
'Till ſmooth'd, and ſquar'd, and fitted to its place,
Does but incumber whom it ſeems t'enrich.—
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd ſo much,
Wiſdom is humble that he knows no more.

YES, oh my ſoul! there is a Supreme Being, who governs the world, and is preſent with it, who takes up his more ſpecial habitation in good men, and is nigh to all who call upon him, to ſanctify, and aſſiſt them! Haſt thou not felt him, oh! my ſoul, like another ſoul, actuating thy faculties, exalting thy views, purifying thy paſſions, exciting thy graces, and begetting in thee an abhorrence of ſin, and a love of holineſs? And is not all this an argument of his preſence, as truly as if thou didſt ſee him?

YE gaudy pageants of life's dubious hour,
How does each ruffling blaſt your honours rend;
How often ſtain'd by ſorrow's briny ſhower,
Ye hang your heads, and to the duſt deſcend!

An Ode to Spring.

HAIL, genial pow'r, revolving ſpring!
Thy bleſt return, O! let me ſing,
And aid my languid lays:
Let me not ſink in ſloth ſupine,
While all creation at thy ſhrine,
Its annual tribute pays.
Eſcap'd from winter's freezing pow'r,
Each bloſſom greets thee, and each flow'r,
While foremoſt of the train,
By nature (artleſs handmaid!) dreſt,
The ſnow-drop comes in lily'd veſt,
Prophetic of thy reign.
The bright-hair'd ſun, with warmth divine,
Bids trees and ſhrubs before thy ſhrine
Their infant buds diſplay:
Again the ſtreams refreſh the plains,
Which winter bound in icy chains,
And ſparkling bleſs his ray!
Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,
And inſtant glows th' enamell'd ground
With nature's varied hues:
Not ſo returns our youth decay'd;
Alas! nor air, nor ſun, nor ſhade,
The ſpring of life renews.
The ſun's too quick-revolving beam,
Diſſolves at once the human dream,
And brings th' appointed hour.
Too late we catch the parting ray,
And mourn the idly waſted day
No longer in our pow'r.—
Then happieſt he whoſe lengthen'd ſight
Purſues by virtue's ſteady light
A hope beyond the ſkies;
Where frowning winter ne'er ſhall come,
But roſy ſpring for ever bloom
And ſuns eternal riſe.

EXTRACT.

EXTRACT.

WHEN I have taken my morning walk amidſt dews and flowers, with the ſun ſhedding luſtre round him, and unveiling the happy landſcape, how has my eye been charmed with the lovely proſpect! How has my ear been raviſhed with the muſic of the grove! Methought, every note was a tribute of harmony, and all nature ſeemed one grand chorus, ſwelling with the Creator's praiſe —But, how has the ſcene been reverſed, when leaving my rural Elyſium I entered the haunts of men!—where I heard the tongue, prompt to utter, and fluent to expreſs, every thing but its Maker's praiſe.

THAT faſhions ſhould ſo often vary from our juſteſt notions of right and wrong, is not a thing to be wondered at, as they commonly take their riſe from the court or the ſtage; neither of which is the ſchool of virtue.

LET thoſe, whoſe narrow views to earth confin'd,
Neglect the culture of th' immortal mind,
Of ev'ry vain amuſement here grow fond,
Grovel in ſenſe, nor know a wiſh beyond—
Let us, with nobler hopes inſpir'd, ariſe
To brighter proſpects, and ſublimer joys;
Purſue unwearied the delightful road
That leads us onward to our Father——GOD.

AS few can judge with impartiality of their own character, none are believed merely upon their own evidence, who affirm it to be good.

WHOEVER has through life continued to become gradually wiſer and better, has obtained a ſource of divine felicity, a well of living water, which, like the widow's oil, ſhall increaſe as it is poured out, and which, though it was ſupplied in time, eternity ſhall not exhauſt.

IT is by the Sun of Righteouſneſs alone that we diſcover completely our duty and our intereſt, and behold that

pattern of Divine perfection which the Chriſtian aſpires to imitate, by "forgiving injuries, and returning good "for evil."

A VIRTUOUS man enjoys more peace in adverſity, than a wicked man in proſperity.

The SONG of SIMEON paraphraſed.

'TIS enough—the hour is come
Now within the ſilent tomb;
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies oft of old,
By thy choſen ſeers foretold,
Faithful now and ſtedfaſt prove,
God of truth and God of love!
Since at length my aged eye,
Sees the Day-ſpring from on high,
Sun of Righteouſneſs, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee,
And the realms of diſtant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Thoſe whom death had overſpread
With his dark and dreary ſhade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's ſtar;
Waiting till the promiſed ray
Turn their darkneſs into day.
See the beams intenſely ſhed,
Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head;
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!

IT is neceſſary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to ſome employment, which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the ſoul at a riper age.—For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for reſt, too ſoft and effeminate for induſtry, ever ambitious to make a ſplendid figure; yet the time will

will come when we ſhall out-grow the reliſh of childiſh amuſements; and, if we are not provided with a taſte for manly ſatisfactions to ſucceed in their room, we muſt of courſe become miſerable, at an age more difficult to be pleaſed.

THE moſt ſure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life, is to ſet out in it betimes. It is then, when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they ſhould lead us, that cuſtom ſoon makes the beſt habits the moſt agreeable; the ways of wiſdom become the ways of pleaſantneſs, and every ſtep we advance, they grow more eaſy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious head-ſtrong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits to be corrected, what ſecurity can we give ourſelves, that we ſhall have either inclination, reſolution, or power, to ſtop and turn back, and recover the right way from which we have ſo long and ſo widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our ſtrength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end?

AN Italian philoſopher expreſſed in his motto, "that "time was his eſtate;" an eſtate indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of induſtry, and ſatisfy the moſt extenſive deſires, if no part of it be ſuffered to lie waſte by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for ſhew rather than for uſe.

SPEAK well, or ſpeak nothing; ſo if others be not better by your ſilence, they will not be worſe by your diſcourſe.

A WISH.

FROM all the buſy ſcenes of life;
The noiſe of war! the Senate's ſtrife,
The empty ſounds of riſing fame,
And heroes bleeding for a name,

Grant me, O Pow'r Supreme, a place,
Where all theſe jarring tumults ceaſe.
Have juſt enough, to bear me o'er
The ſtage of life, nor rich, nor poor,
But bleſt amidſt ſome rural ſcenes,
Of purling brooks, and flow'ry greens,
Enraptur'd rove,—and there enjoy,
What man can't give, nor man deſtroy.

A Prayer.

O! gracious God, regard a ſuppliant's prayer;
Sooth all my pangs, and ſave me from deſpair;
Illuminate my ſoul with gladſome rays,
And tune my voice to thy eternal praiſe;
Diſpel the clouds of darkneſs from my eyes,
And make me know that to be good is wiſe!
Let Chriſtian precepts all my ſoul employ,
And be not more my duty than my joy!
Let conſcience, void of art, and free from guile,
Still in my boſom innocently ſmile;
Hence ſhall I learn my talent to improve,
If poor, by patience; and if rich, by love:
If fortune ſmiles, let me be virtue's friend,
And where I go let charity attend;
Within my boſom let compaſſion dwell,
To ſoften all the woes which others feel;
T'aſſwage, by kind relief, affliction's ſighs,
And wipe the falling tear from widows eyes;
To feed the hungry, the diſtreſs'd to cheer,
The needy ſuccour, and the feeble rear;
Hence ſhall my mind inflam'd with public good,
Unſhaken ſtand in midſt of plenty's flood.

Ode to a Friend.

THINK not that I'm unſocial grown,
Becauſe I leave the buſy town.
No cynic manners I approve,
But friendſhip's pureſt bleſſings love.

Our

Our mutual failings make us own,
We were not born to live alone.
Tis true, my friend, I am a foe
To empty trifles, noiſe, and ſhew;
To practices of ev'ry kind,
That taint the morals of the mind.
— Come taſte with me the rural joys,
Remote from hurry, pomp, and noiſe:
Here let us view great nature's frame,
And trace her whence her wonders came;
Thro' all, bright marks of wiſdom ſhine,
That prove the forming hand divine.
See how the ties of union bind
Of beings, ev'ry ſev'ral kind!
Mark how yon rolling orbs above,
Thro' fields of ſpace, in order move!
The lowly ſhrub, the tow'ring tree,
Obey their Maker's fix'd decree:
The ocean wide, the purling rill,
And brute creation do his will;
Perform their diff'rent taſks aſſign'd,
While man alone to heav'n is blind.
Leave for a while the buſy train
Of mortals in purſuit of gain,
What folly thus with toil to heap
Vaſt wealth, which long we cannot keep.
— Remote from envy, noiſe, and ſtrife,
That poiſon all the joys of life,
Let me, like ſome fair tree, be plac'd
Midſt fragrant gales, and waters chaſte;
Let truth and virtue be the root,
Then happineſs will be the fruit.

WE ought to make a good improvement of paſt and preſent afflictions. If they are not ſanctified to us, they become a double croſs; but if they work rightly in us, and convince us of our failings, and how juſtly we are afflicted, they do us much good. — Affliction is ſpiritual phyſic for the ſoul, and is compared to a furnace, for as gold is tried and purified therein, ſo men are proved; and either

either purified from their droſs, and fitted for good uſes, or elſe entirely burnt up, and undone for ever.—Therefore may all, who labour under any kind of affliction, have reaſon to ſay with Job, "When he hath tried me, I ſhall "come forth as gold."

A FALSE friend, like a ſhadow, attends only while the ſun ſhines.

The HERMIT'S INSTRUCTION to his SON.

BE thine thoſe feelings of the mind,
That wake at honour's, friendſhip's call;
Benevolence, that unconfined
Extends her liberal hand to all.
By ſympathy's untutor'd voice
Be taught her ſocial laws to keep;
Rejoice, if human heart rejoice,
And weep if human eye ſhall weep.
The heart that bleeds for other's woes,
Shall feel each ſelfiſh ſorrow leſs:
His breaſt who happineſs beſtows,
Reflecting happineſs ſhall bleſs.
Each ruder paſſion ſtill withſtood
That breaks o'er virtue's ſober line,
The tender, noble, and the good
To cheriſh and indulge, be thine.

IN beſtowing your alms, inquire not ſo much into the perſon as his neceſſity. God looks not ſo much upon the merit of him that requires, as into the manner of him that relieves; if the man deſerves not, you have given to humanity.

HYMN to CHARITY.

O FAIREST offſpring of the ſkies!
Bright charity appear!
In all thy native radiance riſe,
Thy mildeſt aſpect wear.

Let

Let thy ſweet form ſerenely glide
Thro' this dark veil of woe,
Whilſt ſoft compaſſion at thy ſide
Bids ſtreams of bounty flow.
O baniſh from the widow'd breaſt
The gloom of grief and care;
The orphan's ſorrows ſooth to reſt,
And wipe off ev'ry tear.
'Tis done—th' inſpiring pow'r we feel,
And wait her mild command:
With ſocial ſoftneſs boſoms thrill,
And hearts with joy expand.
See from the lap of gen'rous wealth
She takes the golden ſtore,
And deals out plenty, peace, and health,
To all the virtuous poor.
O! loveliеſt beam of light divine,
Thy chearing warmth beſtow;
With thine own flame our hearts refine,
And make it heaven below.

GOD is Alpha and Omega in the great world; let us endeavour to make him ſo in the little world: let us practiſe to make him our laſt thought at night when we ſleep, and our firſt in the morning when we awake; ſo ſhall our fancy be ſanctified in the night, and our underſtanding rectified in the day; ſo ſhall our reſt be peaceful, and our labours proſperous; our life pious, and our death glorious.

GRATITUDE.

O! HOW amiable is gratitude! eſpecially when it has the Supreme Benefactor for its object. I have always looked upon gratitude as the moſt exalted principle that can actuate the heart of man. It has ſomething noble, diſintereſted, and (if I may be allowed the term) generouſly devout. (Repentance indicates our nature fallen, and prayer turns chiefly upon a regard to one's ſelf.) But the exerciſes of gratitude ſubſiſted in paradiſe, when there was no fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in heaven, when "God ſhall be all in all."

HEALTH

HEALTH is a bleſſing that every one wiſhes to enjoy; but the multitude are ſo unreaſonable, as to deſire to purchaſe it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be ſecured by exerciſe or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the eaſe and affluence of their ſuperiors, not conſidering that the uſual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and diſeaſe.

GOD ſeems to have intended more by almſgiving than what we apprehend at firſt ſight; ſince the indigent are not only ſupported thereby, but the perſons who confer the bounty have an opportunity offered them of promoting their own divine intereſt, inaſmuch as charity is more advantageous to him that giveth than to him that receiveth.

POOR is the beſt that man can pay
That Pow'r, who guards him ev'ry day;
Yet if his beſt, tho' e'er ſo poor,
Heav'n takes the mite—and aſks no more!

VIRTUE rejoice! tho' heaven may frown awhile;
That frown is but an earneſt of a ſmile.
One day of tears preſages years of joy,
For ſuff'rings only mend us, not deſtroy.
Who feels the laſhes of an adverſe hour,
Finds them but means to waft him into pow'r;
As health to bodies, bitter draughts impart,
So trials are but phyſic to the heart.

Extract from a POEM on DREAMS.

THE virtuous mind, to whom all-righteous heav'n
The pow'r of bounty, with the will has giv'n,
Feels the ſame joys in ſleep, he waking feels,
And, heav'n's bleſt delegate, its mercy deals;
With ſacred joy, he ſtops the riſing ſigh,
And wipes the falling tear from ſorrow's eye.

HOW

HOW happy are thoſe who have obtained the important victory of conquering their paſſions, after which man is no longer the ſlave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emaſculated by tenderneſs, or depreſſed by grief; but walks on calmly through the tumults or the privacies of life, as the ſun purſues alike his courſe through the calm or the ſtormy ſky.

HAPPY are thoſe who live without ambition, diſtruſt, or diſguiſe. And happy is he who limits his deſires to a private and peaceable manner of life, wherein it is leſs difficult to be virtuous.

A MAN may be happy any where, that knows how to be contented: nature is ſerved with a little, and we ought to eſteem our irregular appetites as foreigners: if our fortune be not extended to the larger meaſure of our wiſhes, it is eaſy to contract our minds to our fortune.

BE ever ſteady to your word; yet be not aſhamed to confeſs your errors, nor ſlow to indemnify thoſe who may have ſuffered by your miſtake.

KNOWLEDGE will ſoon become folly, when good ſenſe ceaſes to be its guardian.

SOLITUDE.

SWEET ſolitude, in which the good delight,
Serene by day, and peaceful is thy night.
Thou nurſe of innocence, fair virtue's friend!
Silent, tho' rapt'rous pleaſures thee attend.
Earth's verdant ſcenes, the all-ſurrounding ſkies,
Employ my wand'ring thoughts, and feaſt my eyes.
Nature in every object points the road
Whence contemplation wings my ſoul to God.
He's all in all, his wiſdom, goodneſs, pow'r,
Spring in each blade, and bloom in ev'ry flow'r;
Smile o'er the meads, and ſhine in every hill,
Glide in the ſtream, and murmur in the rill.

Extract

Extract from a Piece addreſſed to HAPPINESS.

ARDENT I ſeek the flow'ry road
That leads to thy divine abode;
O! deign to be my guide!
Waft my low bark with proſp'rous ſail
Thro' ev'ry rough and boiſt'rous gale
That ſwells life's rapid tide.

And ſteer me to that happy ſhore,
Where no rude tempeſt's ſullen roar,
Diſturbs thy peaceful reign;
There with thy genial influence bleſs'd,
Sweet ſmiling peace ſhall fill my breaſt,
And pleaſure baniſh pain.

THE ſweeteſt revenge is to do good to our enemies.

SINCE afflictions cannot be avoided, let them be patiently borne: it is not for any ſort of men to expect an exemption from the common lot of mankind; and no perſon is truly great, but he that keeps up the ſame dignity of mind in all conditions.

KEEP me from each preſumptuous vice,
From ſin's dominion free;
Then ever undiſmay'd I'll walk
In bold integrity.
Let all my words, and every thought,
Meet thy aſſenting nod:
O! view me with benignant eye,
My Saviour, ſtrength, and God!

HE who would be rich in time, muſt be as frugal of his minutes and the ſmaller portions of it, as he who would be rich in worldly wealth, muſt be of his ſmaller and inconſiderable ſums.

HOW vain are all their pretences to love God who know little or nothing of him, who are neither acquainted with the

the glorious perfections of his nature, nor with the wondrous diſcoveries of his grace! Love muſt be founded in knowledge. How vain are their pretences to love God with all their heart, and in a ſupreme degree, who never ſaw him to be a being of tranſcendent worth, of ſurpaſſing excellency, and capable of making them for ever happy; who value their corn, and their wine, and their oil, their buſineſs, their riches, or their diverſions, more than God and his love!

SUBMIT thy life to heav'n's indulgent care:
Tho' all ſeems loſt, 'tis impious to deſpair.
The tracts of Providence like rivers wind,
Here run before us, there retreat behind:
And tho' immerg'd in earth from human eyes,
Again break forth, and more conſpicuous riſe.

THERE is ſomething ungenerous in conſecrating the remains of a ruin'd conſtitution, and ſhatter'd health, to the Deity, while we have been dedicating all our youth and ſtrength to the ſervice of the world.

LET libertines their boiſt'rous pleaſures boaſt,
They are but noiſy wretchedneſs at moſt:
The tott'ring baſe of all the joys they know
Is fleeting tumult, or deluſive ſhew;
They rend the breaſt, as whirlwinds rend the ſky,
And, like the inſtant light'nings, glare and die.
That laſting bliſs, which bears a calm review,
None but the wiſe and virtuous ever knew:
And from this pleaſing retroſpect will riſe
The op'ning proſpects of eternal joys;
In thoſe bright realms, where perfect ſpirits live,
Poſſeſs'd of ev'ry good Omnipotence can give.

The CLOSE of the YEAR.

SERIOUS and ſolemn tolls the bell,
Which bids us bleſs the parting ſoul:
Serious and ſolemn verſe ſhould flow,
Which ſays the year has reach'd its goal.

Reflection! bring thy wond'rous pow'rs,
Aid us to recollect the paſt;
Well, if the preſent day ſhall yield
A mind compos'd to meet the laſt.
For ſure as ſummer ſuns ſhall roll,
And ſure as wintry ſtorms deſcend,
Life, too, ſhall reach its deſtin'd goal,
And all ideal proſpects end.
The mind reſolved, the ſoul ſerene,
May cheerful meet its lateſt hour;
And thro' each various change that comes,
Defy the ſeaſons, and their power.

WE ſhould not ſo often hear complaints of the inconſtancy and falſeneſs of friends, if the world in general were more cautious than they uſually are, in forming connections of this kind. But the misfortune is, our friendſhips are apt to be too forward; and thus either fall off in the bloſſom, or never arrive at juſt maturity.

THE general duty of a friend is an induſtrious purſuit of his friend's real advantages; fidelity in all his truſts; aſſiſtance in all his wants; and a conſtant endeavour for his advancement in piety and virtue: for ſo cloſe is the connection, that it is the expreſſion of God himſelf, ſpeaking of a friend: "Thy friend, which is as thine "own ſoul." Deut. 13.

OUR GOD is confined to no ſpot: his regards are limited to no community: he rides on the circuit of the heavens: his eyes run to and fro throughout the whole earth: hell itſelf is open before him, and deſtruction hath no covering. He maketh the clouds his chariot, and the winds his meſſengers: all the elements fulfil his commands. Darkneſs is his pavilion; the earth is his footſtool, and in the deep waters his wonders are ſeen. All nature is his temple, all ſpace his abode, every living thing is the workmanſhip of his hand; and over all his parental care and tender mercies extend, without the leaſt ſhadow of partiality, or the ſmalleſt tincture of envy.

Can

Can any one then contemplate ſuch awful attributes, and not venerate them; ſuch infinite perfections, and not adore them?

TIME is alarmingly ſhort and fleeting: great need have we to huſband well the precious minutes, which are to determine our eternal lot.

MAKE good uſe of time if you love eternity; reflect that yeſterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be aſſured, to-day is only ours, which, if we procraſtinate, we loſe; which loſt, is loſt for ever: one day preſent is worth two to come.

HOW unthinking muſt thoſe unhappy perſons be, who make it a common excuſe for idle and pernicious amuſements, that they do it to kill time?

HOW beautiful, how worthy of imitation, is the example of Epictetus, who guided only by reaſon, and under a weight of afflictions that nothing could exceed but the providence which attended them, and his own virtue, breaks out into theſe natural, theſe devout ſtrains of ſubmiſſion: "Dare to lift up thy eyes to God, and "ſay, Uſe me as thou pleaſeſt; I am of the ſame mind "with thee; and perfectly indifferent as to all events— "Lead me whereſoever thou thinkeſt fitting, I am "ready to obey—I will defend thy providence before "men, in every one of thy diſpenſations, and demon-"ſtrate the nature and reaſonableneſs of them."

CLOSE your ear againſt him that ſhall open his mouth ſecretly againſt another; if you reject his words, they fly back and wound the reporter; if you receive them, they fly forwards, and wound you.

AGESILAUS, that great king of the Lacedemonians, uſed to admoniſh his friends againſt the immoderate deſire of riches, ſo common to moſt people, telling them, "They "ſhould not ſtudy ſo much the means to enrich themſelves

" in money as in virtue and fortitude; becauſe, ſaid he, " they purchaſe money to little purpoſe, who are void of " the real endowments of the mind."

ONE of the moſt illuſtrious, but at the ſame time one of the moſt difficult, of the chriſtian duties, is, " to " love our enemies," and to pray for the welfare and amendment of them " who deſpitefully uſe and per- " ſecute us."—As therefore love and charity towards all ſuch is ſo repeatedly and ſtrongly enjoined us by our bleſſed Lord, we are under indiſpenſible obligation to comply with it; and if we duly obſerve this precept, we ſhall ſoon find the beneficial effects of it.

TRUE repentance is that ſaving grace wrought in the ſoul by the Spirit of God, whereby a ſinner is made to ſee and be ſenſible of his ſin, is grieved and humbled before God on account of it; not ſo much for the puniſh- ment to which ſin has made him liable, as that thereby God is diſhonoured and offended, his laws violated, and his own ſoul polluted and defiled: and this grief ariſes from love to God, and is accompanied with an hatred of ſin, a fixed reſolution to forſake it, and an hope of favour and forgiveneſs through the merits of Chriſt.

TRUE merit is not afraid of being effaced by that of others.

PROFESS religion only to honour God, to do good to men, to ſanctify and ſave thy own ſoul; but by no means make it ſubſervient to baſe ends.

WERE men ſenſible of the happineſs that reſults from true religion, the voluptuous man would there ſeek his pleaſure, the covetous man his wealth, and the ambitious man his glory.

PHOCION being ſentenced to die by the Athenians, from whom he had merited the beſt of treatment, when he received his deadly potion, one of his friends aſked him

him if he choſe to ſpeak with his ſon, who was there preſent: — "Yes, by all means," replied he. Then addreſſing himſelf to the youth, he ſays, "Son, I com- "mand and conjure thee, to forget the ill treatment thy "father meets with from the Athenians." The diſtant hope, that their death will be avenged, is generally the chief conſolation of ſuch as ſuffer in this manner; but it was his laſt deſire, that his ſon ſhould entertain no thoughts of revenging his father's unjuſt ſufferings.

THIS, at leaſt, is the preſent reward of virtuous conduct, that no unlucky conſequence can oblige us to repent it.

SWEET religion, cheerful, mild,
Pleaſure's ſource, and reaſon's child,
Come, array'd in heavenly ſheen,
Come and cheer the diſmal ſcene;
Hope bright beaming in thine eye,
Bid deſpair and horror fly.
Let us ſee thy beauteous face,
Come and dwell with human race;
Be but thou our helpmate dear,
We'll begin our heaven here.

LIKE leaves on trees the life of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground.
One race of men another race ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe.

AH! what a wond'rous likeneſs may we trace
Between the falling leaves, and mortal race!
Yet, yet how few the ſolemn truth receive!
Vain in purſuit, and high in hope they live;
A thouſand fruitleſs ſchemes their thoughts engage,
Alike forgetful, or of death, or age;
Toiling, while health and ſtrength their pow'rs ſupply,
With buſy, reſtleſs, fond anxiety!
Ah fools and vain! and will they not be wiſe,
Nor know, that youth's fair flower ſoon fades and dies;
And life's quick moment, like a ſhuttle, flies?

AS the branches of a tree return their ſap to the root, from whence it aroſe; as a river poureth his ſtreams to the ſea, whence his ſpring was ſupplied, ſo the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received.

INVITATION to the FEATHERED RACE.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Freſh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers hither fly,
And ſhun the noon-day heat,
My ſhrubs a cooling ſhade ſupply,
My groves a ſafe retreat.

Here freely hop from ſpray to ſpray,
Or weave the moſſy neſt;
Here rove and ſing the live long day,
At night here ſweetly reſt.

Amidſt this cool tranſlucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the ſhade.

No ſchool boy rude to miſchief prone
E'er ſhews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a ſtone,
In this ſequeſter'd place.

Hither the vocal thruſh repairs,
Secure the linnet ſings;
The goldfinch dreads no ſlimy ſnares,
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah quit thy haunt,
Yon diſtant woods among;
And round my friendly grotto chaunt,
Thy ſweetly plaintive ſong.

Let not the harmleſs red-breaſt fear
Domeſtic bird! to come
And ſeek a ſure aſylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My

My trees for you, ye artleſs tribe,
Shall ſtore of fruit preſerve,
Oh let me thus your friendſhip bribe;
Come feed without reſerve.

For you theſe cherries I protect,
To you theſe plumbs belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But ſweeter far your ſong.

Let then this league betwixt us made
Our mutual intereſts guard:
Mine be the gifts of fruit and ſhade,
Your ſongs be my reward.

AS the tradeſman generally endeavours not only to attract the attention, but gain the cuſtom of the paſſenger, by expoſing in his windows ſome of the beſt commodities, ſo let every one endeavour, by his amiable conduct and behaviour, not only to attract the notice, but gain the friendſhip and eſteem of all around.

WHATEVER thoughts give the mind a rational or religious pleaſure, and tend to improve the heart and underſtanding, are to be favoured, often recalled, and carefully cultivated; nor ſhould we diſmiſs them, till they have made ſome impreſſions on the mind which are like to abide there.

RELIGION, ſays Dr. Whichcote, doth poſſeſs and affect the whole man: in the underſtanding, it is knowledge; in the life, it is obedience; in the affections, it is delight in God; in our carriage and behaviour, it is modeſty, calmneſs, gentleneſs, quietneſs, candour, ingenuity; in our dealings, it is uprightneſs, integrity, and correſpondence with the rule of righteouſneſs: religion makes men virtuous in all inſtances.

LET your recreation be manly, moderate, ſeaſonable, and lawful: if your life be ſedentary, let it be more tending to the exerciſe of your body; if active, more to the

the refreſhing of your mind: the uſe of recreation is to ſtrengthen your labour, and ſweeten your reſt.

LET not the grandeur of any man's ſtation render him proud and wilful; but let him remember, when he is ſurrounded with a crowd of ſuppliants, death ſhall level him with the meaneſt of mankind.

HOW pride can ſo far intoxicate men's underſtandings, as to make them fancy they are exalted by riches and honour above other men, and, in the vanity of their hearts, to look down with contempt upon their ſuppoſed inferiors, is prodigious, as uſual as it is.—Certainly it cannot be imagined that the richer cloaths create the nobler heart, or the choicer meats the more honourable blood.

THE more true merit a man has, the more does he applaud it in others.

WOULD'ST thou, O man! avoid th' unbounded woe;
Would'ſt feel thy breaſt with endleſs raptures glow:
Would'ſt thou with triumph hear the thunder roll,
That rocks the trembling earth from pole to pole,
Retire;—be deaf to grandeur's vain alarm,
Its gilded darts, that ſting thee while they charm:
Let life's gay ſcenes engage thy ſoul no more;
Pomp, beauty, youth, the bubbles of an hour!
Fix ev'ry thought on thy immortal part;
Bid heav'n attend—then aſk thy trembling heart,
How have I walk'd through all this mazy road?
How liv'd to gain the plaudit of my God!

PRAYER and meditation have a direct tendency to keep open the communication between the Supreme Being and the ſoul of man: but the public worſhip of God hath the poſitive promiſe of his more immediate preſence. What then ſhall we ſay to thoſe, who uſe a thouſand little pitiful ſubterfuges to juſtify their abſence from the houſe of prayer?

WERE

WERE once theſe maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happineſs our end,
How ſoon muſt reaſon o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and ſuperſtition fail!

HYMN on GRATITUDE to the DEITY.

WHEN all thy mercies, oh my God
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

Oh! how ſhall words, with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But thou canſt read it there.

Thy Providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſs'd,
E'er yet I ſaw the light of day,
Or hung upon the breaſt.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence thoſe comforts flow'd.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thy arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man:

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſin and ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

The following is the ADVICE of the QUEEN of SWEDEN to her SON.

CONTINUE, my dear child, to be exact in fulfilling your ſeveral duties; the principal of which is the veneration and worſhip due to the Supreme Being.—Remember that moral virtue is in great danger, when it is no longer ſupported by Chriſtianity: and that all great minds have a ſincere love and confidence in their Creator, which gives them that noble aſſurance that is viſible in every action of their lives.—God hath given you talents, and a heart not without ſenſibility: be careful leſt it become a dupe to your ſenſe; it is a rock on which many a ſenſible man hath ſplit.—Chooſe piety for your pilot, and you need not fear that you will err in your courſe.

In a Letter from the ſame to her Son.

CONTINUE, my dear child, to make virtue your chief ſtudy. Would you know your ſucceſs before hand? It will be proportioned to your efforts —Why ſhould we balance a moment? We ſhall never grow good by chance. Wealth, honours, dignities, may come of their own accord, but virtue muſt be eagerly purſued. She is not to be attained without continued labour: but ought this labour to affright us, which, we know, will procure us all that is deſirable? You muſt never hope to unite ſenſuality with glory, nor indolence with the reward of virtue.

SCARCELY an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cauſe, or mutual wrongs;
Or if ſome ſtripes from Providence we feel,
He ſtrikes with pity, or but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps ſometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a ſublimer ſphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taſte,
And wean us from delights that cannot laſt.
Our preſent good the eaſy taſk is made,
To earn ſuperior bliſs when this ſhall fade;
For ſoon as e'er theſe mortal pleaſures cloy,
His hand ſhall lead us to ſublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little ſorrows here,
Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childiſh tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliſs and virtue grow with like increaſe;
From ſtrength to ſtrength our ſouls for ever guide
Thro' wond'rous ſcenes of being yet untry'd,
Where in each ſtage we ſhall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights beſtow.

THERE is hardly any ſight that raiſes one's pity more than that of an enlarged ſoul joined to a contracted fortune; unleſs it be that ſo much more common one, of a contracted ſoul joined to an enlarged fortune.

A FRUGAL

A FRUGAL management of our pleaſures might enable us to diſcharge the debt of mutual benevolence more perfectly, and to make ourſelves happy, by contributing more abundantly to the happineſs of others.

IMPATIENCE.

AN impatient man is hurried along by his wild and furious deſires into an abyſs of miſeries; the more extenſive his power is, the more fatal is his impatience to him. He will wait for nothing, he will not give himſelf any time to take meaſures, he forces all things to ſatisfy his wiſhes, he breaks the boughs to gather the fruit before it is ripe, he breaks down the gates rather than wait till they are opened, he will needs reap when the wiſe huſbandman is ſowing; all he does in haſte is ill done, and can have no longer duration than volatile deſires: ſuch as theſe are the ſenſeleſs projects of the man who thinks he is able to do every thing, and who, by giving himſelf up to his deſires, abuſes his power.

PHILIP, king of Macedon, having drunk too much wine, happened to determine a cauſe unjuſtly, to the prejudice of a poor widow; who, when ſhe heard his decree, boldly cried out, "I appeal to Philip ſober."—The king, ſtruck with the peculiarity of the event, recovered his ſenſes, heard the cauſe afreſh, and finding his miſtake, ordered her to be paid, out of his own purſe, double the ſum ſhe was to have loſt.

THE ſentiments of humanity incline us to comfort the miſerable, and it is failing in the moſt eſſential duties, to abandon them in their preſſing occaſions: but it is utmoſt exceſs of cruelty to inſult them in their diſtreſſes.

A FAREWELL to the COUNTRY in WINTER.

ADIEU! the pleaſing rural ſcene,
Thick ſhades, and meadows fair and green:
The fields adorn'd with ſheaves of corn
The walk at early hour of morn.

Behold!

Behold! with green no meads are clad;
Behold the thruſh ſits mute and ſad;
No lively ſongſter's warbling throat
Pours joy or muſick in his note.
How bare, how naked ſeems yon bed!
The pink is gone, the tulip dead.
Where is the gay, the od'rous flower
That bluſh'd ſo late in yonder bower?
So fades the glories of the year,
They bloſſom fair and diſappear:
And (melancholy truth) fond man!
Thy life's a flow'r, thy days a ſpan!
Almighty Sov'reign, bounteous pow'r,
Whom ev'ry clime and tongue adore;
Whoſe fiat form'd earth's verdant plain,
And ocean's ſpacious vaſt domain.
Proſtrate before thy throne we bow,
Parent of circling ſeaſons thou!
Haſten far happier days—and bring
"One glorious and eternal ſpring."

WEALTH, employed in the ſervice of merely temporal indulgencies, gives no pleaſure in the retroſpect, and can procure no favour from the juſt Judge of actions.

A TRUE friend unboſoms freely, adviſes juſtly, aſſiſts readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageouſly, and continues a friend unchangeably.

IN every ruffling ſtorm without, poſſeſs your ſpirit in patience, and let all be calm and ſerene within. Clouds and tempeſts are only found in the lower ſkies; the heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in theſe ſerene regions; live as a ſtranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a ſoul at eaſe.

SCEPTICISM and credulity are equally unfavourable to the acquiſition of knowledge. The latter anticipates,

and the former precludes all inquiry. One leaves the mind satisfied with error, the other with ignorance.

HOW vain are the designs of man!—unmindful of this transitory state, he lays plans of permanent felicity. He sees the purpose of his heart ready to prosper, the air-drawn building rises, he watches it with a beating heart, it touches the very point at which he aimed, the very summit of imagined perfection, when an unforeseen storm arises, and the smiling deceitful structure of hope is dashed in one moment to the ground.

The COMMANDMENTS.

ONE GOD there is, him only shalt thou fear,
Nor make to sculptur'd idols fruitless pray'r.
Take not thy awful Maker's name in vain,
Nor the grand sabbath of thy GOD profane.
Honour thy parents—blessings crown the deed.
Nor by thy murd'ring hands let others bleed,
Shun with the wife unlawful lewd delight,
Nor dare usurping steal another's right.
False witness bear not, and thy oath revere;
Nor madly covet what thy neighbours share.

BEING common place is perhaps generally less a proof of a thing's being too obvious and trivial, than of its being striking and important; for how striking must that observation be which every body makes? and at the same time how necessary is it still to inculcate the lesson contained in it, which has never yet been carried into practice.

IT is as possible to become pedantic by fear of pedantry, as to be troublesome by ill-timed civility.

IT is a false ambition which leads men to aim at excellencies, however valuable in themselves, that are inconsistent with their station, character, or profession; or which in the acquisition must interfere with other pursuits of more importance.

SENSUALITY

SENSUALITY is a vice which contaminates the body, depreſſes the underſtanding, deadens the moral feelings of the heart, and degrades the human ſpecies from the exalted rank which they hold in the creation.

KNOWLEDGE is intrinſically valuable, as it elevates the mind, and qualifies us for higher degrees of felicity, both in the preſent, and in a future life. But with reſpect to others, it affords no claim of diſtinction, unleſs it be applied to their emolument.

Reflections on the Death of J. W.

By a Female.

SINCE all thy ways, O Providence, are bleſt,
And all thy diſpenſations ſpeak thy pow'r,
Come, Reſignation, ſorrow-ſoothing gueſt,
To calm th' emotions of this painful hour.

But can I e'er forget the mournful day?
Oh, much-lov'd youth, thy parents fond delight!
When thy remains, conſign'd to kindred clay,
Fill'd the dark grave to moulder thro' its night.

Oh may the awful thought turn ev'ry mind
From vanity to ſeek the paths of truth;
While ſuch example with ſuch virtues join'd
Endear the memory of thy blooming youth.

Had God been pleas'd to grant a longer day,
Till ripen'd manhood had each promiſe crown'd,
How might temptations have perplex'd thy way,
In paths where only ſin and ſorrow's found.

But heav'ns high King has early call'd thee hence,
From ſhort probations to be known no more,
And gracious bade thy happineſs commence,
Where angels reverence, and where ſaints adore.

How firm the union of congenial ſouls,
Which time nor diſtance ſoon can ſeparate;
For ſtill ſoft ſympathy its tenor holds,
Tho' death hath clos'd the period of thy date.

If e'er my heart, to vain purſuits inclin'd,
Should prompt in pleaſure's dang'rous walks to ſtray,
Thy happier conduct let me call to mind,
And learn from thee to chooſe a better way.

For the great end t'inſtruct and humble man,
Perhaps are ſorrows oft in mercy ſent;
And if this fruit's produc'd, 'tis not in vain
Our bleeding hearts thy early loſs lament.

Tho' verſe like mine can no eulogiums give,
By which ſome bards have ris'n to laſting fame;
Yet may this artleſs humble tribute live
A juſt memorial, which thy virtues claim.

AS the one purſuit of us all is happineſs, by whatever different tracts we follow the chace, ſurely it might be well worth our labour to conſult a little for the improvement of that heart-felt ſatisfaction, which ariſes from the exerciſe of humanity and benevolence. See that poor creature, juſt expiring in the ſtreets for hunger;—go into that cottage,—the huſband is lately dead; the miſerable widow, ſtunned with the clamours of her little hungry orphans, ſits weeping on the ground, in the bitterneſs of diſtreſs! What an exalted joy would it be to feed thoſe hungry; to wipe the tears away from thoſe weeping eyes, to gladden the miſery of this deſolate family?

IN order to keep out evil thoughts, always be employed in good ones. It is a true and pertinent obſervation, "Let the devil catch a man idle, and he will aſſuredly "ſet him to work." From hence learn the benefits of employment, and the advantages of ſociety, buſineſs, and meditation.

LET the creature lead you to the Creator, the ſtream direct you to the fountain, and God be diſcerned in all. Let gratitude, for the mercies you enjoy, inſpire you with devotion, and fill your heart with thankfulneſs and praiſe.

THE MISER.

HE would fain keep his riches to himſelf, without letting others partake of the bleſſings he enjoys; every ſhilling he parts with, though for common neceſſaries, pierces his very heart, and ſeems to wound the inmoſt receſſes of his ſoul.—Deluded mortal! for whom art thou laying up theſe golden treaſures, and ſtarving thyſelf in the midſt of plenty? In a little time, death will ſummon thee to the bar of the Almighty; whoſe then will all thy riches be?

Anſwer to a Perſon who adviſed RETIREMENT.

YOU little know the heart that you adviſe;
I view this various ſcene with equal eyes:
In crowded courts I find myſelf alone,
And pay my worſhip to a nobler throne.
Long ſince the value of this world I knew,
Pity'd the madneſs, and deſpiſed the ſhew.
Well as I can, my tedious part I bear,
And wait for my diſmiſſion without fear.
With ſorrow mark mankind's unhappy ways,
Not hearing cenſure, nor affecting praiſe;
In humble hope, my future ſtate I truſt
To that ſole Being, merciful and juſt.

POWER, abſtractedly conſidered, is of little eſtimation; and may either dignify or degrade the poſſeſſor.—If you wiſh to derive honour from it, be careful to render it ſubſervient to the happineſs of all around you; and enjoy with gratitude, not with affected ſuperiority, the exalted privilege of doing good.

THE rewards of virtue, and the puniſhments of vice, have generally their commencement here; but we look to the world that is to come, for their completion.

PAIN is often ſubſervient to pleaſure; and the evils which we undergo, for the moſt part, contribute to our improvement and perfection.

MEER external beauty is of little eſtimation,—and deformity, when aſſociated with amiable diſpoſitions and uſeful qualities, does not preclude our reſpect and approbation.

PHILIP the III. king of Spain, ſeriouſly reflecting upon the life he had led in the world, cried out upon his death bed, "Ah! how happy were I, had I ſpent theſe "twenty-three years that I have held my kingdom, in "retirement. My concern is for my ſoul, not my body."

IT is very proper to leave the world before we are removed out of it, that we may know how to live without it, that we may not carry any hankerings after this world with us into the next; and therefore it is fitting, that there ſhould be a kind of middle ſtate between this world and the next; that is, that we ſhould withdraw, and wean ourſelves from it, even while we are in it.

PSALM 148—PARAPHRASED.

I.

BEGIN, my ſoul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praiſe th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heav'n and earth, and ſeas and ſkies,
In one melodious concert riſe
To ſwell th' inſpiring theme!

II.

Ye fields of light, celeſtial plains,
Where gay tranſporting beauty reigns,
Ye ſcenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your ſhining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

III.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling ſound!
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundleſs mercy ſing;
Let ev'ry liſt'ning ſaint above,
Wake all the tuneful ſoul of love,
And touch the ſweeteſt ſtring.

Join

IV.

Join, ye loud ſpheres, ye vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid!
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou moon, protract the melting ſtrain,
And praiſe him in the ſhade.

V.

Thou, heav'n of heav'ns, his vaſt abode;
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night,
"Ye ſhades, diſperſe!"—th' Eternal ſaid;
At once th' involving darkneſs fled,
And nature ſprung to light.

VI.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that ſkims the plains,
United praiſe beſtow:
Ye dragons, ſound his awful name
To heav'n aloud; and roar Acclaim,
Ye ſwelling deeps below!

VII.

Let ev'ry element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burſt with awful voice
To Him who bade you roll!
His praiſe in ſofter notes declare,
Each whiſp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the ſoul!

VIII.

To Him, ye graceful cedars bow!
Ye tow'ring mountains bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature ſhook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye

IX.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye inſects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourſe riſe!
Crop the gay roſe's vermeil bloom,
And waft its ſpoils, a ſweet perfume,
In incenſe to the ſkies.

X.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and ſing;
Ye plumy warblers of the ſpring,
Harmonious anthems raiſe,
To him who ſhap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praiſe.

XI.

Let man, by nobler paſſions ſway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praiſe employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'ns broad arch rings back the ſound,
The gen'ral burſt of joy.

XII.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur pleaſe,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of eaſe,
Fall proſtrate at his throne!
Ye princes, rulers, all adore!
Praiſe him, ye kings! who make your pow'r
An image of his own.

XIII.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praiſe th' eternal ſource of love,
With youth's enlivening fire!
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bleſs'd Name—then ſoar away,
And aſk an angel's lyre.

HEALTH

HEALTH is not to be obtained by poſſeſſions, nor happineſs procured by wealth, for the moſt affluent may be, and often are, the moſt miſerable and afflicted in mind, body, or eſtate; life cannot be lengthened by abundance, nor heaven purchaſed with ſordid gain.

A GENEROUS perſon compaſſionates the lot of thoſe who are neceſſitated to toil for his benefit or gratification. He lightens their burthens; treats them with kindneſs and affection; ſtudies to promote their intereſt and happineſs; and as much a poſſible conceals from them their ſervitude and his ſuperiority. The diſtinctions of rank and fortune he regards as accidental; and though the circumſtances of life require that there ſhould be "hewers "of wood, and drawers of water," yet he forgets not that mankind are by nature equal; all being the offspring of God, the ſubjects of his moral government, and joint heirs of immortality. A conduct, directed by ſuch principles, gives a maſter claims which no money can purchaſe, no labour can repay. His affection can only be compenſated by love; his kindneſs, by gratitude; and his cordiality, by the ſervice of the heart.

THOSE beſt conſult their own happineſs, as well as the good of ſociety, who ſtudy to be quiet, and to attend to their own proper buſineſs.

CHARLES the V. Emperor of Germany, after three and twenty pitched battles, ſix triumphs, four kingdoms conquered, and eight principalities added to his dominions, reſigned up all his pomp, and betook himſelf to retirement; leaving this teſtimony behind him, concerning the life he had ſpent in the honours and pleaſures of the world; that the ſincere ſtudy, profeſſion, and practice of the Chriſtian religion, had in it ſuch joy and ſweetneſs as courts were ſtrangers to.

The Swallows.

ERE yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wintry ſtorms the varied year,
The Swallow-race, with fore-ſight clear inſpir'd,
To ſouthern climes prepar'd their courſe to ſteer.

On Damon's roof a grave aſſembly ſate;
His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind;
With ſerious look he mark'd the nice debate,
And to his Delia thus addreſs'd his mind.

Obſerve yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,
Obſerve and read the wond'rous ways of heav'n!
With us thro' ſummer's genial reign they ſtay'd,
And food, and lodging, to their wants were giv'n.

But now, thro' ſacred preſcience, well they know
The near approach of elemental ſtrife;
The bluſt'ring tempeſt, and the chilling ſnow,
With ev'ry want, and ſcourge of tender life!

Thus taught, they meditate a ſpeedy flight;
For this, ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing;
For this, conſult, adviſe, prepare, excite,
And prove their ſtrength in many an airy ring.

No ſorrow loads their breaſt, or ſwells their eye,
To quit their friendly haunts, or native home,
Nor fear they, launching on the boundleſs ſky,
In ſearch of future ſettlements to roam.

They feel a pow'r, an impulſe all divine!
That warns them hence; they feel it and obey;
To this direction all their cares reſign,
Unknown their deſtin'd ſtage, unmark'd their way.

Well fare your flight! ye mild domeſtic race!
Oh! for your wings to travel with the ſun!
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,
Till your long voyage happily be done!

See, Delia, on my roof your gueſts to-day;
To-morrow on my roof your gueſts no more!
Ere yet 'tis night, with haſte they wing away,
To-morrow lands them on ſome ſafer ſhore.

How

How juſt the moral in this ſcene convey'd!
And what without a moral wou'd we read?
Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
And with his leſſon regiſter the deed.

'Tis thus life's cheerful ſeaſons roll away;
Thus threats the winter of inclement age;
Our time of action but a ſummer's day;
And earth's frail orb the ſadly-varied ſtage!

And does no pow'r its friendly aid diſpenſe,
Nor give us tidings of ſome happier clime?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence
Beyond the ſtroke of death, the verge of time?

Yes, yes, the ſacred oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endleſs day:
That bids our hearts, nor death, nor anguiſh fear,
This future tranſport, that to life the way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
And form the ſoul for her divine abode;
Obey the call, and truſt the Leader's care
To bring us ſafe thro' virtue's paths to God.

Let no fond love for earth exact a ſigh,
No doubts direct our ſteady ſteps aſide;
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die:
Heav'n is our hope, and Providence our guide.

The Loadstone.

FROM how ſmall and inconſiderable cauſes doth the omniſcient Creator produce the moſt important effects! Who would conceive that a mineral of this ſort ſhould tend to ſuch extenſive utility! But we may obſerve, that in nature, as well as in grace, the mighty Maſter, as it were to teach men humility, and to deride the vaſt efforts of human power, thus conſtantly acteth, uſing the mean and apparently contemptible things of the earth, to confound, we are told, the ſtrong and the wiſe.—Let not then the low and ſervile appearance which our bleſſed Saviour put on among us; let not the ſhameful death he deigned to die; let not the obſcurity of his apoſtles, the

lowneſs of their births, the ſervility of their occupation, their ignorance of human learning, at all diſguſt or offend us: nay, rather let it confirm our faith, and ſatisfy us, that this is moſt agreeable to the ſovereign Ruler's manner, and the ſtrongeſt proof of his intervening power to whom eaſy and arduous are the ſame; who can work as effectually by the weak as by the ſtrong: and who, from the meanneſs of the inſtrument, more abundantly confutes the arrogancy of mortals, and eſtabliſhes his own unparalelled glory.

PHILOSOPHY teaches us to endure afflictions, but Chriſtianity to enjoy them by turning them into bleſſings.

COUNT OXENSTIERN, Chancellor of Sweedland, who had had ſo great a part in the principal negociations of Europe, being viſited in his retreat from publick buſineſs, by the Ambaſſador from England, in the concluſion of his diſcourſe, ſaid to the Ambaſſador, "I have ſeen much, "and enjoyed much of this world, but I never knew "how to live till now; I thank my good God, who has "given me time to know him, and to know myſelf."

An Inſtance of LIBERALITY in a CHINESE.

LO-OUAI-TE, who had an employment at Nin-que, went one evening to ſup with a ſuperior magiſtrate, who had invited him; the magiſtrate obſerving a more than ordinary alacrity in his countenance, was deſirous to know the cauſe.—I will freely confeſs, ſaid Lo, that I feel a true ſatisfaction in my mind; about fifteen poor people, whom a barren year had conſtrained to quit their village, and ſeek for ſubſiſtence elſewhere, having preſented themſelves before me, I diſtributed amongſt them all the perquiſites I had received ſince I came into my employment, to enable them to return home, and till their lands.—This I did with glee; but that which gave me more ſenſible pleaſure was, that of all my family, and numerous relations, who were witneſſes of my liberality, not ſo much as one diſapproved of it: on the contrary, they all appeared

appeared very well satisfied, and this is it that has occasioned the joy which you perceive in me.

CONSIDER yourself as a citizen of the world; and deem nothing which regards humanity undeserving your notice.

SO idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
Thro' various toils to seek content we roam,
Which but with thinking right were our's at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase;
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.

SOME medicines are nauseous and unpleasant to the taste, though most efficacious in working a cure; these may represent several crosses and afflictions we meet with in this vale of tears: though they are displeasing and grievous to the flesh, they tend to the happiness of our immortal souls, by weaning our affections from earth, and all the fading honours and glories of this world: and shewing us the vanity and uncertainty of every creature-ly comfort they lead us to the great Jehovah, the fountain of all true happiness, and teach us to depend on him alone for glory and felicity, in that future blessed state, where all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and affliction, pain, and grief be known no more.

AS there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits.

An Elegy on Evening.

HAIL! sober eve, whose robe of dusky grey
Each blooming verdant landscape doth invest;
Now hush'd the rude tumultuous glare of day;
Now veil'd those flow'ry scenes that charm'd my breast.

Where now the ſhepherd, who at eaſe reclin'd,
On ſome green turf beſide yon trick'ling rills?
Where now the breeze, rais'd by the weſtern wind?
Where now the cattle on a thouſand hills?

A ſolemn ſhade eclipſes nature's face;
The tuneful tribes in artful neſts are laid;
Each ſhepherd with his cattle finds a place,
Where toil by balmy ſleep is well repaid:

Sweet ſleep! inſpiring dreams of harmleſs kind,
Where no ambitious fretful care annoys,
Nor ſcene luxurious cloys the fated mind;
Which nature's pureſt genuine bliſs deſtroys.

For ſeldom doth the luckleſs monarch taſte
Such pure untainted bliſs within his breaſt,
As doth the virtuous ſhepherd on the waſte,
When noon-day heat lulls all his frame to reſt.

Vain, then, the keen purſuit of fortune's plume!
And vain the glitt'ring honours earth beſtows,
Unleſs it to the owner's breaſt become
A true perennial ſource of calm repoſe.

But, ah! 'tis ſeldom honours can impart
Such true celeſtial comforts to the breaſt;
Can whiſper ſweet contentment to the heart,
Or lull diſcordant paſſions into reſt.

No:—Like rude Boreas' breath upon the ſea,
The gales of wealth to hideous ſtorms ariſe,
And blown by avarice and vanity,
The ſacred manſion of the ſoul diſguiſe.

For let this ſolemn truth invade your ear,
Ye gaudy tribes, that graſp at pow'r and fame,
That puſh with boldneſs to bring up the rear,
Of thoſe that toil to gain a mighty name:

That earth-born trifles ne'er can bleſs the mind;
Like viſionary ſhadows quick they paſs;
By ſuch the ſoul is often hurt, we find,
As breathing dims the luſtre of the glaſs.

For what, alas! is all the pow'r, the wealth,
That earth can yield? how empty is the whole,
Join'd to illuſtrious parentage and health,
When put in balance with th' immortal ſoul?

For theſe ſhall moulder, periſh, and decay;
And ruin o'er creation's face ſhall come;
But when the ſun and ſtars ſhall fade away,
The ſoul ſhall boaſt an uncorrupted bloom.

Alas! how empty then our hopes and fears,
For fancied ills which ſeldom do moleſt!
Why wiſh for tranſport in this vale of tears,
Or let its abſence diſcompoſe the breaſt?

What, tho' the bluſt'ring ſtorms of life ariſe,
And grief uſurp fair joy's alluring place!
A milder ſcene awaits us in the ſkies,
Where ſin dare never ſhew its odious face.

The ſoul that keeps this glorious prize in view,
Superior mounts above each trifling aim,
The hydra forms of vice ſtrives to ſubdue,
And moves towards that heav'n from whence it came.

This is the mark ſupreme: my ſoul attend;
Know thy own dignity, nor ſcorn thy worth;
Behold! th' angelic train aſſiſtance lend,
To raiſe thee from the grov'ling ſcenes of earth.

For, ah! they fly, like day's illuſive ſchemes,
When once the fervent heat of life is o'er;
When ſacred reaſon gilds with cleareſt beams,
And viſionary ſhadows pleaſe no more.

Hail, night! thou gentle emblematic ſhade
Of that tremendous period fix'd by God,
When dread forgetfulneſs ſhall veil the dead,
And fame be loſt beneath the green graſs ſod.

This ends the race of feeble man below;
Nor pow'r, nor honour, fame, nor youthful bloom,
Can gain a reſpite from the dreadful blow.
'Tis virtue only triumphs o'er the tomb.

EVERY diſintereſted act of benevolence, juſtice, and mercy, ſheds a degree of luſtre on the perſon who performs them: and the oftener we are exerciſed in the practice of thoſe virtues, the nearer we approach the happy path compared to "a ſhining light that ſhineth more and more "unto the perfect day."

HE that ſuppoſes he lives without folly, is not ſo wiſe as he thinks himſelf.

COLOURS, artfully ſpread upon canvas, may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and ſhe who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her perſon any excelling qualities, may be allowed ſtill to amuſe as a picture, but not to charm as a beauty.

BE very circumſpect in the choice of your company: in the ſociety of your equals you may enjoy pleaſure, in that of your ſuperiors you may find profit. But to be the higheſt in company, is to be in the way to become the loweſt; the beſt means to improve is to be the leaſt there: but above all be the companion of thoſe who fear the Lord, and keep his precepts.

PRIDE is a poiſon that vitiates all the good qualities a perſon may poſſeſs; and, be their merit ever ſo great, pride alone will render them odious and contemptible.

HUMILITY teaches us to keep in ourſelves a ſubmiſſive, and condeſcending temper, and to watch againſt the firſt emotions of pride, vain-glory, and ſelf-conceit.

ALL men ſhould carefully beware of the firſt acts of diſhoneſty. They preſent themſelves to the mind under ſpecious diſguiſes, and plauſible reaſons of right and equity: but being once admitted, they open the way for admitting others that are but a little more diſhoneſt, which are followed by others a little more knaviſh than they, till by degrees, however ſlow, a man becomes an habitual ſharper, and at length a conſummate villain.

CICERO's

CICERO'S ARGUMENT againſt ATHEISM.

"IF there ſhould happen, (ſays he to his opponent) to be no God, I ſhall certainly be as well off as yourſelf; annihilation will then be your lot as well as mine. But if the matter ſhall be found otherwiſe; if there ſhall indeed be found a God, when we enter into a future ſtate; how greatly ſhall I have the advantage of you, who have all your life long profeſt and inculcated atheiſm and impiety; while I have continually laboured to honour the Deity, and to promote virtue and religion?"

HYPOCRISY is an homage which vice pays to virtue.

LET your words be few and wiſely choſen, your thoughts ſuitable and well directed, and your whole deportment and behaviour evidence the inward purity of your mind, and the "beauty of holineſs."

O MAY your mind be ever clear from ſin;
Without all beauteous, all divine within;
Like ſome clear ſtream, which, as it gently flows,
A heav'n inverted in its boſom ſhows:
So may your thoughts be pure from ev'ry ſtain,
And death at length appear your endleſs gain.

IN CHRIST the Chriſtian ſafely repoſes his hope, love, faith, confidence, and all the concerns of his immortal ſoul for time and eternity: therefore the apoſtle Paul ſays with triumph, "I know whom I have believed, and I am perſuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him againſt that day."

VALUE not yourſelf on outward decorations, which tarniſh and wear away; but on the laſting "ornament of a meek and quiet ſpirit, which is in the ſight of God of great price."—Look not with contempt on thoſe who appear in the garb of plainneſs and ſimplicity; for they may be your ſuperiors in point of wiſdom, though inferior

in ſtation and circumſtances.—The inſignificant fop, whoſe ſhowy coat is of far greater value than its wearer, may think what he pleaſes of himſelf, but in the opinion of ſenſible men he only repreſents the cinnamon tree; the bark whereof is more valuable than the tree itſelf.

TOO great a concern to acquit one's ſelf of an obligation, is one kind of ingratitude.

BEHOLD, oh man! how greatly art thou beloved! how highly favoured by thy Maker! in what part of his works hath he forgotten, or overlooked thy welfare? Shew me a creature; point out a ſpot, in the formation or diſpoſition of which he has not been mindful of thy intereſts! "He has made thee to have dominion over the works of thy hands, and has put all things in ſubjection under thy feet:—all ſheep and oxen, the fowls of the air, and the fiſhes,—yea, the ſurges of the ſea," are ſubſervient to thy benefit.

THE Scriptures preſent the ſea to us, in its troubled ſtate, as an emblem of the wicked man: "The wicked "are like the troubled ſea, when it cannot reſt: whoſe "waters caſt up mire and dirt." And a ſtronger emblem cannot well be imagined; for the foul deeds of iniquity are noxious as the offenſive weeds and filth of the ſea, and the conſcience, continually in terrors, knows nothing of that placid calm and ſmiling repoſe, which lodges in the good man's breaſt.—Let the paſſionate and iniquitous contemplate the ocean, in this view; and intreat him, who commanded the winds and the waves into peace, to huſh their tempeſtuous diſorders, and to introduce the ſweet calm of virtue into their ſouls.

PIETY practiſed in ſolitude, like the flower that blooms in the deſart, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight thoſe unbodied ſpirits that ſurvey the works of God, and the actions of men; but it beſtows no aſſiſtance upon earthly beings, and however free from the taints of impurity, yet wants the ſacred ſplendor of beneficence.

COME,

COME, penſive muſe—meek child of ſorrow hail!
O touch with trembling ſtrains thy fav'rite lyre.
If ſoften'd verſe record the plaintive tale,
Breathe the warm wiſh, and pour the fond deſire.
And thou, ſweet ſympathy, indulgent maid!
Whoſe welcome ſmile ſuſpends the gloom of woe,
Oh! come, in all thy native charms array'd,
Nurſe the big drop, and bid it gently flow.
And ye, whoſe boſoms of ſuperior mould,
Are taught no gen'rous impulſe to conceal;
But when the tale of human grief is told,
Inſtinctive ſoften, and delight to feel.—
Ye, whoſe fine hearts with purer paſſions glow,
And melting nature's genial balm ſupply,
Oh! come, and faithful to domeſtic woe,
Witneſs its plaints, and ſpare it ſigh for ſigh.

LET the proud coxcomb reflect, there is not a coat he wears but is ſecond-hand; the harmleſs ſheep wore it before him, and willingly part with their woolly covering for the uſe of unthankful men. Look with an eye of pity on thoſe who have not wherewithal to cover themſelves, when ſnow lies thick on the ground, and rivers are congealed with ice; commiſerate your poor unhappy fellow-creatures. O be mindful of them in this bitter ſeaſon, and ſhew your compaſſion by your well-timed generoſity! Has God given you riches to enjoy in great abundance? conſider yourſelf as his almoner, and ſhare them with thoſe to whom they are denied; teſtify your gratitude for the Almighty's goodneſs towards you, by contributing to the wants of the poor and needy.

A THUNDER STORM.

IN ſweeteſt ſmiles aroſe the virgin dawn,
And ſpread new glories o'er the ſpangled lawn;
The ſunny mountains, bright with flowing ſtreams,
Reflected ſoft her golden colour'd beams;
But e're the ſun had gain'd th' etherial height,
His flaming ray was quench'd in ſudden night.

Black

Black riſing clouds uſurp the face of day;
And fiery gleams the duſky wreaths betray;
The clouds, impreſs'd with various motions, fly;
And dread confuſion rules the troubled ſky.
With interrupted breath, the dubious breeze
Diſturbs the floods, and ſtirs the quiv'ring trees;
The gloomy hills, with duſky vapours crown'd,
Shed deeper horrors o'er the plains around.
A conſcious dread aſtonith'd nature feels,
Thro' all her regions, nor that dread conceals.
Th' affrighted herds acroſs the duſky plain,
Tumultuous ſcud, nor heed the tending ſwain;
While on the darken'd heath, in narrow ſpace
Contracted, ſtands the timid fleecy race:
The feather'd tribes forſake the troubled ſky;
Some plung'd in thickeſt ſhades in ſecret lie,
And ſome to hollow rocks for ſhelter fly —
All to their ſeveral homes with ſpeed repair: —
The birds of night come forth, and wing the air.

Now kindling into rage black ſtorms ariſe,
And deaf'ning noiſes fill the echoing ſkies:
Dread thro' the darken'd air loud thunders roll;
The rapid light'nings dart from pole to pole.
Black livid flames torment the blaſted ſight,
And ſtrike the ſhadowy hills with dreadful light.
Wide o'er th' extended plains their treaſures large,
In copious floods the ſtreaming clouds diſcharge:
Prone down the hills abrupt, from rock to rock,
Red, roaring, rough, th' impetuous torrents ſmoke.
Unhappy he, far from his native home,
Who devious wanders thro' the fiery gloom;
Wide o'er the pathleſs waſte forlorn he ſtrays,
While round his head the ſheety light'nings blaze;
Thro' the dark ſky loud peals of thunder roll;
And fate, approaching, takes his trembling ſoul.
Thrice happy they whoſe calm unruffled mind,
To heav'n's all-wiſe diſpoſing will's reſign'd,
Can hear unmov'd the thunder's aweful roar,
Or only mov'd the Godhead to adore.

For me, in that dread hour, when all around
The light'nings flash, and thunders shake the ground,
My homely cot be then my bleſt retreat,
(Where calm contentment holds her peaceful ſeat,)
Whoſe humble roof excludes the ruſhing rain,
Its ſhelter, woods, when whirlwinds ſweep the plain;
While Delia here obſerves the light'nings blaze,
And her quick throbbing breaſt her fear betrays,
Be mine the taſk theſe tumults to allay,
And from her cheek to chaſe pale fear away.

MANY moraliſts have compared life to the ocean: which how ſmooth ſoever it may ſeem to invite us to its ſurface, the calm is deceitful, and will not long continue; ſtorms and tempeſts will ariſe and toſs the troubled veſſel. While we ſail through life, we muſt not expect a perpetual ſerenity: difficulties, trials, and afflictions await all mankind; and happy they, who can ſteer their veſſel ſafe amidſt them into the harbour of everlaſting reſt!

SOME men are apt to conceive too high an opinion of the benefits they confer; they view them in too ſtrong a light, and expect more in return than reaſon or juſtice will warrant.

THE great mind, as it finds the moſt ſatisfactory delight in obliging, is never hurt more than when its kindneſſes are repeatedly mentioned; it enjoys greater pleaſure from the noble reflection on the good it does, than from the ſelfiſh pride of the return it receives.

WHEN we conſider that as ſoon as this paſſing moment of life is done, an immortality awaits us; when eternal good or evil muſt be the conſequence of our conduct in this life; how abſurd, as well as criminal, does it render the actions of thoſe, who, with unwearied anxiety, labour to gratify their worldly or ſenſual paſſions.

THERE is a peculiar charm in the ſerene and tranquil air of virtue, which enlightens all around it in the midſt of the darkeſt ſcenes, and the greateſt calamities.

ADVICE in WINTER.

I.

THE needy poor demand our care,
To ſcreen them from th' inclement air,
And turn the ſtorm aſide,
From cots where oft diſeaſe and age
Unſhelter'd, bear its piercing rage,
And modeſt worth reſide.

II.

Where many an honeſt couple dwell,
With num'rous offspring, once as well
As you with plenty bleſt;
Who now in tatter'd rags confin'd
To ſcanty meals of coarſeſt kind,
Do ſcarce a comfort taſte.

III.

While you enjoy the cheerful blaze
In houſes tight, with beds of eaſe,
Think then, how ſtrong their claim,
To comforts with which you abound,
And which diſpens'd to them, rebound,
And ſettle whence they came.

MEN in the greateſt proſperity are often like trees laden with fruit, that break with the weight of their boughs, and are ruined by their own greatneſs.

TIME is given us, that we may take care of eternity; and eternity will not be too long to regret the loſs of our time, if we have miſpent it.

"OUR light afflictions, which are but for a moment," are ſent for the wiſeſt purpoſes, and intended for our greateſt good, by taking off our affections from earthly things, and ſetting them on things above: they are the means, through the bleſſing of God, of fitting us for the bleſſed enjoyment of him in the manſions of bleſſedneſs on high.

OUR

OUR abode on earth is very precarious and uncertain: "This night thy ſoul may be required of thee;" if ſo, be always ready to attend the ſummons at a moment's warning.

"THE kingdom of heaven," or grace in the heart, is truly that "pearl of great price," which the good man only knows the value of, and enjoys with thankfulneſs and praiſe; it comes from God, leads to him, and terminates in the full enjoyment of him in the realms of bliſs.

NOTHING can be more proper for a creature that borders upon eternity, and is haſting continually to his final audit, than daily to ſlip away from the circle of amuſements, and frequently to relinquiſh the hurry of buſineſs, in order to conſider and adjuſt "the things that belong to his eternal peace."

THE ſtarting tear in pity's eye,
Outſhines the diamond's brighteſt beams;
And the ſweet bluſh of modeſty,
More beauteous than the ruby ſeems.

IT is a proof of wiſdom, frequently to meditate on the eternity of the ſoul, and to conſider that the body muſt ſoon ſuffer a diſſolution. Beauty is a flower which ſoon withers, health changes, and ſtrength abates; but innocency is immortal, and a comfort both in life and death.

GOD, who is liberal and generous in all his other gifts, teaches us, by the wiſe œconomy of his providence, how circumſpect we ought to be in the right management of our time; for he never gives us two moments together, he gives us only the ſecond as he takes away the firſt, and keeps the third in his hands, leaving us in an abſolute uncertainty whether it ſhall ever be ours or not.

SOME virtues are only ſeen in affliction, and ſome in proſperity; ſome in a private, and others in a publick capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obſcurity: and not only ſees what we do, but what we would do.

The Enthusiast.

ONCE — I remember well the day,
'Twas e'er the blooming ſweets of May
Had loſt their freſheſt hues;
When ev'ry flow'r on ev'ry hill,
In ev'ry vale, had drank its fill
Of ſunſhine and of dews.

In ſhort, 'twas that ſweet ſeaſon's prime,
When ſpring gives up the reins of time
To ſummer's glowing hand:
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whoſe command the breezes blow
Which fan the ſmiling land.

'Twas then beſide a green wood ſhade,
Which cloth'd a lawn's aſpiring head,
I wing'd my devious way;
With loit'ring ſteps regardleſs where,
So ſoft ſo genial was the air,
So wond'rous bright the day.

And now my eyes with tranſport rove
O'er all the blue expanſe above,
Unbroken by a cloud:
And now beneath delighted paſs,
Where winding thro' the deep green graſs
A full brim'd river flow'd.

I ſtop, I gaze, in accents rude
To thee, ſereneſt ſolitude,
Burſts forth th' unbidden lay,
Begone vile world, the learn'd, the wiſe,
The great, the buſy, I deſpiſe,
And pity ev'n the gay.

Theſe, theſe are joys alone I cry;
'Tis here divine Philoſophy
Thou deign'ſt to fix thy throne:
Here contemplation points the road
Through nature's charms to nature's God;
Theſe, theſe are joys alone.

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes, and human fears,
Ye pleaſures, and ye pains!
While thus I ſpeak, o'er all my ſoul
A philoſophick calmneſs ſtole,
A ſtoic ſtillneſs reigns.

The tyrant paſſions all ſubſide,
Fear, anger, pity, ſhame, and pride,
No more my boſom move:
But yet I felt, or ſeem'd to feel,
A kind of viſionary zeal,
Of univerſal love.

When, lo! a voice, a voice, I hear;
'Twas reaſon whiſper'd in my ear
Theſe monitory ſtrains:
What mean'ſt thou man? wouldſt thou unbind
The ties which conſtitute thy kind,
The pleaſures and the pains.

The ſame almighty power unſeen,
Who ſpreads the gay or ſolemn ſcene
To contemplation's eye:
Fix'd ev'ry movement of the ſoul,
Taught ev'ry wiſh its deſtin'd goal,
And quicken'd ev'ry joy.

He bids the tyrant paſſions rage;
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe;
'Till from diſſention's concord riſe,
And beauties from deformities,
And happineſs from woe.

Art thou not man, and dar'ſt thou find
A bliſs which leans not to mankind?
Preſumptuous thought and vain!
Each bliſs unſhar'd is unenjoy'd;
Each pow'r is weak unleſs employ'd
Some ſocial bliſs to gain.

Shall light and ſhade, and warmth, and air,
With thoſe exalted joys compare,
Which active virtue feels:
When on ſhe drags as lawful prize
Contempt, and indolence, and vice,
At her triumphant wheels?

As reſt to labour ſtill ſucceeds
To man, whilſt virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilſome day.
This fair variety of things
Are merely life's refreſhing ſprings
To ſooth him on his way.

Enthuſiaſt—unſtring thy lyre;
In vain thou ſing'ſt if none admire,
How ſweet ſo e'er thy ſtrain:
And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unleſs thou mixeſt with thy kind
Benevolent in vain?

Enthuſiaſt—try ev'ry ſenſe,
If not thy bliſs, thy excellence
Thou yet haſt learn'd to ſcan:
At leaſt thy wants, thy weakneſs know;
And ſee them all uniting ſhow,
That man was made for man.

A MAN who lives apparently without religion, declares to the world, that he is without virtues, however he may otherwiſe conceal his vices.

EVERY one complains of his memory, but no one of his judgment.

WISDOM

WISDOM allows nothing to be good, that will not be ſo for ever; no man to be happy, but he that needs no other happineſs than what he has within himſelf; no man to be great or powerful, that is not maſter of himſelf.

IT is eaſier to be wiſe for others, than for ourſelves.

AS it is the character of great wits to ſay much in a few words; ſo little wits, on the contrary, talk a great deal, and yet ſay little to purpoſe.

——— THOU bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art, of all thy gifts, thyſelf the crown!
Give what thou canſt, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

VIRTUE and Friendſhip, above all things, purchaſe to men love and good-will.

FRIENDSHIP improves happineſs, and abates miſery, by the doubling our joy, and dividing our grief.

IF the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the univerſe, perhaps it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greateſt plenty, which the condition of life makes of greateſt uſe; and that nothing is penuriouſly imparted, or placed from the reach of man, of which a more liberal diſtribution, or a more eaſy acquiſition, would increaſe real and rational felicity.

HE that is pleaſed with himſelf, eaſily imagines he ſhall pleaſe others.

TO do the beſt can ſeldom be the lot of man; it is ſufficient if, when opportunities are preſented, he is ready to do good. How little virtue could be practiſed if beneficence were to wait always for the moſt proper objects, and the nobleſt occaſions; — occaſions that may never happen, and objects that may never be found?

THAT charity is beſt, of which the conſequences are moſt extenſive.

THOSE who raiſe envy will eaſily incur cenſure.

"HE that endeavours to free himſelf from an ill habit, (ſays Bacon) muſt not change too much at a time, leſt he ſhould be diſcouraged by difficulty; nor too little, for then he will make but ſlow advances."

WHAT cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

Written on the SEA SHORE.

THOU reſtleſs fluctuating deep,
Expreſſive of the human mind;
In thy for ever varying form,
My own inconſtant ſelf I find.

How ſoft now flow thy peaceful waves,
In juſt gradations to the ſhore:
While on thy brow, unclouded ſhines
The regent of the midnight hour.

Bleſt emblem of that equal ſtate,
Which I this moment feel within:
Where thought to thought ſucceeding rolls,
And all is placid and ſerene.

As o'er thy ſmoothly flowing tide,
Their light the trembling moon-beams dart,
My lov'd Eudocia's image ſmiles,
And gayly brightens all my heart.

But, ah! this flatt'ring ſcene of peace,
By neither can be long poſſeſt,
When Eurus breaks thy tranſient calm,
And riſing ſorrows ſhake my breaſt.

Obſcur'd thy Cynthia's ſilver ray,
When clouds oppoſing intervene:
And ev'ry joy that friendſhip gives,
Shall fade beneath the gloom of ſpleen.

HE

HE that indulges negligence, will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that truſts without reſerve, will at laſt be deceived.

MUCH of the pain and pleaſure of mankind, ariſes from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others. We enjoy praiſe which we do not hear, and reſent contempt which we do not ſee.

COMPOSITIONS merely pretty, have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for ſomething uſeful. They are flowers, fragrant and fair, but of ſhort duration; or they are bloſſoms only to be valued as they foretell fruits.

WHATEVER is great, deſirous, or tremendous, is compriſed in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved.

NATURE makes us poor only, when we want neceſſaries; but cuſtom gives the name of poverty to the want of ſuperfluities.

FACTION ſeldom leaves a man honeſt, however it might find him.

THAT praiſe is worth nothing of which the price is known.

Extract from a POEM, entitled the BOOK of NATURE.

HAIL hoſpitable ſhades, and lofty hills!
Ye flowrets gay, ye cryſtal murm'ring rills!
Where'er I look new beauties ſtrike my eyes,
And bright variety around me lies.
But ſtay,—nor think that this delicious ſcene,
Theſe groves, theſe brooks, hills, vales, & meadows green,
Are to be view'd with ſuch a ſelfiſh ſight,
As objects only form'd for thy delight.

Think'ſt thou yon ſun, that gilds the weſtern ſkies,
Or that full orb, which there thou ſeeſt riſe
In ſilent majeſty, were plac'd on high,
Only to mark thy hours, and pleaſe thine eye,
Mature thy fruit, to light thee and to warm,
Recruit thy ſpirits, and thy ſenſes charm?
All theſe, no doubt, were in th' intention join'd
Of their Creator: favour to mankind,
One great end of creation, but, not ſole,
For boundleſs goodneſs comprehends the whole.
The raven aſks, nor aſks in vain his ſhare:
Whate'er or range the earth, or beat the air,
Or cut the liquid wave, partake the boon.
Nor think this world of wonders all thy own.
'Tis nature's book, and, if but read aright,
Will ſet thy duty clearly in thy ſight;
Will lead thee upwards to the one great ſource,
And check thy headlong paſſions in their courſe.
A copious volume, where each line diſplays
A ſubject for aſtoniſhment and praiſe!
Where wiſdom, power, goodneſs, beauty, ſhine,
And not a ſtroke but proves the "hand divine."*
Behold a God in all!—nor let thy foot
Indignant, cruſh the ſnail that marrs thy fruit,
Without adverting to its Maker's ſkill,
And ſilent looking up, for leave to kill.

Whene'er the flow'ry path thy feet ſhall lead
In many windings thro' the verdant mead;
Whene'er thy ſteps, with muſing ſilence, rove
Thro' the cool ſhade of ſome ſequeſter'd grove:
Or when with head reclin'd, and vacant look,
Supine thou liſten'ſt to the bubbling brook;
Can theſe no ſubject for thy thoughts ſupply,
Can flow'rs ſerve only to delight the eye?
'Tis almoſt virtue to delight in theſe,
They find, or ſure muſt leave a ſoul in peace.
Frequent them often, but, not like the brute
That grazes nigh thee, happy, yet ſtill mute.
There ſcan thy actions, ſet thy notions right,
And make thy hope of future bliſs more bright;

For

For theſe each brook may ſerve, each verdant mead;
And thou, by theſe, excel the neighb'ring ſteed.
Here copious rivers their rich ſtores diſpenſe,
And flow, great emblems of benevolence,
Which to the mind this uſeful truth may ſhow,
That wealth is giv'n us chiefly to beſtow.
There lofty cedars, and tall pines ariſe,
And lift the ſoaring thoughts above the ſkies:
Beneath, the lowly ſhrub, with od'rous ſcent,
Bids us be humble, grateful, and content.
Go to the ant,—and learn her induſtry;
The dog,—and copy his fidelity.
Each prudent huſbandman ſhall teach thee ſkill;
They break the clods, break thou the ſtubborn will:
Careful, they ſtrive to root out ev'ry weed,
Secure the fence, provide the choiceſt ſeed;
Extend the watchful, tho' not anxious eye,
Yet, for ſucceſs, on God alone rely.
Go thou, and do likewiſe: the ſoil, the mind,
Thy own, or thoſe by Providence aſſign'd
To thy eſpecial care,—weed, guard, cull, plant:—
What more is wanting, aſk, and heav'n will grant.

THE wiſeſt part of thoſe who have not much wiſdom, is to know how to ſubmit to the conduct of another.

IT ſometimes ſhews as much ingenuity to know how to profit by good counſel, as to be able to give it to ourſelves.

WE have always a kindneſs for thoſe who admire us, but not always for thoſe whom we admire.

FORTUNE diſcovers our virtues and vices, as light does objects.

IT is the honour of human nature to be the friend of the unfortunate.

WHOEVER

WHOEVER conſiders the weakneſs both of himſelf and others, will not long want perſuaſives to forgiveneſs. We know not to what a degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed, or how much its guilt, if we were to inſpect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by miſtake, precipitance, or negligence. We cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended, or how much we increaſe the miſchief to ourſelves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to deſign, the effects of accident. We may think the blow violent, only becauſe we have made ourſelves delicate and tender. We are, on every ſide, in danger of error and guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by ſpeedy forgiveneſs.

FAVOURS of every kind are doubled when they are ſpeedily conferred.

AN even and unwearied tenor of life always hides from our apprehenſion the approach of its end. Succeſſion is not perceived but by variation.

AN infallible characteriſtic of meanneſs is cruelty.

In ſome parts of HOLLAND the following LAW is practiſed.

WHEN two men are determined to go to law with each other, they are firſt obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the peace-makers. If the parties come attended with an advocate or a ſolicitor, they are obliged to retire; as we take fuel from the fire we are deſirous of extinguiſhing.

The peace-makers then begin adviſing the parties, by aſſuring them, that it is the height of folly to waſte their ſubſtance, and make themſelves mutually miſerable, by having recourſe to the tribunals of law. Follow but our direction, and we will accommodate matters without any expenſe to either. If the rage of debate is too ſtrong upon either party, they are remitted back for another day,

day, in order that time may ſoften their tempers, and produce a reconciliation. They are thus ſent for twice or thrice. If their folly happens to be incurable, they are permitted to go to law; and as we give up to amputation, ſuch members as cannot be cured by art, juſtice is permitted to take its courſe.

EVERY man who propoſes to grow eminent by learning, ſhould carry in his mind at once the difficulty of excellence, and the force of induſtry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour; and that labour, vigorouſly continued, has not often failed of its reward.

OTHER acquiſitions are merely temporary benefits, except as they contribute to illuſtrate the knowledge, and confirm the practice, of morality and piety, which extend their influence beyond the grave, and increaſe our happineſs through endleſs duration.

A ſenſible Writer of SWEDEN, has thus expreſſed himſelf on the Subject of FIRE-WORKS, PUBLICK FEASTS, and ENTERTAINMENTS, &c.

"IT were ſincerely to be wiſhed, (ſays he) that the cuſtom were eſtabliſhed amongſt us, that in all events which cauſe a public joy, we made our exultations conſpicuous only by acts uſeful to ſociety. We ſhould then quickly ſee many uſeful monuments of our reaſon, which would much better perpetuate the memory of things worthy of being tranſmitted to poſterity, and would be much more glorious to humanity than all thoſe tumultuous preparations of feaſts, entertainments, and other rejoicings uſed upon ſuch occaſions."

TRUE Economy, equally unknown to the prodigal and avaricious, ſeems to be a juſt mean between both extremes; and to a tranſgreſſion of this, at preſent decried virtue, it is that we are to attribute a great part of evils which infeſt ſociety.

AN HYMN

An Hymn to the Deity.

BE hush'd, my griefs, 'tis his almighty will,
Who rules the storms, that bids you all be still!
Be calm, ye tempests, vanish ev'ry care,
While with triumphant faith my soul draws near
To God, in all the confidence of pray'r.
He has not bid me seek his face in vain;
Talk to the winds, or to the waves complain.
He hears the callow ravens from their nest,
By him their eager cravings are redrest.
Young lions thro' the desarts roar their wants;
He marks them, and their wild petition grants.
The gaping furrows thirst, nor thirst in vain;
Parch'd by the noon-day sun for timely rain.
With silent suits the fair declining flow'rs,
Request and gain the kind refreshing show'rs.
And will th' almighty Father turn away,
Nor hear his darling offspring when they pray?
No breach of faithfulness his honour stains;
With day and night his word unchang'd remains.
The various ordinances of the sky
Stand forth his glorious witnesses on high.
Summer and winter, autumn and the spring,
For him by turns their attestation bring.
Unblemish'd his great league with nature stands,
And full reliance on his truth demands.
Nothing that breathes, a second deluge fears,
When in the clouds the radiant bow appears.
Can the Most High like man at random speak;
Forfeit his honour, and his promise break?
Shall fleeting winds th' Almighty's words disperse,
Or breathing dust his solemn oath reverse?
Can he, like man, unconstant man, repent?
Shall any chance or unforeseen event
Start up his settled purpose to prevent?
Or can he fail in the expected hour
A stranger to his own extent of pow'r?
What profit can a worm his Maker bring,
That he should flatter such a worthless thing?

Why

Why ſhould he condeſcend to mind my tears,
Or calm with ſoft deluding words my fears?
Can he of perfect happineſs poſſeſt,
Deride the woes that human life moleſt;
Or mock the hopes that on his goodneſs reſt?
Nature may change her courſe, confuſion reign,
And men expect the riſing ſun in vain:
But ſhould th' eternal truth and promiſe fail,
Infernal night and horror muſt prevail;
Angels themſelves their faireſt hopes recline
On nothing more unchangable than mine.
Am I deceiv'd? What can their charter be? —
Fair Seraphims may be deceived like me.
If goodneſs and veracity divine
Can fail, their heaven's an airy dream like mine.
But, oh! I dare the glorious venture make,
And lay my ſoul and future life at ſtake.
Be earth, be heav'n, at deſp'rate hazard loſt,
If here my faith ſhould prove an empty boaſt.
Whate'er your arts, ye pow'rs of hell, ſuggeſt,
The truth of God undaunted I atteſt.
Produce your annals with inſulting rage,
Bring out your records, ſhew the dreadful page,
One inſtance where th' Almighty broke his word,
Since firſt the race of men his name ador'd.
Confus'd you ſearch your dreadful rolls in vain;
Th' eternal honour ſhines without a ſtain:
Unblemiſh'd ſhines in men and angels view.
Juſt are thy ways, thou King of Saints, and true!

A LITTLE, very little time, will wipe us entirely from the tables of human memory: and the ſtreets, which we now crowd ſo buſily, will not be leſs thronged for our abſence.—What an important leſſon ſhould this reflection teach us; and how much ought it to diminiſh, in our eſteem, the tranſitory purſuits and poſſeſſions of this preſent world?

KEEP innocency, and take heed to the thing which is right; for that ſhall bring a man peace at the laſt.

ONE

ONE can hardly imagine any thing more ſublime than the idea which the following paſſage from Iſaiah gives us of the Deity: — "He hath meaſured the waters in the hollow of his hand—meted out heaven with the ſpan—comprehended the duſt of the earth in a meaſure—weighed the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance!"—Where is the human writer, that can produce any thing equal to this? Where is the reader that can fail to contemplate with admiration, ſo ſtupendous a Creator and God;—that can fail to glow with gratitude on the recollection, that this God is his Father;—that can fail to bow with humility, under the ſenſe of his own weakneſs and unworthineſs;—and to live in chearful reſignation, under the government and protection of ſo great, ſo good, and ſo wiſe a Ruler!

Reflections on the New Year.

THE year is paſt—the days, the weeks, the months are flown; gone, for ever, irrevocably gone, and with them all opportunity to alter or undo, whatever in this period, we have done!—If our actions have been virtuous and amiable; if humanity and benevolence have conducted our ſteps; if juſtice and honeſty have directed our dealings; if religion and truth have influenced our behaviour: what a joy ſhall we find in the retroſpect; We ſhall have no cauſe to regret that we are now another year nearer to eternity!—If, on the other hand, blackneſs and darkneſs involve our proceedings; if guilt and ſhame; if vice and folly only mark the former days—alas, how ſad, how unpleaſing the review!——For what have we lived? Nay, rather let us aſk, for what do we live? And upon this inquiry we may well rejoice in the gracious permiſſion of Providence, to ſee another year before us; in which we may redeem the paſt, in which we may treaſure up a happy ſtore for our future comfort and review; if we may be allowed to ſee another year ſucceeding.

On Providence.

GOD works in a myſterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

Ye feeble ſaints freſh courage take:
The clouds ye ſo much dread,
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

His purpoſes are rip'ning faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte;
But wait to ſmell the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain.
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

FLOWERS of rhetoric in ſermons, or ſerious diſcourſes, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing to thoſe who come only for amuſement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

——————OH, Death!
Where art thou? —Death! thou dread of guilt,
Thou wiſh of innocence, affliction's friend,
Tir'd nature calls thee—Come, in mercy come,
And lay me pillow'd in eternal reſt.

On the New Year.

GOD of my life, thy conſtant care,
With bleſſings crowns the op'ning year;
This guilty life doſt thou prolong,
And wake anew my annual ſong.

How many precious ſouls are fled
To the vaſt regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing ſun,
Thro' his laſt yearly period run!

We yet ſurvive, but who can ſay,
Or thro' the year, or month, or day,
"I will retain this vital breath;
Thus far at leaſt, in league with death?

That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my ſoul's abode:
It holds its life from thee alone
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our ſpirits we reſign;
Make them, and own them ſtill as thine;
So ſhall they ſmile ſecure from fear,
Tho' death ſhould blaſt the riſing year.

Thy children, eager to be gone,
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,
And land them on that blooming ſhore,
Where years and death are known no more.

ONE of the moſt deceitful bubbles that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is wealth. It glitters at a diſtance, and appears replete with all the requiſites eſſential to earthly felicity; it attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles in the breaſts of its votaries an inextinguiſhable thirſt to acquire it. By weak minds it is conſidered as the *ſummum bonum* of ſublunary bleſſings, and therefore in the attainment of it, ſuch think to exclude every want, to enjoy every ſatisfaction.

HAPPY

HAPPY he, who in this ſhort journey called life, while he travels through difficult and thorny roads, or loſes himſelf in the midſt of by-paths, purſues his way at leaſt without carrying in his boſom the ſad reproach of having ſtopped another in the peaceful courſe of his journey.

ALTHOUGH many and various are the purſuits of mankind after happineſs, yet the greateſt felicity is a conſtant ſenſe of the Divine favour.—The pleaſures which ariſe to the mind from a pre-eminence of birth, ſtation, and fortune, are of a foreign and extrinſic nature. Hence we daily ſee multitudes poſſeſſed of theſe benefits, who are utter ſtrangers to ſolid and permanent ſatisfactions.—But the good man, however deſtitute of thoſe incidental advantages, hath nevertheleſs an inexhauſtible ſource of comfort within himſelf.—When he quits the crowd, and deſcends into his breaſt, he is ſure of meeting with the beſt of company there, GOD, and his own heart. While the conſciouſneſs of his integrity, and the approbation of his Maker, furniſh him with a perpetual feaſt.

FEW know that elegance of ſoul refin'd,
Whoſe ſoft ſenſation feels a quicker joy
From melancholy's ſcenes, than the dull pride
Of taſteleſs ſplendor and magnificence
Can e'er afford.

MY GOD, with grateful heart, I'll raiſe
A daily altar to thy praiſe;
Thy friendly hand my courſe directs,
Thy watchful eye my bed protects.

When danger, woes, or death, are nigh,
Paſt mercies teach me where to fly;
The ſame almighty arm can aid,
Now ſickneſs grieves, and pains invade.

To all the various helps of art,
Kindly thy healing pow'r impart:
Bethesda's bath refus'd to save,
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.

All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee:
And not a plant which spreads the plains
But teems with health when heav'n ordains.

Clay and Siloam's pool we find
At heav'n's command, restor'd the blind:
Hence Jordan's waters once were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

But grant me nobler favours still:
Grant me to know and do thy will.
O purge my soul from ev'ry stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

Can such a wretch for pardon sue!
My crimes, my crimes, arise to view!
Arrest my trembling tongue in pray'r,
And pour the horrors of despair.

But, oh! regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes:
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed.
His blood procures for Adam's race
Admittance to the throne of grace.

When vice hath shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart:
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft, and heal the wound.

What arrows pierce ſo deep as ſin!
What venom gives ſuch pains within!
Thou great Phyſician of the ſoul!
Rebuke thy pangs, and make me whole.

Oh! if I truſt thy ſov'reign ſkill,
With deep ſubmiſſion to thy will,
Sickneſs and death ſhall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at laſt, to thee.

Apostrophe to Liberty.

O LIBERTY! thou beſt, thou common right,
Of all mankind, as much as air and light;—
Depriv'd of thee, what can all nature give,
T'atone thy loſs, and make us bear to live?
To hapleſs ſlaves, whom lawleſs pow'r confines,
What boot the treaſures of Peruvian mines?
To ſuch no joys revolving ſeaſons bring,
(The fruits of autumn, or the flowers of ſpring);
No hope to ſoothe, no proſpect to beguile,
Their nights of anguiſh, or their days of toil:
Whence every ſcene muſt the ſame ſadneſs wear,
And heighten endleſs bondage to deſpair.
With them ev'n love, the balm of others woe,
Has ceas'd to charm, can no relief beſtow;
For all connections meant to ſweeten life
Exiſt no more in brother, friend, or wife;
With ſuch, extinct each tender ſocial tie,
And all life's comforts loſt, 'tis happineſs to die.

If ſuch th' oppreſſion, ſuch the poignant woe,
Entail'd by ſlav'ry on our race below,
What praiſe awaits thoſe ſons of light and peace,
Who firſt deplor'd, and bid this grievance ceaſe:
Firſt taught that freedom, tho' withheld by might,
Is every man's inherent natural right?
Heaven be their crown!—'twas all that men could do
T'aſſert the right, and ſet the example too.
Glorious attempt! which all the world commends,
Where grace preſides, or poliſh'd life extends.

HOPE is the chief bleſſing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

IT is juſtly conſidered as the greateſt excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it requires judgment to diſtinguiſh thoſe parts of nature which are moſt proper for imitation.

NO man, whoſe appetites are his maſters, can perform the duties of his nature with ſtrictneſs and regularity. He that would be ſuperior to external influences, muſt firſt become ſuperior to his own paſſions.

ALL ſkill ought to be exerted for univerſal good.—Every man has owed much to others, and ought to pay the kindneſs that he has received.

IT has been obſerved, in all ages, that the advantages of nature, or of fortune, have contributed very little to the promotion of real happineſs; and that thoſe whom the ſplendour of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the ſummits of human life, have not often given any juſt occaſion to envy in thoſe who look up to them from a lower ſtation.

JUSTICE may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every perſon what is his due. In this extended ſenſe of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reaſon preſcribes, or ſociety ſhould expect.—Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourſelves, are fully anſwered, if we give them what we owe them.—Thus juſtice, properly ſpeaking, is the only virtue, and all the reſt have their origin in it.

TENDERNESS, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the heart that feels it, nearly as wretched as the object which ſues for aſſiſtance.

EDUCATION ſhould teach us to become uſeful, ſober, diſintereſted, and laborious members of ſociety; but does

it

it not at preſent point out a different path? It teaches us to multiply our wants, by which means we become more eager to poſſeſs, in order to diſſipate,— a greater charge to ourſelves, and more uſeleſs or obnoxious to ſociety.

The following STANZA was written by a Youth of Ten Years old on his BIRTH DAY.

TIME irrecoverably flies;
Our evenings come, our mornings riſe:
Our buſineſs therefore let us mind,
Or that time's gone we ſoon ſhall find.

To the Author of the above, by his Father.

IMPROVING thus, the ſilent lapſe of time,
Still may thy days with added luſtre riſe,
'Till honour'd age ſucceeds thy uſeful prime,
And gives thee, perfect, to thy native ſkies!
There morning, noon, or eve, no more ſhall blend
The varying colours of duration's ray —
There youth, or age, no more begin, or end —
Thine, life immortal — thine eternal day.

Written in Dr. YOUNG's NIGHT THOUGHTS.

PERHAPS, as through theſe gloomy iſles he ſtray'd,
Some heav'n-deputed, kind, informing ſhade,
Taught his rapt muſe theſe ſweet ſeraphic ſtrains,
Which lift the ſoul above terreſtrial plains.—
When all the works of fancy fade away,
Thoſe tuneful trifles that enchant the gay,
Thy verſe ſhall live (which holy zeal inſpires,
Which glows ſo brightly with religion's fires)
Unhurt by time; no day its end ſhall tell,
But that laſt day which thou haſt ſung ſo well.

THERE is no real felicity for man, but in reforming all his errors and vices, and entering upon a ſtrict and conſtant courſe of virtue. This only makes life comfortable, renders death ſerene and peaceful, and ſecures eternal joy and bleſſedneſs hereafter.

IF

IF you desire to be wiser yet, think yourself not yet wise; and if you improve in self-knowledge, despise not the instructions of another. He that instructs him that thinks himself wise enough, hath a fool for his scholar; he that thinks himself wise enough to instruct himself, hath a fool for his master.

VIRTUE is that perfect good which is the crown of a happy life, the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality: it is an invincible greatness of mind, not to be elevated or dejected by good or ill fortune: it is sociable and gentle, free, steady, and fearless, content within itself, full of inexhaustible delights, and it is valued for itself.

LET us call to mind the poverty and meanness that attended the condition of our blessed Saviour here on earth, and alienate our affections from the things of this world, fixing them upon the ineffable joys purchased by him for us in another. He lived poor and low all his days; "Though "he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor." So poor, that he was never owner of a house to dwell in, but lived all his days in the habitations of other men, or in the open air.

REASON, or understanding, is the candle of the soul, which, if enlightened by the Holy Spirit, will guide you into the path that leads to glory, immortality, and eternal life. Endeavour to be a candle to your neighbours and acquaintance by your exemplary life and conduct in the world. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see "your good works, and glorify your Father which is in "heaven."

BE not captivated with the meer appearance of felicity, which is but outside shew, like the men of gaiety and pleasure, who are enamoured with, and frequently deluded by, the empty and trifling amusements of a thoughtless age; but be you solicitous for a share in those momentous and never-fading realities of another and better world.

CHEERFULNESS.

CHEERFULNESS.

FAIR as the dawning light! auſpicious gueſt!
Source of all comforts to the human breaſt!
Depriv'd of thee, in ſad deſpair we moan,
And tedious roll the heavy moments on.
Tho' beauteous objects all around us riſe
To charm the fancy, and delight the eyes;
Tho' art's fair works, and nature's gifts conſpire
To pleaſe each ſenſe, and ſatiate each deſire,
'Tis joyleſs all—'till thy enliv'ning ray
Scatters the melancholy gloom away.
Then opens to the ſoul a heav'nly ſcene,
Gladneſs and peace, all ſprightly, all ſerene.
Where doſt thou deign, ſay, in what bleſt retreat,
To chooſe thy manſion, and to fix thy ſeat?
Thy ſacred preſence how ſhall we explore,
Can av'rice gain thee with her golden ſtore?
Can vain ambition with her boaſted charms
Tempt thee within her wide extended arms?
No, with Content alone canſt thou abide,
Thy ſiſter ever ſmiling by thy ſide.
When boon companions, void of ev'ry care,
Crown the full bowl, and the rich banquet ſhare,
And give a looſe to pleaſure—art thou there?
Or when the eager ſwains purſue the chaſe
With active limbs, and health in every face,
Is it thy voice that wakening up the morn,
Cheers the ſtaunch hound, and winds the jolly horn?
Or when th' aſſembled great and fair advance
To celebrate the maſk, the play, the dance,
Whilſt beauty ſpreads its ſweeteſt charms around,
And airs extatic ſwell their tuneful ſound,
Art thou within the pompous circle found?
Does not thy influence more ſedately ſhine?
Can ſuch tumultuous joys as theſe be thine?
Surely, more mild, more conſtant in their courſe,
Thy pleaſures iſſue from a nobler ſource,
From ſweet diſcretion ruling in the breaſt,
From paſſions temper'd, and from ſins repreſt,

From

From thoughts unconſcious of a guilty ſmart,
And the calm tranſports of an honeſt heart.
Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind,
Thro' life, thro' death, attends the virtuous mind;
In deepeſt ſuff'rings mitigates the blow,
Abates each ill, and ſoftens ev'ry woe.
Whatever good our mortal ſtate deſires,
What wiſdom finds, or innocence inſpires;
From Nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
Whate'er our Maker's providence beſtows,
By thee mankind enjoys; by thee repays,
A grateful tribute of perpetual praiſe.

IT is in vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not ſtretch out his hand to take it.

KEEP a daily watch over your ſpeech and behaviour; attend to the dictates of conſcience, and obſerve its rules; follow them without reluctance; and may he who illumines the mind of the humble, enable you to adorn your Chriſtian profeſſion, and live up to the character of a probationer for eternity.

THE more you are elevated in life, or ranked among the great and affluent, the more it becomes you to be circumſpect in all your actions; God's all-ſeeing eye is upon you, and men obſerve your failings. The more you are increaſed in wealth, the more ſhould you ſink in ſelf-abaſement, and riſe in gratitude and benevolence.

THE benevolence of a good man always terminates his projects in the relief of diſtreſs, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppreſſion, and the diffuſion of happineſs.

HOW comfortleſs is the ſorrow of him, who feels at once the pangs of guilt, and the vexation of calamity which guilt has brought on him.

ONE advantage gained by calamities, is to know how to ſympathize with others in the like troubles.

IT

IT is often found, that to be armed againſt calamities with a tranquil mind, is either a probable way to avoid them, or at leaſt to protract the ſeaſon of their arrival; and if there was nothing elſe in it but the rendering them the more tolerable when they happen, it would be prudent to try the experiment.

The Robin.

O COME, thou melancholy muſe,
With ſolemn dirge aſſiſt my ſtrain,
While ſhades deſcend, and weeping dews,
In ſorrows wrap the rural plain.

Her mantle grave cool evening ſpreads,
The ſun cuts ſhort his joyful race;
The jocund hills, the laughing meads,
Put on a ſickening, dying face.

Stern winter brings his gloomy train,
Each pleaſing landſcape fades from view;
In ſolemn ſtate he ſhuts the ſcene,
To flow'ry fields we bid adieu!

Quite ſtript of every beauty, ſee
How ſoon fair Nature's honours fade!
The flowers are fled, each ſpreading tree
No more affords a grateful ſhade.

Their naked branches now behold,
Bleak winds pierce thro' with murmuring ſound;
Chill'd by the northern breezes cold,
Their leafy honours ſtrew the ground.

So man, who treads life's active ſtage,
Like leaf or bloſſom fades away,
In tender youth, or riper age,
Drops thus, into his native clay!

Alas!

Alas! and can we chooſe but moan,
To ſee all Nature's charms expire!
Fair blooming ſpring, gay ſummer gone,
And autumn haſt'ning to retire!

But ſee the tender Red-breaſt comes,
Forſaking now the leafleſs grove,
Hops o'er my threſhold, picks my crumbs,
And courts my hoſpitable love.

Then ſoothes me with his plaintive tale
As Sol withdraws his friendly ray;
Cheering, as ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The ſoft remains of cloſing day.

O welcome to my homely board!
There, unmoleſted, ſhalt thou ſtand;
Were it with choiceſt dainties ſtor'd,
For thee I'd ope a liberal hand;

Since thou, of all the warbling throng,
Who now in ſilence far retire,
Remain'ſt to ſoothe me with a ſong,
And many a pleaſing thought inſpire.

LET humility and condeſcenſion preſent you as a pattern to your inferiors, affability and good-nature gain the eſteem of your equals, reſpect and deference that of your ſuperiors: for in ſo doing you will beſt imitate the example of our bleſſed Saviour when on earth.

GIVE your heart to your Creator and Redeemer, reverence to your ſuperiors, honour to your parents, your boſom to your friend, your ear to good counſel, and alms to the poor.

HE that gives to all without diſcretion, will ſoon ſtand in need of every one's aſſiſtance. Liberality does not conſiſt ſo much in giving largely, as in giving ſeaſonably.

DAILY experience teaches us, that the contempt of calumny makes it die, whereas reſentment revives it.

THE anxieties of a crown are not to be coveted, nor the honours of a throne enjoyed by all. If you envy the monarch any thing, let it be the many opportunities he has of doing good, rewarding diſtreſſed merit, alleviating the miſeries of the poor, and making the widow's heart to ſing for joy: this would be an envy truly laudable and praiſe-worthy, ſuch as would add true greatneſs to nobility, and well become the breaſt of a Chriſtian.

MY ſpirit looks to GOD alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne.
In all my fears, in all my ſtraits,
My ſoul on his ſalvation waits.

Truſt him, ye ſaints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face.
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-ſufficient aid.

IF the ſun ſhines on you as you are walking, let it direct your thoughts to him who is the glorious Sun of Righteouſneſs; may his benign rays of love and grace irradiate your ſoul, diſperſe your fears, animate your hope, enliven your deſires, and cauſe you at length to ſhine with inextinguiſhable brightneſs, in the bliſsful regions of light, life, and glory!

REMEMBER that true fortitude ſurmounts all difficulties; and that you cannot paſs into the temple of honour, but through that of virtue.

FRIENDSHIP is a ſweet attraction of the heart, towards the merit we eſteem, or the reflections we admire; and produces a mutual inclination between two perſons, to promote each other's intereſt, knowledge, virtue, and happineſs.

NATURE hath wiſely furniſhed us with two ears, and but one tongue; a moſt uſeful leſſon, if rightly attended to.

WHAT ſignifies to man, that he from heav'n
His ſoul derives; that with erected front
He walks ſublime, and views the ſtarry ſkies,
If like the brutes irrational he acts?

HE is not to be eſteemed liberal who does, as it were, pick a quarrel with his money, and knows not how either to part with it, or keep it; but he that diſpoſes of it with diſcretion and reaſon, that proportions his bounty to his ability, chooſes his objects according to their neceſſities, and confers his bounties when they can do moſt good.

THERE is nothing in the female ſex more graceful or becoming than modeſty. It adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new ſoftneſs to their ſex. Without it, ſimplicity and innocence appear rude; reading and good ſenſe, maſculine; wit and humour, indelicate. This is ſo neceſſary a quality for pleaſing, that the looſe part of the ſex, whoſe ſtudy it is to enſnare mens hearts, never fail to ſupport the appearance of what they know is ſo eſſential to that end. How lovely then is the real modeſt woman!

SOCIETY is in its own nature an inſtrument of happineſs, and it is made much more ſo by the indigencies and infirmities of men. Man, of all creatures in the world, is leaſt qualified to live alone, becauſe there is no creature that has ſo many neceſſities to be relieved. And this ſeems to be one of the principal means uſed by Providence to ſecure mutual amity, and the reciprocation of good turns in the world, it being the nature of indigency, like common danger, to endear men to one another, and make them herd together like fellow-ſailors in a ſtorm. And this indeed is the true caſe of mankind; we all ſail in one bottom, and in a rough ſea, and ſtand in need of one another's help at every turn, both for the neceſſities and the refreſhments of life.

THE

THE neareſt way to honour is for a man ſo to live, that he may be found to be that in truth he would be thought to be.

EVERY other ſpecies of luxury operates upon ſome appetite that is quickly ſatiated, and requires ſome concurrence of art, or accident, which every place will not ſupply; but the deſire of eaſe acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged, is the more increaſed.

WOULD we be but truly ambitious of deſerving, after our exit from off the ſtage of this world, that conciſe yet comprehenſive inſcription, "In memory of a ſincere Chriſtian;" in this life all the happineſs ſuitable to our ſtate would be ſecured, and (what is of infinitely greater conſequence) beatitude unutterable for evermore. For, whatſoever things are pure; whatſoever things are lovely; whatſoever things are of good report; are they not included in that grand and noble aggregate, a ſincere Chriſtian?

WE ought to ſpend the remainder of our life, as if it were more than we expected, and lent us on purpoſe for wiſer management.—We ſhould continually ſay with Job, "Are not my days few?" and endeavour to imprint on our minds this ſentence of David, "The Lord hath made my "days as an hand's breadth; mine age is as nothing before "him;" or that of Moſes, "The beſt of our days are "but labour and ſorrow, for they are ſoon cut off, and we "fly away."

AS pride is ſometimes hid under humility, idleneſs is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty, and real employment, naturally endeavours to crowd his mind with ſomething that may bear out the remembrance of his own folly, and does any thing but what he ought to do, with eager diligence, that he may keep himſelf in his own favour.

THE man who feels himſelf ignorant, ſhould at leaſt be modeſt.

PERHAPS every man may date the predominance of thoſe deſires that diſturb his life, and contaminate his conſcience, from ſome unhappy hour, when too much leiſure expoſed him to their incurſions; for he has lived with little obſervation, either on himſelf or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

THOSE who, in confidence of ſuperior capacities and attainments, diſregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded, that nothing will ſupply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

'TIS honourable to ſupport the glory of one's anceſtors by actions which correſpond with their reputation; and it is alſo glorious to leave a title to one's deſcendants which is not borrowed from our predeceſſors.

THERE is one ſource of refined pleaſure, which the enjoyment of wealth affords to a rational mind. The extenſion of help to the helpleſs, of relief to miſery, and of comfort to thoſe who dwell in the vale of adverſity, are employments in which we feel the pureſt ſatisfaction. To awaken joy in countenances ſtrongly marked with the gloom of ſorrow, is attended with the moſt refined ſenſations of delight, and attunes the ſoul to harmony. This is the nobleſt uſe to which wealth can be applied; the eſſential end for which heaven has diſpenſed it. But, amongſt the great and opulent, how few there are who exerciſe themſelves in ſuch a courſe of benevolence and virtue! How few whoſe minds are ſufficiently elevated to ſeek for the ſatisfaction ariſing from a conduct ſo truly eſtimable!

IF the indigent part of the ſpecies did but carefully conſider, that to be good is to be happy, and that virtue and religion are accommodated to every ſituation and capacity, they would ſee abundant cauſe for thankfulneſs, even amid thoſe ſcenes of ſervitude and toil, which now perhaps occaſion envy, diſcontent, and murmuring.

SHOULD

SHOULD health or retirement from the buſtle and noiſe of the town, excite you to walk in the ſilent fields, to taſte the ſweets of rural life; every object the country affords, may yield you pleaſing ſubjects for ſacred cogitation. While you behold the handy-work of God in every blade of graſs, tree, bird, beaſt, or inſect, preſented to your view, and in every flower that blows in meadows, plains, or valleys, trace the finger of Omnipotence, may you be led to adore the great Creator of univerſal nature, and in mental aſpirations to own his power, admire his goodneſs, and expreſs his praiſe!

IF in this preſent mixed ſtate, all the ſucceſſive ſcenes of diſtreſs through which we are to paſs, were laid before us in one view, perpetual ſadneſs would overcaſt our life. — Hardly would any tranſient gleams of intervening joy be able to force their way through the cloud. Faint would be the reliſh of pleaſure, of which we foreſaw the cloſe: inſupportable the burden of afflictions, under which we were oppreſſed; by the load not only of preſent but of anticipated ſorrows. Friends would begin their union with lamenting the day which was to diſſolve it; and with weeping eye, the parent would every moment behold the child whom he knew that he was to loſe. In ſhort, as ſoon as that myſterious veil which now covers futurity was lifted up, all the gaiety of life would diſappear, its flattering hopes, its pleaſing illuſions would vaniſh, and nothing but its vanity and ſadneſs remain. The foreſight of the hour of death would interrupt the whole courſe of human affairs, and the overwhelming proſpect of the future, inſtead of exciting men to proper activity, would render them immoveable with conſternation and diſmay. How much more friendly to man is that mixture of knowledge and ignorance, which is allotted him in this ſtate! Ignorant of the events which are to befal us, and of the preciſe time which is to conclude our own life; by this ignorance our enjoyment of preſent objects is favoured, and knowing that death is certain, and that human affairs are full of change, by this knowledge our attachment to thoſe objects is moderated preciſely in the ſame manner, as by the mixture of evidence and obſcurity

which remains on the proſpect of a future ſtate, a proper balance is preſerved, betwixt our love of this life, and our deſire of a better.

THE CHACE.

PANTING, half dead the conquer'd champion lies,
Then ſudden all the brave ignoble crowd,
Loud-clam'ring, ſeize the helpleſs worried wretch,
And, thirſting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcaſe on th' enſanguin'd plain:
O breaſts of pity void! to oppreſs the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendleſs head,
And with one mutual cry inſult the fall'n!

WHATEVER be the motive of inſult, it is always beſt to overlook it; for folly ſcarcely can deſerve reſentment, and malice is puniſhed by neglect.

THE clouds are formed, wafted abroad, diſtilled gently in inſenſible dews, or poured forth in plentiful ſhowers.—Thus alſo fountains are formed, break forth into ſtreams, and are ſwelled into rivers, till at length they fall into the ocean again, and make a grateful return of benefits received. May this be an emblem of myſelf, and all around me! O thou uncreated Ocean of all being and bleſſedneſs, it is from thy overflowing fulneſs, that I receive all my ſupplies! I am protected, clothed, and fed from thy free and rich bounty: within thy all-circling arms I live and move: conſtantly art thou giving forth, and I am receiving. May I learn from the ſtream of every brook I paſs by, to turn my thoughts, to direct my motions, towards thee, and carry my tribute of homage thither, whence I derive my all! May I practiſe benevolence to all around me: let my waters refreſh the weary; ſupport the fainting; heal the wounded; and give a verdure and fruitfulneſs to the barren ſoul! Let me, like the flowing brook, take a tranſient gentle ſalute of the flowery banks as I paſs, but never, oh never let this ſoul, which thou haſt created for thyſelf, O Father of Spirits, think itſelf at reſt, till it finds itſelf in thy boſom!

IT

IT is to be lamented, that thoſe who are moſt capable of improving mankind, very frequently neglect to communicate their knowledge, either becauſe it is more pleaſing to gather ideas than to impart them, or becauſe to minds naturally great, few things appear of ſo much importance as to deſerve the notice of the publick.

A juſt ſenſe of another's excellence, is perhaps, the next merit to excellence itſelf; for, he who has the wiſdom to admire, may ſoon attain the virtue to imitate.

OTHER things may be ſeized by might, or purchaſed with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by ſtudy, and ſtudy to be proſecuted only in retirement.

WHAT heart can deſpond, what heart can fail to rejoice, when it hears the animated declaration, "Be thou "faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!" I will give thee perfect felicity, which ſhall never be interrupted. I will give thee an eternity of ſubſtantial delights, adequate to thy nature, and ſufficient to fill up all the deſires of thy ſoul.

WHY do we aim with eager ſtrife
At things beyond the mark of life;
Creatures, alas! whoſe boaſted pow'r,
Is but the bleſſing of an hour?
For neither wealth, nor pow'r controul
The vexing tumults of the ſoul,
Or force ſad cares to ſtand aloof;
They'll hover round the richeſt roof.

MOST happy he, that ſhuns the ſervile train
Of mean inglorious life, pomp, pleaſure, eaſe,
That lends an ear familiar to the poor;
Nor ſcornful frowns the brow, on humble worth,
And cheers diſtreſs; but looks contemptuous down
On titles, merit ſeldom wears,—and loves
To act the plain good man.

GRANT

GRANT me oh heav'n! (I ask not wealth)
Grant me but innocence and health!
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

IF misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill fortune, it ought to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted; because it is, perhaps, itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced.

DID those whom heaven has blessed with affluence, but visit the secret recesses of poverty, those dreary abodes of sorrow, where infantile weakness, and the decrepitude of age, languish under the pressure of affliction, without a friend to help, or an eye to pity, how painful would be their feelings till they had rendered them joyful by diffusing comfort to the wretched. Did they but behold a numerous family of little innocents, surrounding the knees of an afflicted mother, and crying for bread, how strong would be their sympathy! Did they but behold the mother pale, and emaciated with want, expressive anguish painted on her countenance, while endeavouring to silence her children's clamours with the bare sustenance of words, what tender emotions it would raise in their breasts!

THAT frequent intercourses which the Supreme Being constitute the utmost happiness of man, is a proposition, which stands in no need of proof from philosophical inquiries, refined argumentations, and laboured inferences. A very restricted understanding can comprehend this important truth. An arrant peasant, without previous information, is fully aware of the vast emoluments, which accrue from an intimacy with an earthly monarch: what then must be those exalted privileges, which redound from the favour and friendship of the Almighty Sovereign of the universe!

CONSCIENCE acts in the breast of men as an able physician, an experienced tutor, and a faithful friend; what can we do better then, but daily listen to and observe its admonitions.

FLOWERS.

Flowers.

LET Sages, with ſuperfluous pains,
The learned page devour;
While Florio better knowledge drains
From each inſtructive flow'r.

His fav'rite Roſe his fear alarms,
All op'ning to the ſun;
Like vain coquettes, who ſpread their charms,
And ſhine to be undone.

The Tulip, gaudy in its dreſs,
And made for nought but ſhow;
In every ſenſe, may well expreſs,
The glittering, empty beau!

The Snow-drop firſt but peeps to light,
And fearful ſhews its head;
Thus modeſt merit ſhines more bright,
By ſelf-diſtruſt miſled.

Th' Auric'la, which thro' labour roſe,
Yet ſhines complete by art,
The ſource of education ſhews,
How much it can impart.

He marks the Senſitive's nice fit;
Nor fears he to proclaim,
If each man's darling vice were hit,
That he would act the ſame.

Beneath each common hedge, he views
The Violet, with care;
Hinting we ſhould not worth refuſe,
Altho' we find it there.

The Tuberoſe that lofty ſprings,
Nor can ſupport its height,
Well repreſents imperious kings;
Grown impotent by might.

Fragrant,

Fragrant, tho' pale, the Lily blows,
To teach the female breaſt,
How virtue can its ſweets diſcloſe
In all complexions dreſt.

To every bloom that crowns the year,
Nature ſome charm decrees;
Learn hence, ye Nymphs, her face to wear,
Ye cannot fail to pleaſe.

EVERY flower contains in it the moſt edifying rhetoric, to fill us with admiration of its omnipotent Creator.

A DUTCH Ambaſſador, at a certain Court, receiving at his departure the portrait of the king, enriched with diamonds, aſked what this fine thing might be worth: Being told that it might amount to about two thouſand pounds. "And why," cries he, "cannot his Majeſty keep the picture, and give me the money?"—This ſimplicity may be ridiculed at firſt; but when we come to examine it more cloſely, men of ſenſe will at once confeſs, that he had reaſon in what he ſaid, and that a purſe of two thouſand guineas is much more ſerviceable than a picture.

VIRTUE is the only path to true glory, and however innocence may for a time be depreſſed, a ſteady perſeverance will lead it to a certain victory.

A CHINESE Emperor, who lived in the laſt century, upon an occaſion of extraordinary joy, forbad his ſubjects to make the uſual illuminations, either with a deſign of ſparing their ſubſtance, or of turning them to ſome more durable indication of joy, more glorious for him, and more advantageous to his people.

THE natural diſcontent of inferiority will ſeldom fail to operate, in ſome degree of malice, againſt him who profeſſes to ſuperintend the conduct of others; eſpecially if he ſeats himſelf uncalled in the chair of judicature, and exerciſes authority by his own commiſſion.

INDUSTRY

INDUSTRY is the road to wealth, and virtue to happineſs.

COMPLETE ſubſtantial happineſs is not the produce of a terreſtrial ſoul. While we tread the paths of human life, and are encompaſſed with human frailties, the avenues through which happineſs beams on the ſoul, will not in a ſufficient degree ſatisfy or fill up our intellectual capacities, but ſtill ſuch a portion of it is within our reach as will render this ſtate of exiſtence eaſy and tranquil. The Sovereign Lord and Governor of univerſal nature has wiſely ordained, that, amidſt the higheſt gratifications we can enjoy in this world, ſome alloy ſhould be experienced. By theſe means the mind is led to aſpire after the attainment of that more perfect bliſs, which, in the wiſe determinations of his counſel, we were formed to enjoy, when time and its deceptive ſcenes ſhall terminate for ever.

LIPSIUS was a great admirer of the ſtoical philoſophy. On his death-bed, his friends told him, "they need not "offer any arguments to him, whoſe philoſophy was ſuf- "ficient to ſupport him, and teach him patience." Ah, ſaid the dying man, lifting up his eyes, "Dear Lord Jeſus "Chriſt, give me the Chriſtian patience!"

AS Benevolence is the moſt ſociable of all virtues, ſo is it of the largeſt extent; for there is not any man, either ſo great or ſo little, but he is yet capable of giving or receiving benefits.

LET us always uſe God's bleſſings, as bounties, with moderation and temperance, and remember the poor; for God has given to ſome, too little for their convenience, and to others, more than they need, that neither ſide may want an occaſion for exerciſing their virtue. He beſtows upon us for the relief of our brethren, that we may obtain his mercy. And on the other hand, the poor when they are refreſhed by our liberality, give God thanks for putting it into our hearts, and recommend us to him in their prayers.

A SKETCH

A Sketch of Winter.

—THEN doubling clouds the wintry ſkies deform,
And wrapt in vapour, comes the warring ſtorm,
With ſnows ſurcharg'd from tops of mountains ſails;
Loads leafleſs trees, and fills the whiten'd vales:
Then deſolation ſtrips the faded plains;
Then tyrant Death o'er vegetation reigns;
The birds of heav'n to other climes repair,
And deep'ning glooms invade the turbid air:
Nor then, unjoyous, winter's rigours come,
But find them happy and content with home;
Their gran'ries fill'd; the taſk of culture paſt.
Warm at their fire, they feel the howling blaſt,
With patt'ring rain and ſnow, or driving fleet,
Rave idly loud, and at their window beat;
Safe from its rage, regardleſs of its roar,
In vain the tempeſt rattles at the door.
The tame brutes ſhelter'd, and the feather'd brood,
From them more provident demand their food:
'Tis then the time from hoarding cribs to feed
The ox laborious, and the noble ſteed;
'Tis then the time to tend the bleating fold,
To ſtrew with litter and to fence from cold.
The cattle fed—the fuel pil'd within,
At ſetting day the bliſsful hours begin:
'Tis then, ſole owner of his little cot,
The farmer feels his independent lot,
Hears with the crackling blaze that lights the wall
The voice of gladneſs and of nature call,
Beholds his children play, their mother ſmile,
And taſtes with them the fruits of ſummer's toil.

THE impertinent and the captious are, perhaps, more offenſive at the time they are not impertinent or captious, than when they are. The falling of Damocles's ſword on one's head might give leſs pain, than to ſit under it in continual fear of its falling.

LET no one be weary of rendering good offices; for by obliging others we are really kind to ourſelves.

IT

IT is the duty of every individual to be a friend to mankind, as it is his intereſt, that men ſhould be friendly to him.

A KIND benefactor makes a man happy as ſoon as he can, and as much as he can. There ſhould be no delay in a benefit, but the modeſty of the receiver.

NO man ever was a loſer by good works; for, though he may not be immediately rewarded, yet, in proceſs of time, ſome happy emergency or other occurs to convince him, that virtuous men are the darlings of Providence.

NUMA POMPILIUS thought the company of good men ſo real a pleaſure, that he eſteemed it preferable to a diadem: and, when the Roman Ambaſſadors ſolicited him to accept of the government, he frankly declared, among other reaſons for declining it, "that the converſation of "men who aſſemble together to worſhip God, and to "maintain an amicable charity, was his buſineſs and "delight."

PLUTARCH adviſes to moderate and correct all baſe, unworthy, and hurtful paſſions; that in all our converſation we may be open-hearted; and that we may not ſeek to over-reach or deceive others in any of our dealings.

THERE is no true felicity but in a clear and open conſcience; and thoſe are the happy converſations, where only ſuch things are ſpoken and heard, as we can reflect upon afterwards with ſatisfaction, free from any mixture of ſhame or repentance.

COVETOUSNESS is an eager deſire of getting and keeping the goods of this life in a manner that is contrary to the command of God, and inconſiſtent with the welfare of men. It conſiſts in an habitual tendency or luſt of the ſoul, whereby it is carried out and inclined towards the enjoyment of worldly riches, as its higheſt end and chiefeſt good.

On the Birth of an Infant.

Welcome little helpleſs ſtranger,
Welcome to the light of day;
Smile upon thy happy mother,
Smile and chaſe her pains away.

Lift thy eyes and look around thee.
Various objects court thy ſight;
Nature ſpreads her verdant carpet,
Earth was made for thy delight,

Welcome to a mother's boſom,
Welcome to a father's arms;
Heir to all thy father's virtues,
Heir to all thy mother's charms.

Joy thou bring'ſt but mixt with trembling;
Anxious joys and tender fears,
Pleaſing hopes and mingled ſorrows,
Smiles of tranſport daſh'd with tears.

Who can ſay what lies before thee,
Calm or tempeſt, peace or ſtrife;
With what various turns and trials
Heaven may mark thy chequer'd life.

Who can tell what eager paſſions
In this little breaſt ſhall beat,
When ambition, love, or glory
Shall invade this peaceful ſeat.

Who can tell how wide the branches
Of this tender plant may ſpread?
While beneath this ample ſhadow
Swains may reſt and flocks be fed.

Angels guard thee lovely bloſſom,
Hover round and ſhield from ill;
Crown thy parents largeſt wiſhes
And their fondeſt hopes fulfill.

A SUDDEN

A SUDDEN death is the object of univerſal dread.—And certainly, nothing can be a more affecting ſpectacle, than to behold gay unthinking creatures, removed in a moment, from the tumultuous hurries of the world, and the defiling pleaſures of ſin, to the enlightened tribunal of God; where they muſt receive an irrevocable ſentence, according to the deeds done in the body.

THOUGH the king of terrors hourly extends his conqueſts over all ſorts and conditions of men, who are all made of the ſame mould, and muſt all crumble into the ſame duſt; though, this day, one friend mournfully follows another to his long home; and, when a few glaſſes more are run, others attend him to the like melancholy manſions of the dead; though we frequently ſee ſome leaving this world in their full ſtrength and vigour, wholly at eaſe and quiet, and though we often ſee thoſe go firſt to the grave that came laſt into the world; yet notwithſtanding the many and conſtant ſummonſes to think ſeriouſly of this great change, with what unaccountable folly do the generality of mankind, cheat themſelves out of an eternity of bliſs, by their ſupine neglect of a timely preparation for their laſt hour. Death creeps upon them under ſuch circumſtances, how importunately do they then apply to heaven in words like thoſe of the diſtreſſed Pſalmiſt: "O ſpare me a little that "I may recover myſelf before I go hence, and am no more "ſeen!" But ſuch late wiſhes are in vain: nothing can keep off the deadly ſtroke.

THUS fond man himſelf deluding,
Building fancy'd joys on high:
Lo, ſome ſudden cares intruding,
All his airy proſpects die.

Lighter than a water bubble
Are the tranſports earth can give,
Mixt with ſorrow, pain and trouble:
To be virtuous is to live.

The Progress of Life.

HOW gaily is at firſt begun
Our life's uncertain race,
Whilſt the ſprightly morning ſun,
With which we firſt ſet out to run
Enlightens all the place.

How ſmiling the world's proſpect lies
How tempting to look thro'?
Parnaſſus to the Poet's eyes,
Nor beauty with a ſweet ſurprize,
Does more inviting ſhew.

How promiſing the Book of Fate,
'Till throughly underſtood;
Whilſt partial hopes ſuch lots create
That does the youthful fancy cheat
With all that's great and good.

How ſoft the firſt ideas move
That wander in our mind;
How full the joy, how fair the love,
Which does that early ſeaſon move
Like flow'rs the weſtern wind.

Our ſighs are then but vernal air,
But April drops our tears,
Which ſwiftly paſſing, all grows fair,
Whilſt beauty compenſates our care,
And youth each vapour clears.

But oh! too ſoon, alas! we climb,
Scarce feeling we aſcend
The gentle riſing hill of time
From whence with grief we ſee that prime
And all its ſweetneſs end.

The die once caſt, our fortune known,
Fond expectation paſt;
The thorns which former years have ſown
To crops of late repentance grown,
Thro' which we toil at laſt.

Then ev'ry care's a driving harm,
That helps to bear us down,
Which fading ſmiles no more can charm;
But ev'ry tear's a winter ſtorm,
And ev'ry look a frown.

Till with ſucceeding ills oppreſt,
For joys we hope to find,
By age ſo rumpled and undreſt,
We gladly lay us down to reſt.
Nor caſt a look behind.

IN ſome caſes it requires more courage to live than to die. He that is not prepared for death, ſhall be perpetually troubled, as well with vain apprehenſions as with real dangers; but the important point is, to ſecure a well-grounded hope of a bleſſed immortality.

LET us all ſo order our converſation in the world, that we may live, when we are dead, in the affections of the beſt, and leave an honourable teſtimony in the conſciences of the worſt. Let us oppreſs none; do good to all; that we may ſay when we die, as good Ambroſe did, "I am "neither aſhamed to live, nor afraid to die!"

DRUNKENNESS being nothing but a voluntary madneſs, it emboldens men to undertake all ſorts of miſchief. It both irritates wickedneſs, and diſcovers it; it does not only make men vicious, but ſhews them to be ſo; and the end of it is either ſhame or repentance.

IF you would not be thought a fool in other's conceit, be not wiſe in your own; he that truſts to his own wiſdom, proclaims his own folly.

TERTULLIAN ſaith of the primitive Chriſtians, "They ſat not down before they prayed; they eat no more "than might ſuffice hunger; they drank no more than what "was ſufficient for temperate men; they did ſo eat and "drink, as thoſe that remembered they muſt pray after-"wards."

WOULD you contract a friendſhip that ſhould laſt a long time, be a long time in contracting it.

—— ILL ſuits it man unerring heav'n to guide!
'Tis mine content its bounty to receive,
Than I to aſk, it better knows to give.
Nor have I wiſh to name, but this alone,
Ever our bleſt Creator's will be done!

On the PLENTIFUL HARVEST.

PROPITIOUS day! we hail thy grateful light
Heav'n-born, before th' Almighty's high command
Confin'd the ocean wave: and now, bright orb
Extend thy cheerful beam with radiance mild,
While Nature's boon brings forth her choiceſt ſtores,
Long-wiſh'd-for joy.—Now ſhines the teeming ſoil
With golden plenty deck'd, and gaily ſmiles.
The fruitful hill, and rich extended vale,
Gladden the farmer's heart, erſt fill'd with care,
Leſt the keen froſt, or fatal eaſtern wind,
Deſtroy the tender blade, and daſh his hopes.
Joyous he views the full-ripe waving ear,
Luxuriant, bending to the crooked ſteel;
Nor longer deems his honeſt labour vain:
Grateful begins his hard, but pleaſing toil.
Nor will we ceaſe to praiſe the bounteous hand
Which largely gives, preventing all our wants,
And more than crowns our hopes. Let morn and eve
Be ſacred to our ſong, juſt tribute due!
Ye woods, and vocal hills, reſound the lay
Melodious; attend ye liſt'ning vales,
Breathe ſoft ye winds, and ſwell the chorus wide.

AVARICE

AVARICE aſpires after the poſſeſſion of all the earth and heaven too; but is not he who made heaven and earth, of more value than both put together?

IN ſuch a world, ſo thorny, and where none
Finds happineſs unblighted, or, if found,
Without ſome thiſtly ſorrow at its ſide;
It ſeems the part of wiſdom, and no ſin
Againſt the law of love, to meaſure lots
With leſs diſtinguiſh'd than ourſelves: that thus,
We may with patience, bear our mod'rate ills,
And ſympathize with others, ſuffering more.

FAITH is the fruitful parent of all other graces, and can never be too carefully cultivated and improved. 'Tis the ſource of pleaſure, the lamp of wiſdom, and ſoul of virtue! 'tis that myſterious ladder by which the ſoul aſcends to heaven, and heaven deſcends to it, by which a joyful correſpondence is continually held between it and its Creator. Faith is that celeſtial flame that puriſies the ſoul from droſs and pollution; and opens in it a new and glorious ſcene, gilded with the ineffable brightneſs of the Deity, adorned with the inconceivable delights of a bliſsful eternity, and enriched with raviſhing hopes, pure deſires, love divine, and joy unutterable.

THOU Good Supreme! the joy of worlds above,
Whoſe yoke is freedom! and whoſe laws are love!
Oh! keep my country from oppreſſion free,
And when chaſtis'd, may it be done by thee!
Yet ſpare, O! ſpare the rod our crimes demand,
And bid repentance ſave a ſinful land.
No captive's ſigh be heard throughout our ſtreet,
But peace and joy in bleſt embraces meet;
And with theſe bleſſings, yet one more be giv'n,
One more exalted,—Gratitude to heav'n.

THOSE actions and diſpoſitions, which are kind, generous, and beneficent, and do evidently tend to the general good, will always appear amiable, and win our love

and

and eſteem, even though we receive no advantage from them; but if they are beneficial to us, they excite a farther affection, called gratitude.

IT is ſaid of the pious Archbiſhop of Cambray, that "he ſaw the faults of his friends, and bore them with great mildneſs and ſweetneſs of temper. He waited the proper moment of ſpeaking, laid hold of it when it came; and knew how to ſeaſon his advice in ſuch a manner, that the moſt unpleaſing truths from him would give no offence."—It is often, ſaid he, our own imperfection which makes us reprove the imperfections of others, a ſharp-ſighted ſelf-love of our own, which cannot pardon the ſelf love of others. The paſſions of other men ſeem inſupportable to him who is governed by his own. Divine Charity makes great allowances for the weakneſſes of others, bears with them, and treats them with gentleneſs and condeſcenſion. It is never over haſty in its proceeding. The leſs we have of ſelf-love, the more eaſily we accommodate ourſelves to the imperfections of others, in order to cure them patiently, when the right ſeaſon arrives for it. Imperfect virtue is apt to be ſour, ſevere, and implacable. Perfect virtue is meek, affable, and compaſſionate. It thinks of nothing but doing good, bearing others burdens. It is this principle of diſintereſtedneſs with regard to ourſelves, and of compaſſion for others, which is the true bond of ſociety.—To one of his friends he wrote as follows: I requeſt you not to ſpare me in telling my faults. Though you ſhould think you diſcover a fault in me, which perhaps I have not, the misfortune will not be great. If your intimations offend me, I ſhall ſee thereby that you have reached the quick. Thus you will do me a great kindneſs, by inuring me to reproof, and to a Chriſtian lowlineſs of ſpirit. The higher I am raiſed in rank, the more I ought to be humbled. I have need of this ſimplicity; and, I hope that, far from weakening our union, it will be a means to ſtrengthen it.

Towards the year 1709 a young Prince viſited and ſpent ſome time with him at his palace, and, in divers converſations they had together, liſtened to him with great veneration and docility. The Archbiſhop recommended to him eſpecially,

eſpecially, never to compel his ſubjects to change their religion. "Liberty of thought, (ſaid he to him) is an impregnable fortreſs, which no human power can force. Violence can never convince, it only makes hypocrites. When kings take upon them to direct in matters of religion, inſtead of protecting it, they bring it into bondage. You ought therefore to grant to all a legal toleration, not as approving every thing indifferently, but ſuffering with patience what God ſuffers, and endeavouring to reſtore ſuch as are miſled, by ſoft and gentle perſuaſion."

O HAPPY ſouls, who, free from vice,
Poſſeſs the pearl of greateſt price;
Who ſtill each worthieſt aim purſue,
And ſtubborn ills with good ſubdue!

HAPPY it is for thoſe who from their tender years, while the inclination was yet flexible and yielding, have been trained up in the uſe of ſelf-denial, and frequently obliged to endure what they were averſe to, and to forego what was the object of their deſire, to refrain from unlawful pleaſure, and to undergo ſome labour and hardſhip; for this will ever after contribute very much to the health and ſtrength both of their bodies and minds: and they who have effectually acquired this habit, will not be hurried away by their unruly paſſions, but having the reins in their own hands, will find no difficulty to ſtop in their full career, and divert their motions into another courſe, as virtue and reaſon ſhall direct.

PRESENT evil will, by fretfulneſs and impatience, be rendered more grievous than is neceſſary; but by looking forward, hope will chear us with a pleaſing proſpect of relief; or if it is an evil which cannot be avoided, the conſideration of the common appointments of life, and how neceſſary it is that all men ſhall receive evil as well as good, will help us to bear it with patience and contentment.

THE wretched and miſerable do, before all others, claim our notice and regard: and the firſt, as well as the moſt pleaſing

pleaſing office of charity, is to ſuccour the diſtreſſed, to comfort the afflicted, and to ſupply the wants of the indigent: and, in one word, ſo far as we are able, to alleviate the ſorrows of all who are oppreſſed with trouble and misfortune of any kind.

I ENVY none their pageantry and ſhew,
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me indulgent Heav'n, with mind ſerene
A guiltleſs heart, to range the ſylvan ſcene,
Where rural objects uſeful thoughts ſuggeſt,
The ſoul is raviſh'd, and the ſenſes bleſt.
In every buſh ſome pleaſing leſſon grows,
In every brook ſome ſoft inſtruction flows.

VIRTUE alone can give true joy;
The ſweets of virtue never cloy.
May I delight in doing good,
In juſtice, truth, and gratitude.
In aiding thoſe whom cares oppreſs,
And giving comfort to diſtreſs.

O MAN, greatly beloved by thy Creator! the darling of Providence! thou art diſtinguiſhed by his goodneſs; diſtinguiſh thyſelf alſo by thy gratitude. Be it thy one undivided aim, to glorify him, who has done ſo much to gratify thee. While all the inferior creatures, in ſilent eloquence, declare the glory of God, do thou lend them thy tongue. Be thou the high-prieſt of the mute creation: let their praiſes become vocal in thy ſongs. Adore the Supreme Benefactor, for the bleſſings he ſhowers down upon every order of beings: adore him for numberleſs mercies, which are appropriated to thyſelf: but, above all, adore him, for that noble gift of a rational and immortal ſoul.

THINK upon the vanity and ſhortneſs of human life, and let death and eternity be often in your minds; for theſe thoughts will ſtrengthen and exalt your minds, make you wiſe and judicious, and truly ſenſible of the littleneſs of all human things.

O! LET

O! LET the Chriſtian bleſs that glorious day,
When outward forms ſhall all be done away;
When we in ſpirit, and in truth alone,
Shall bend, O God! before thy awful throne,
And thou our purer worſhip ſhalt approve,
By ſweet returns of everlaſting love.

TO be humble in all our actions, to avoid every appearance of pride and vanity, to be meek and lowly in our words, actions, dreſs, behaviour, and deſigns, in imitation of our bleſſed Saviour, is worſhipping God in a higher manner, than they who have only ſet times to fall low on their knees in devotions. He that contents himſelf with neceſſaries, that he may give the remainder to thoſe that want it; that dares not to ſpend any money fooliſhly, becauſe he conſiders it as a talent from God, which muſt be uſed according to his will, praiſes God with ſomething that is more glorious than ſongs of praiſe.

PRACTISE humility, and reject every thing in dreſs, or carriage, or converſation, that has any appearance of pride.

HUMILITY is ſo amiable a quality, that it forces our eſteem wherever we meet with it. There is hardly a poſſibility of deſpiſing the meaneſt perſon that has it, or of eſteeming the greateſt man that wants it.

LET every day be a day of humility; condeſcend to the weakneſſes and infirmities of your fellow-creatures, love their excellencies, encourage their virtues, relieve their wants, rejoice in their proſperities, compaſſionate their diſtreſs, receive their friendſhip, overlook their wickedneſs, forgive their malice, be a ſervant of ſervants, and condeſcend to do the loweſt offices.

AS God has created all things for the common good of all men, ſo let that part of them which is fallen to your ſhare, be employed as he would have all employed, for the common good of all.

THE

THE greateſt ſinners receive daily inſtances of God's goodneſs towards them; he nouriſhes and preſerves them, that they may repent, and return to him. Do you therefore imitate God, and think no one too bad to receive your relief and kindneſs, when you ſee that he wants it.

AT thirty, man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to reſolve:
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves; and re-reſolves: then dies the ſame.

On Sympathy.

LET ſtoics boaſt the cold relentleſs heart,
This boſom knows in grief to ſympathiſe;
Nor would I with the ſoft ſenſation part,
For pleaſing paſſions with the painful riſe.
Benevolence, ſoft gentle pity, knows
The wiſh to comfort tho' the wiſh be vain,
Her tender heart ſtill melts at others woes,
Nor centers in itſelf its bliſs or pain.
Her I would ever cheriſh in my breaſt,
For her's afe moral virtues, are divine,
Her laws are Nature's, God's, and therefore beſt;
His precepts make my neighbours int'reſt mine.
When friendſhip adds her ſoft engaging ties,
What duty bids, is choice, is pleaſure here;
By ſympathy our joys increaſing riſe
And grief is ſoftened by the mingling tear.
Not ſtoic fortitude ſhould e'er controul
Its force, in grief or joy when friendſhip flows;
Religion only ſhould command the ſoul,
And bound alike our pleaſures and our woes.

LET us all endeavour ſo to live now, as we ſhall wiſh we had done when we come to lie upon our death-beds; or as we ſhall then reſolve to live, in caſe God ſhould continue our lives to us. Let us peruſe thoſe things now, which

which we ſhall be able to think of and reflect upon with pleaſure when we come to die, and forſake all thoſe things, the remembrance of which at that time will be bitter to us. Let us now, whilſt we are well and in health, cheriſh the ſame thoughts and apprehenſions of things, that we ſhall have when we are ſick and dying: let us now deſpiſe this world as much, and think as ill of ſin, as ſeriouſly of God and eternity, as we ſhall then do. For this is the great commendation of the righteous man, that every one deſires to die his death, that at laſt, all men are of his mind and perſuaſion, and would chooſe his condition, "Let me "die the death of the righteous, and let my laſt end be "like his."

SINCERITY ſignifies a ſimplicity of mind and manners in our converſation and carriage one towards another, ſingleneſs of heart, diſcovering itſelf in a conſtant plainneſs, and honeſt openneſs of behaviour, free from all inſidious devices, and little tricks, and fetches of craft and cunning; from all falſe appearances, and deceitful diſguiſes of ourſelves in word or action; or yet more plainly, it is to ſpeak as we think, and do what we pretend and profeſs, to perform and make good what we promiſe, and, in a word, really to be, what we would ſeem and appear to be.

AN heart that rightly computes the difference between temporals and eternals, may reſolve with the Prophet, "Although the fig-tree ſhall not bloſſom, neither ſhall fruit "be in the vine, the labour of the olives ſhall fail, and "the fields ſhall yield no meat; the flocks ſhall be cut off "from the fold, and there ſhall be no herds in the ſtall, yet "I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my "ſalvation."

FRUGALITY is good, if liberality is joined with it. The firſt is leaving off ſuperfluous expences; the laſt beſtowing them to the benefit of others that need. The firſt without the laſt begins covetouſneſs; the laſt without the firſt begins prodigality: both together make an excellent temper.

The HAPPY MAN.

HOW bleſt the man who free from care and ſtrife,
Leads not with lux'ry, but content, his life;
Who walks with health, where temp'rance points the way,
And joins with gratitude to praiſe or pray;
From pleaſure's cup with juſt diſdain who turns,
Nor yet for honour's glitt'ring pageant burns;
Who looks with pity where pale av'rice pines
O'er gems, and gold yet rip'ning in the mines.
To fretful paſſion leaves each childiſh toy,
And aims, with glorious zeal, at reaſon's joy:
Who marks the wonders of creating pow'r,
From heav'n's bright orb, to earth's uncultur'd flow'r;
Sees nature, taught of God, diſpenſe her laws,
And traces all things upward to their cauſe;
To moral ſcience, higher ſtill would riſe,
And aſks of ſacred wiſdom, to be wiſe;
Yet ſtops where awful myſtery draws the veil,
And truſts, where angels muſt of knowledge fail:
Whoſe eyes turn'd inward, his own heart explore,
Try all its depths, and trace it o'er and o'er,
Who bounds the wand'ring wiſh, the tow'ring thought,
And toils to practiſe all that Jeſus taught.

He, cloth'd in heav'nly arms, ſhall ſtill prevail
When ſin and ſatan, and the world aſſail.
No fabled Ægis, faith's immortal ſhield
He lifts, and knows the Spirit's ſword to wield;
Salvation's helmet ſhall his brows defend,
And the fierce fight in more than conqueſt end.
In heav'n's high tow'rs his triumph is decreed,
And peace eternal is the hero's meed.
How bleſt the mortal, who but falls to riſe,
Who fights on earth, to triumph in the ſkies!

AN exalted ſtation always brings with it a weight of cares, and he is happier who, in the humble vale of life, purſues his way in the paths of reaſon and of virtue, than he who ſhares the favours of a Prince, or the applauſes of a giddy multitude.

TO

TO aſpire after things beyond your reach, is to expect more than you are entitled to, or than reaſon can deſire. Remember the declaration of the apoſtolic writer: "They "who will be rich, fall into temptation and a ſnare, and "pierce themſelves through with many ſorrows." Obſervation and reflection will eaſily point out the impropriety and folly of thoſe who, on their firſt ſetting out in life, launch into dangerous and unwarrantable ſchemes.

HASTEN to reform yourſelf, that you may labour with ſucceſs in the reformation of others.

VERY few tempers have wiſdom and firmneſs enough to be proof againſt flattery; it requires great conſideration, and a reſolute modeſty and humility, to reſiſt the inſinuations of this ſerpent.

IN your ordinary calling, ſee that you undertake nothing but what is lawful in its end; and endeavour to accompliſh nothing by any but by lawful means, that you may have always the comfort of a conſcience void of offence. Nay, you ſhould even do more; you ſhould endeavour to act ſo ſingle and ſincere a part, as to be beyond the imputation of a fraud, that all who know you may put the moſt unbounded confidence in your integrity.

There are many other calumnies which we may naturally expect from the malicious, and it ought to trouble us very little to hear them; but it muſt be extremely diſtreſſing to a good man to be but ſuſpected of diſhoneſty. "What "would it profit a man, if by the ſecret and dark myſteries "of trade he gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul? "Would the heaps of his diſhoneſt wealth adminiſter con"ſolation in a dying hour? Would theſe alleviate his "horrors in the views of a certain and ſwiftly approaching "diſſolution?—No!—

"Now plung'd in ſorrow, and beſieg'd with pain,
"He finds too late all earthly riches vain.
"Diſeaſe makes fruitleſs every ſordid fee,
"And Death ſtill anſwers—What is gold to me?"

WERE we to receive a charitable donation at the hand of ſome humane earthly friend, we ſhould be ready to make every acknowledgment in our power; we ſhould feel ſome pain in recollecting but one opportunity where we might have ſhewn our thankfulneſs and gratitude, but which was then neglected or forgotten: and if we pretend to be ſenſible of our obligations to that friend who ſticketh cloſer than a brother, who giveth all things liberally without upbraiding, by what ſhall we demonſtrate the ſincerity of our pretenſions, if not by yielding that obedience we acknowledge to be due, and which the preſent ſtate of our exiſtence renders both our privilege and our duty.

THAT to be great is to be happy, is one of thoſe errors which have almoſt at all ages prevailed among the generality of mankind. But that to be good is to be happy, is a ſecret reſerved for the wiſe and virtuous few, who are the grace and ornament of themſelves, their friends, and their country.

SUCH is the ſtate of human life, that even miſery itſelf ſeems a neceſſary ingredient to our happineſs, ſince many of our pleaſures are only alleviations of pain; and even thoſe which are the moſt real and natural, are very much enhanced and recommended by ſome antecedent uneaſineſs: inſomuch that if all pain could be taken away, the pleaſures remaining would be but few, and thoſe too ſo very dull and inſipid as to afford but ſmall enjoyment: and we ſhould then be reduced to a ſtate of perfect indolence and inactivity.

EVERY benevolent and generous ſpirit, who ſincerely delights in the good of others, will not fail to improve all opportunities to promote the happineſs of all who come within his influence. There are none ſo completely proſperous, ſo perfectly free from all trouble and diſturbance as to ſtand in no need of the good offices of their fellow-creatures; but there are numberleſs occaſions wherein without being injurious to ourſelves, we may do another a pleaſure, and contribute greatly to his ſatisfaction.

To Silence.

SILENCE, thou gentle nurſe of thought,
And friend to wiſdom's rules;
Fair ſcience oft thy aid has ſought,
When tir'd with noiſy ſchools.

With thee, when vain amuſements tire,
We languiſh to be bleſt;
'Tis thine to ſooth, compoſe, inſpire,
And give for tumult, reſt.

The ſprightly ſong, the jocund tale,
The dance, the glitt'ring crowd,
While laughter, jeſt, and ſport prevail,
Are wild, confus'd, and loud.

Thy ſober pauſe of calm delight,
Reproves the madly gay;
So, grateful interpoſing night
Succeeds the buſy day.

Thy ſolemn influence when we ſhare,
Indulgent, ſoft, and kind;
Reflection comes with ſerious air,
And whiſpers to the mind:

A maxim whiſpers, oh how true!
That 'tis my chief concern,
My thoughts in ſilence to review,
And only hear and learn.

TAKE heed of ſpeaking when thou art angry: anger takes off the bridle from the tongue, and ſets up paſſion to guide it, which uſeth not a bridle but a ſpur. As the philoſopher ſaid, "I would beat thee, if I were not angry." So ſay thou, "I would chide thee, if I were not angry." Paſſion knows not how to give correction, inſtruction, or reproof.

IT is not ſufficient to aſk advice; but we muſt follow it, and willingly ſubmit our own judgment to that of others.

REMEMBER, oh! young man, thy Creator in the days of thy youth, and do not make proviſion for ſhame and ſorrow in thy elder years: think not that God will be put off with the dregs and refuſe of thy days. Keep innocency whilſt young, and it will yield thee unſpeakable comfort all thy life long; and thou wilt lay up a good foundation alſo againſt the time to come. Behold, life and death are ſet before thee; if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments, and early employ thyſelf in ſo doing.

Ode to Creation.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpreads the truth from pole to pole.

What, tho' in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What, tho' nor real voice nor ſound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In Reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that form'd us is divine!"

AMONG

AMONG thoſe that are of a weak and baſe diſpoſition, merit begetteth envy; but among men of a truly generous ſpirit, it raiſeth a noble emulation.

BEWARE of the man that hath no regard to his own reputation; for it is not likely he ſhould have any regard for yours.

BEWARE of envy; for to grudge any man the advantages he may have, either in perſon or fortune, is to cenſure the liberality of Providence, and be angry at the goodneſs of God.

NEVER anticipate your own misfortune, for that is to aggravate it: the meer apprehenſion of being unhappy, may often more diſquiet us than the unhappineſs itſelf.

A CONTENTED mind enjoyeth more than all the treaſures of both Indies; and he that is maſter of himſelf, in an innocent homely retreat, enjoyeth all the wealth and curioſities of the univerſe.

CHILDREN ſhould be ſure to make a conſcience of loving and honouring their parents; and remember that the command that enjoins it, is the firſt commandment with promiſe, and that a grievous curſe is annexed to the violaters of it: "The eye that mocketh his father, and "deſpiſeth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley ſhall "pick it out, and the young eagles ſhall eat it."

THICK in yon ſtream of light, a thouſand ways
Upward and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations ſport, till tempeſt wing'd
Fierce winter ſweeps them from the face of day.
Even ſo luxurious men, unheeding, paſs
An idle ſummer's life in fortune's ſhine—
A ſeaſon's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
'Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the book of life.

CAN

CAN it be the part of a rational creature to make diverſion its capital concern? She, in whom thoſe deſires are predominant, is unfitted for the character of a mother, wife, or friend, or even of a member of ſociety: as in the whirl of diſſipation ſhe is forgetful of herſelf, and of courſe neglects what would make her uſeful to others, and promote her own happineſs.

THE Princeſſes, in all the courts of Germany, ſit cloſely to work with their women about them, and do not think domeſtic affairs below their concern; but they would bluſh to be found idle. Far from taking it into their heads, that the ſcandalous privilege of doing nothing belongs to women, they demand and exerciſe their rights: they account the love of employment a virtue,—a virtue which ſupports the reſt, and does honour to their ſex, even on a throne.

"LIFE, ſays Seneca, is a voyage, in the progreſs of "which, we are pepetually changing our ſcenes: we firſt "leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years "of ripened manhood, then the better, and more pleaſing "part of old age."

WE muſt uſe the ſacred name of God with all humble reverence, not prophaning it by uſing it in idle, impertinent talk, or in common diſcourſe.

WE ſhould frequently repreſent to children with reſpect to the benefits of God, that all comes from him, our ſoul, our body, our life, our parents, our friends, the earth which we walk upon, the air which we breathe in, the ſun which enlightens us, the food which nouriſheth us, the cloaths which cover us, the fire which warms us. We ought to endeavour to awaken in them on all theſe occaſions, and every day, the deſire of being grateful towards God, and thanking him for all and every one of theſe things, as often as they have occaſion to make uſe of them. If we ought to make grateful returns to a mortal man when he does us good, much more ought we to make them to God, who hath both made that man, and doth us good by him.

An

An Hymn.

HAIL, King Supreme! all wiſe, and good;
To thee my voice I raiſe;
While nature's beauties wide diſplay'd,
Inſpire my ſoul to praiſe.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Theſe ſcenes entice my view;
Oft as I gaze my heart exults
With tranſport ever new.

Thy glory beams in every ſtar,
That gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the roſy face of morn
With cheering rays of light.

The ſunny glade, the dew-bright lawn,
With matchleſs beauties ſhine;
Each lovely haunt, and awful ſhade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

The limpid ſtream that warbling flows,
And leaves its moſſy ſides:
Still as it warbles, ſpeaks its God,
And praiſes as its glides.

From ſpray to ſpray the ceaſeleſs hymn
Employs the feather'd throng;
To Thee their willing throats they ſwell,
And trill their grateful ſong.

Still, God of Nature, let theſe ſcenes
My ſerious hours engage;
Still let my raptur'd heart conſult
Great Nature's moral page.

So ſhall my early tow'ring ſtrain
The morning lark's excel;
And grateful cloſe the ſetting day
With ev'ning Philomel.

GOOD children will not lie, nor diſpute, nor contradict, nor ſpeak unprofitably; neither will they ſeek for excuſe when they have done amiſs, but be ready to confeſs ingenuouſly their faults, and beg forgiveneſs. We can never reaſonably expect pardon of our ſins, while we continue to excuſe them.

WE ought not too much to rejoice in pleaſing men, or in being eſteemed or praiſed by them, in being handſome, well cloathed, well provided for, and well accommodated in all things; for all theſe may terminate in ſadneſs, which will be ſo much the more afflicting, as we have ſet our hearts more paſſionately upon them.

BE content with a few things; take delight in what is ſimple and plain; mindful of that poverty which the Son of God took upon himſelf for you, and recommended to you. You are the diſciples, he the Maſter and Teacher: you the ſervants, he the Lord. Let the diſciple rejoice in that he imitates his maſter: let the ſervant be glad in that he follows his Lord.

ADVICE to SWEARERS.

LIKE all the num'rous ſins which lawleſs rage,
And form the vices of the preſent age,
Swearing, with dreadful fury takes its courſe,
And conquers reaſon with its ſavage force.

Vile thoughtleſs wretches for deſtruction call,
And ſeek damnation to o'erwhelm them all:
Forſake that God who life and being gave,
And curſe that very ſoul they wiſh to ſave.

If nought will hence, let future judgment move,
Nor force the vengeance of the pow'r above:
His anger kindles, tremble at his rod;
Make no delay, but quickly turn to God.

AS he that lives longeſt, lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waſte. The duties of life are commenſurate to its duration, and every day brings its taſk, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow. But he that has already trifled away thoſe months and years, in which he ſhould have laboured, muſt remember, that of what he has now only a part, the whole is little; and that ſince the few moments remaining are to be conſidered as the laſt truſt of heaven, not one is to be loſt.

" OF him, to whom much is given, much ſhall be " required." Thoſe to whom God has granted ſuperior faculties, and more extenſive capacities, and made eminent for quickneſs of intuition, and accuracy of diſtinction, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eye, for defects and deviations which, in ſouls leſs exalted and enlightened, may be guiltleſs. But, ſurely, none can think without horror on that man's condition, who has been more wicked in proportion as he has had more means of excelling in virtue, and uſed the light imparted from heaven only to embelliſh folly, and to palliate crimes.

TO THEE, oh Father! fill'd with fervent zeal,
And ſunk in humble ſilence, I appeal;
Take me, my great Creator, to thy care,
And gracious liſten to my ardent pray'r.
Supreme of Beings! omnipreſent pow'r!
My great preſerver from my natal hour!
Fountain of wiſdom, boundleſs Deity!
Omniſcient God! my wants are known to thee:
With mercy look on my infirmity!
Whatever ſtate thou ſhalt for me ordain,
Whether my lot in life be joy or pain,
Patient may I ſuſtain thy wiſe decree,
And learn to know myſelf, and honour thee.

THERE is no probability that any one ſhould do all the duty that is expected from him, or make that progreſs in piety, which the holineſs and juſtice of God requires of him, but he that is conſtantly afraid of falling ſhort of it.

ODE

Ode to a Friend.

WHY, oh my friend! ſhould man be vain,
If bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
Why look with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth and ſtate?

Can ſplendid robes, or beds of down,
Or coſtly gems to deck the hair;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ſmooth the brow of care?

The ſcepter'd prince, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The poor, the rich, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt without diſtinction lie.

Go ſearch the tombs, where monarchs reſt,
Who once high worldly titles bore;
Fled is that grandeur they poſſeſs'd,
And all their greatneſs is no more.

So glides the meteor thro' the ſkies,
And ſweeps along a gilded train;
But when its ſhort-liv'd beauty dies,
Diſſolves to common air again.

TOO great an opinion of one's ſelf, with a deſire after honours, and laying claim to more than is our ſhare, is vanity and pride, which commonly diſappoint their own purpoſe, and inſtead of gaining eſteem, bring a perſon into contempt.

LEARN by the Bee from each event to find
Some hint of uſe or profit to your mind:
Nothing ſo ſmall but you may draw from thence
Improvement for your virtue or your ſenſe.
Honey like this, life's evils will aſſuage,
And yield you ſweets in your declining age.

The Hermit.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd:
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe?
Why thus, lovely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow;
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet, if pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay;
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn:
O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass away;
Full quickly they pass,—but they never return!

Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays,
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again.—
But man's faded glory no change shall renew;
Ah, fool, to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo-blossom shall save,—
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

Sequel to the Hermit.

'TWAS thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

" O! pity, great Father of light! then I cry'd,
Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in duſt, I relinquiſh my pride:
From doubt, and from darkneſs, thou only canſt free."
And darkneſs, and doubt, are now flying away:
No longer I roam, in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and aſtray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph deſcending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom!
On the cold cheek of death, ſmiles and roſes are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!

AS the pleaſures and advantages of religion, are inexpreſſibly great here and hereafter, ſo the madneſs and miſery of irreligion, are inexpreſſibly dreadful, both in this world and the next.

PERHAPS nothing affords greater encouragement to ſerious minds than to find that men of like paſſions, placed in the ſame dangerous circumſtances, and ſurrounded with equal trials and temptations, have, by the aſſiſtance of Divine Grace, bravely conquered the difficulties of the Chriſtian life, and run with patience the race ſet before them.

HUMILITY, patience, ſelf-denial, and forgiveneſs of injuries, carry their own reward with them, by eſtabliſhing the mind in tranquility and peace: while pride, envy, wrath, and revenge, embitter the ſpirits, corrode the vitals, and devour every eaſy thought.

AMBITIOUS men can conceive no good or happineſs, but that which they imagine muſt ariſe from greatneſs; yet he is often the object of envy, who, if the ſecrets of his heart were known, might more properly be ſaid to deſerve pity.

HE who is puffed up with the firſt gale of proſperity, will be likely to bend beneath the firſt blaſt of adverſity.

LET

LET your morning ſacrifice ſtatedly aſcend as a ſincere token of the gratitude you feel for the mercies of another night; and your evening devotion as a renewed teſtimony of the ſenſe you have of God's kind protection and goodneſs through the viciſſitudes of another day. In ſo doing, you will experience a delight and pleaſure that will induce you to perſevere in the midſt of ſurrounding oppoſition; and it is this pleaſure, that will ſtrengthen and ſupport you under many of the trials you muſt expect to meet with, in civil, in domeſtic, and religious life. It is this that will make the moſt preſſing difficulties appear comparatively light; and if they are ſet in competition with the many ſpiritual bleſſings with which you are indulged, they will dwindle into nothing.

WHEN Snows deſcend, and robe the fields
In Winter's bright array;
Struck by the Sun, the luſtre yields,
And weeps itſelf away.

The Violet blue, which ſpring ſupplies,
Sends forth a rich perfume;
But, oh! how ſoon the fragrance dies!
How tranſient is the bloom!

The Summer Roſe, at morn full blown,
Is wither'd e'er 'tis night;
The balmy gift, juſt made our own,
We mourn the loſt delight.

With ſtreaming fire, a meteor gay
Streaks autumn's ev'ning ſkies;
As lights the blaze, it ſhoots away,
And in an inſtant dies

Such are the charms adorn the face,
And ſparkle in the eye;
So every beauty, every grace,
The fair poſſeſſor fly.

DOWN the ſmooth ſtream of life the ſtripling darts,
Gay as the morn, bright glows the vernal ſky:
Hope ſwells his ſails, and paſſion ſteers his courſe;
Safe glides his little bark along the ſhore,
Where virtue takes her ſtand, but if too far
He launches forth beyond diſcretion's mark,
Sudden the tempeſt ſcowls, the ſurges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

THIS may be laid down as a general maxim, that whoſoever is not ſincere to man, can never be ſincere to God; nor can he that is unſincere to God, be ever ſincere to man: for without ſincerity there can be no virtue, either moral or divine.

IF we do not believe God to be infinitely wiſer than ourſelves, why do we worſhip him? if we do, why do we not with an happy aſſurance commit ourſelves, and all that belongs to us, entirely to his will and diſpoſal?

THERE are two extraordinary virtues to be learned from human imperfection. The imperfections of others may teach us patience; and our own may teach us humility.

BY ſo much the more are we inwardly fooliſh, by how much we ſtrive to ſeem outwardly wiſe.

TRUE wit conſiſts in retrenching all uſeleſs diſcourſe; and in ſaying a great deal in a few words.

TO be peaceable, and to be candid, is not all that is required of a good man. He muſt cultivate a kind, generous, and ſympathizing temper, which feels for diſtreſs, wherever it is beheld; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour; and to all with whom he has intercourſe, is gentle, obliging, and humane.

FROM an humble and contented temper, will ſpring a cheerful one. This, if not in itſelf a virtue, is at leaſt the garb in which virtue ſhould be always arrayed.

HOW

HOW little does he know of the true happineſs of life, who is a ſtranger to that intercourſe of good offices and kind affections, which, by a pleaſing charm, attach men to one another, and circulate joy from heart to heart.

GREATNESS confers no exemption from the cares and ſorrows of life: its ſhare of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation.

O! then of what avails the pompous hour?
Of what the buſtle for ſuperior pow'r?
How fair the ſtructures which on virtue riſe!
Admir'd for ever by the good and wiſe!
More precious theſe than all terreſtrial things,
Than all the ſmiles, and all the crowns of kings!

IF we compare our adverſities with thoſe of other men, we ſhall always find ſomething that equals, if not exceeds our own.

LET us not inquire into the affairs of others that concern us not, but be buſied within ourſelves, and our own ſpheres; ever remembering, that to pry into the actions or intereſts of other people not under our charge, may miniſter to pride, to tyranny, to uncharitableneſs, to trouble, but can never conſiſt with modeſty, unleſs where duty, or the meer intentions of charity and relation do warrant it.

HOW ſwiftly glide the fleeting years!
Nor virtue, piety, nor tears,
Their rapid courſe can ſtay;
Time blaſts, alas! the faireſt face,
Death haſtens on with ſteady pace,
To ſummon us away.

He mocks the feeble pow'rs of man;
Nor all the richeſt treaſures can
Protract the final doom:
The rich, the poor, the great, the ſmall,
Muſt yield obedience to his call,
And fill alike the tomb.

THE humble addreſs which the prodigal made to his father, (in that excellent parable given us by Chriſt) the father's return to it, and the manner of his reception into favour, is exceedingly expreſſive of the becoming penitence of the one, and the mercy of the other: " I have ſinned " againſt heaven, and in thy ſight, and am no more worthy " to be called thy ſon, make me therefore as one of thy " hired ſervants." The tender parent compaſſionates his diſtreſs, takes the prodigal in his arms, owns him for his ſon; orders the fatted calf to be killed, and rebukes the envy of his elder brother with, " this my ſon was dead, " but is alive again; was loſt but is found!" — O the heighth and depth of the goodneſs and mercy of God! Look unto him all ye ends of the earth, and be ye ſaved.

THE virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by Innocence from harm;
While Guilt and his aſſociate Fear,
Are ſtartled at the paſſing air.

AN inadvertent ſtep may cruſh a ſnail
That crawls at ev'ning, in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aſide, and let the reptile live.

LET me, oh! let me, e'er the tempeſt roar,
Catch the firſt gale, and make the neareſt ſhore;
In ſacred ſilence, join the lowly train,
Where humble peace, and ſweet contentment reign.

——————— I'LL range the mead,
Or flow'ry lawn, crop each luxuriant ſhrub,
And court ſimplicity. She—modeſt maid,
Is ever ſeen to tread the lovely paths
Of bluſhing innocence.

COULD I the ſpacious earth command,
Or was the ocean mine,
For but one hour at GOD's right hand,
I'd gladly both reſign.

WHO

WHO would not heartily engage in all the labours and exerciſes of a pious life, be "ſtedfaſt, immoveable, and "always abounding in the work of the Lord," when he ſees what dull ſenſuality, what poor views, what groſs enjoyments, they are left to, who ſeek for happineſs in other ways.

'TIS ſenſe of cold, hunger, thirſt, and nakedneſs, that ſupplies the poor beggar at your door with pertinent expreſſions and arguments: he needs not the help of a friend or book to furniſh him. So, if we know ourſelves, and feel our condition, and ſet GOD before us as our God, able and ready to help us, he whoſe gift the true ſpirit of ſupplication is, underſtands the language even of ſighs and tears, and "groanings which cannot be uttered."

LORD of my life! O let thy ſacred ray,
Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away;
Deluding, flattering, faithleſs world adieu!
Long haſt thou taught me,—GOD alone is true.

HAIL, ſweet Content! where joy ſerene,
Gilds the mild ſoul's unruffled ſcene,
And with blithe fancy's pencil wrought,
Spreads the white web of flowing thought,
Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
And clothes each charm with native grace.

THE conveniencies of life are, by no means, a contemptible concern, where they are bounded with temperance, and confined within their proper channel: but as there is a part in us of infinitely greater, of no leſs than eternal moment; it alſo requires an attention proportionable to its proper worth; for what are temporal concerns, when compared with the important one of eternity!

TEACH me the kind endearing art,
To eaſe the mourner's broken heart;
To heal the rankling wounds of care,
And ſoothe the frenzy of deſpair.

'TIS

'TIS an uſual ſaying, " that ſhort reckonings make long friends:" continue this ſhort and frequent reckoning; ever eſteeming the numbering of your days aright, to be the moſt neceſſary and bleſſed exerciſe; that hereby ye may be in a continual readineſs for your final removal, how ſudden ſo ever it may be permitted.

THE grave, to which we are all haſtening, ought to be an early leſſon of ſerious inſtruction, ſounding the alarm in the ears of every youth; ſeeing it is frequently opened to receive its victims in the very bloom of life; and before the years draw nigh, in which, in the courſe of nature, they can take no pleaſure. Boaſt not therefore thyſelf of to-morrow, ſince thou knoweſt not what a day may bring forth; but rather let the example of others teach thee, the abſolute neceſſity of improving the preſent moments; and duly to reflect upon the imminent danger of delay.

FRAIL as the leaves that quiver on the ſprays,
Like them man flouriſhes, like them decays.

IT is our duty, as frail dependant beings, to meet every diſpenſation of Providence, with that reſignation of ſpirit which inceſſantly breathes the humble language of " not " my will, O Lord! but thine, be done in all things."— Under the evils which we feel, and which our prudence could not prevent, let us rather implore Divine aid to endure them with patience, than to pray that they may be removed from us; leſt, like ignorant children, we ſhould ſeek to avoid that portion from our heavenly Father's hand, by which he graciouſly deſigned to remove, or prevent a greater evil.—This is not the place of our reſt, but a ſtate of probation, a painful pilgrimage, a land of pits and ſnares, and through which lies a narrow path to the regions of eternal peace.

MUST one ceaſe to be virtuous to eſcape being expoſed to the darts of envy? What a calamity would it be if the ſun ceaſed ſhining, that weak eyes might not be offended!

WHILE the cenſorious man is forward to condemn, without any clear evidence, from idle ſtories, bare ſuſpicions, or mere ſurmiſes only; the charitable man, is ſlow in forming a judgment, and wiſely reſolves to wait for the full evidence before he preſumes to paſs ſentence.

A Gentleman, who died ſome years ago, deſired a Dial to to be erected on his Grave, with the following lines:

NO marble pomp, no monumental praiſe,
My tomb, this dial; epitaph, theſe lays;
Pride, and low mould'ring clay, but ill agree:
Death levels me to beggars, kings to me.
Alive, inſtruction was my work each day;
Dead, I perſiſt inſtruction to convey.
Here, reader mark, (perhaps now in thy prime)
The ſtealing ſteps of never-ſtanding time
Thou'lt be what I am; catch the preſent hour!
Employ that well, for that's within thy pow'r.

MANY are the promiſes to the poor, "whom the Lord "will deliver when he crieth, even him that hath no "helper;" they are frequently encouraged to hope; while the rich, if they miſapply the riches committed to their truſt, we are aſſured, by Divine authority, will be conſtrained to weep: they enjoy the bleſſing and bounty of heaven, which they ought to apply to the nobleſt purpoſes, particularly the relief of their diſtreſſed brethren; "inaſ-"much as ye have done it unto one of the leaſt of theſe "my brethren, (ſaith our Saviour) ye have done it unto "me." For which purpoſe he hath committed to ſome a larger ſhare of temporal enjoyments; which ought to be a ſtriking motive, a neceſſary incitement to well-doing: but, alas! inſtead of it, too frequently wealth becomes ſubſervient to the purpoſes of pride, luxury, and wickedneſs: and therefore, our Lord remarks in another place, "how hard it is "for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

A LIAR begins with making falſhood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itſelf appear like falſhood.

ALL

ALL the tender connections in life are but of uncertain duration, and upon them all this inscription is wrote, "They "shall shortly perish;" but the love of God never fades. It is continued from generation to generation, and will remain when time shall be swallowed up in eternity.

HE who possesses a great deal is not the most happy; it is he who desires little, and knows how to enjoy it.

THE desire of doing well is debased by the desire of appearing to have done well.

IT is not in our power to command wealth, or wisdom, or authority, whereby we may assist our fellow-creatures; but a sympathetic temper may be fully approved in the sight of God without these; and the poor man who hath nothing to give, and no means of helping others, may yet bear in his bosom a heart as truly tender, as thoroughly disposed to shew mercy, and as acceptable in this respect before God, as he, who, in a more exalted station, enjoys the power as well as the heart.

IN the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, we are, in a most lively manner, shewn, how much we shall be mistaken in our judgments of human happiness, if we form them from outward circumstances in this life: in it we have the most awakening considerations offered us to induce charity and a holy life, in the different states allotted to each of them after death; and in the close of the parable, have the best arguments given us to rest satisfied with those revelations which God is pleased to make us of his will, and that we ought not to expect or desire more.

THOUGH the truly charitable man may sometimes see just cause to expose and paint a vicious character in its true light; yet will he be consistent, at least; he will give no countenance to such characters; while, at the same time, he is careful never causelessly to expose them; but, upon the whole, is tender of the reputation of all mankind.

An ELEGY

On the miſerable State of an African Slave,

By W. Shenstone.

SEE, the poor Native, quit the Lybian ſhores,
  Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant ſmile his dying peace reſtores,
  Nor love, nor fame, nor friendſhip heals his wound.
Let vacant bards diſplay their boaſted woes,
  Shall I the mockery of grief diſplay?
No, let the muſe his piercing pangs diſcloſe,
  Who bleeds and weeps his ſum of life away!
On the wild beach in mournful guiſe he ſtood,
  Ere the ſhrill boatſwain gave the hated ſign;
He dropt a tear, unſeen, into the flood;
  He ſtole one ſecret moment to repine.
Yet the muſe liſten'd to the plaints he made,
  Such moving plaints as nature could inſpire;
To me the muſe his tender plea convey'd,
  But ſmooth'd and ſuited to the ſounding lyre.
"Why am I raviſh'd from my native ſtrand?
  What ſavage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infeſt this teeming land,
  And more than ſea-born monſters plough the main?
Here the dire locuſts, horrid ſwarms, prevail,
  Here the blue aſps with livid poiſon ſwell;
Here the dry dipſa wriths his ſinuous mail,
  Can we not here ſecure from envy dwell?
When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace;
  When the ſtern panther ſought his midnight prey,
What fate reſerv'd me for this Chriſtian race?
  O race more poliſh'd, more ſevere than they!
Ye prowling wolves purſue my lateſt cries!
  Thou hungry tyger, leave thy reeking den;
Ye ſandy waſtes in rapid eddies riſe!
  O tear me from the whips and ſcorns of men!
Yet in their face ſuperior beauty glows:
  Are ſmiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?
Yet from their lips the voice of mercy flows,
  And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of

Of blisful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair,
But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crimes,
Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?
No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
And feign these distant regions to repay.
For them our tusky elephant expires;
For them we drain the mine's embowell'd gold,
Where rove the brutal nation's wild desires? —
Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold!
Yet stores there are, blest stores for us remain,
And favour'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd;
Where tufted flowrets paint the verdant plain,
Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.
There the stern tyrant that embitters life,
Shall vainly suppliant spread his asking hand;
There shall we view the billows raging strife,
Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

I WOULD not have a Slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No:—dear as Freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

FOR happiness we search in vain:
Kings, subjects—all alike complain.
In virtue let thy time be spent,
And to be happy be content.
Life's but a trial, be resign'd,
In heav'n alone true bliss thou'lt find.

THE reception the returning prodigal met with from his father (in the parable) must give the greatest sinner encouragement to repentance and amendment.

LET

LET us not fail frequently to reflect upon the greatneſs and number of our own faults, and the vaſt need we have of allowance both from God and man; conſidering how hard it would go with us, if men could ſee all the inmoſt thoughts of our hearts, or knew all the ſecret actions of our lives; and if God was to judge us with ſeverity according to them. Let us firſt caſt the beam out of our own eye before we pretend to remove the mote from our brother's.

Some REFLECTIONS upon hearing the Bell toll for the Death of a Friend.

HARK!—what a mournful ſolemn ſound
Rolls murm'ring through the cloudy air:
It ſtrikes the ſoul with awe profound,
Affects the gay,—alarms the fair.

With what a pathos does it ſpeak!
Affecting deep the thoughtful mind:
The golden ſchemes of folly break,
That hold in glitt'ring ſnares mankind.

'Tis death's dread herald calls aloud,
Proclaims his conqueſt thro' the ſkies;
The ſun retires behind a cloud,
And nature ſeems to ſympathize.

Reflect, ye reſtleſs ſons of care!
Your vain deſigns his hand can ſpoil;
Make hard oppreſſors lend an ear,
And wretched miſers ceaſe their toil.

For what avail vaſt heaps of gold
When death his awful writ ſhall ſend;
Tho' folly ſwell, and pride look bold,
The maſk muſt drop, the farce muſt end.

It is not hoary tottering age,
That now lies ſtretch'd beneath his ſtroke;
The tyrant ſtern, that feels his rage,
Th' oppreſſor's rod that now is broke.

But oh!—'tis generous Cynthio's bell!
Fall'n in his prime of youthful bloom;
For Cynthio, ſounds the doleful knell,
And calls him to the ſilent tomb.

Cynthio!—whoſe happy healing art,
Turn'd from his friend death's fatal blow,
And ſhielded from that threatening dart,
Which now, alas!—has laid him low.

But Cynthio's virtues ne'er can die,
They leave a grateful rich perfume:
And now tranſplanted to the ſky,
In heav'n's immortal gardens bloom.

And hark!—ah, what celeſtial notes,
With grateful accents charm my ear!
As down th' etherial muſic floats,
The ſun breaks forth, the ſkies are clear.

From heav'n deſcends the joyful ſtrain,
Convey'd to earth on angels wings;
To mitigate our grief and pain,
And this the theme of joy it brings:

"Thus write (the voice from heav'n proclaims)
The virtuous dead are ever bleſt!
Their works immortalize their names,
Their labours ceaſe, and here they reſt.

Behold the Saviour wide diſplay,
The trophies of his gen'rous love,
To cheer you thro' life's thorny way,
And lead to flow'ry realms above.

'Tis He deſtroys death's baneful ſting,
And bids the grave's dread horrors fly;
The choirs of heav'n his triumph ſing,
And hail him victor thro' the ſky."

THE acquiſition of knowledge is one of the moſt honourable occupations of youth. The deſire of it diſcovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accompliſhments and many virtues.

THE Apoſtle's rule, "that if any man will not work, "neither ſhould he eat," extends to the rich as well as the poor; only ſuppoſing, that there are different kinds of work aſſigned to each. The reaſon is the ſame in both caſes, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any.

IT is a ſure indication of good ſenſe to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wiſe, when we begin to diſcern how weak and unwiſe we are.

Extract from an ODE on KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE or wealth to few are given;
But mark, how juſt the ways of heaven!
True joy to all is free;
Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon;
'Tis thine, O conſcience, thine alone:
It all belongs to thee.

Bleſt in thy ſmiles the ſhepherd lives,
Gay in his morn, his evening gives
Content and ſweet repoſe;
Without them—ever, ever cloy'd
To ſage or chief, one weary void
Is all that life beſtows.

Then would'ſt thou, mortal! riſe divine?
Let innocence of ſoul be thine,
With active goodneſs join'd:
Thy heart ſhall then confeſs thee bleſt,
And ever lively, joyful taſte
The pleaſures of the mind.

An Evening Hymn.

THE morn is paſt, the noon-tide o'er,
And the declining ſun,
Obedient to creative pow'r,
His ſteady courſe has run:

Perhaps no more on earth to riſe,
At leaſt to ſhine on me;
The cloſe of night may cloſe my eyes
To all eternity.

Reflect, my ſoul, the days and years,
The hours of dark account:
Trifling purſuits, and fruitleſs cares,
To what do they amount!

If I have err'd, inſtruct to mourn,
To give each fault a tear:
Hopeleſs of peace, till my return
Hath found forgiveneſs there.

Thy mercies ſtill thou doſt impart
With ev'ry added day,
Above the reſt—oh! give an heart
Its tribute ſtill to pay.

Oh! thou, whoſe favour more I prize
Than all beneath the ſky:
Say I am thine, it ſhall ſuffice,
And I can ſmile and die.

Th' angelic hoſt, for ever pure,
My late return ſhall bleſs;
Nor ſin nor ſorrow ever more
Conſpire againſt my reſt.

Thoſe falſe ſuggeſtions, fleſh and blood,
Did interpoſe below,
Shall then be cleared, and underſtood,
And unmix'd friendſhip flow.

To thee, high thron'd, above all height,
Let all our voices raiſe;
And the whole human race unite
In one great hymn of praiſe.

LOVE humility in all its inſtances, practiſe it in all its parts, for it is the nobleſt ſtate of the ſoul of man; it will ſet your heart and affections right towards God, and fill you with every temper that is tender and affectionate towards men.

MODESTY always ſits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the luſtre of every virtue which it ſeems to hide: the perfections of men being like thoſe flowers which appear more beautiful when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full blown, and diſplay themſelves, without any reſerve to the view.

HE that thinks he loves God enough, ſhews himſelf too much a ſtranger to that holy ſenſation; ſo he that thinks he has humility enough, ſhews that he is far ſhort of the practice of true humility.

AS in the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in courſe; ſo, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill ſpent, influences the happineſs of that which is to follow.

Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accompliſhed and flouriſhing manhood; and ſuch manhood paſſes of itſelf, without uneaſineſs, into reſpectable and tranquil old age.

But when nature is turned out of its regular courſe, diſorder takes place in the moral, juſt as in the vegetable world. If the ſpring put forth no bloſſoms, in ſummer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: ſo, if youth be trifled away without improvement, there is great danger of manhood's being contemptible, and old age miſerable.

AN abſolute perfection of underſtanding is impoſſible: he makes the neareſt approaches to it, who has the ſenſe to diſcern, and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections.

IF good we plant not, vice will fill the mind,
And weeds deſpoil the ſpace for flow'rs deſign'd.
The human heart ne'er knows a ſtate of reſt;
Bad tends to worſe, and better leads to beſt.
We either gain or looſe, we ſink or riſe,
Nor reſts our ſtrugg'ling nature till ſhe dies:
Thoſe very paſſions that our peace invade,
If rightly pointed, bleſſings may be made.

GRACEFUL in youth is the tear of ſympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not eaſe and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in ſelfiſh enjoyment. Accuſtom yourſelves to think of the diſtreſſes of human life; of the ſolitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

Never ſport with pain and diſtreſs, in any of your amuſements; nor treat even the meaneſt inſect with wanton cruelty.

DISSIMULATION in youth is the fore-runner of perfidy in old age. Its firſt appearance, is the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future ſhame. It degrades parts and learning; obſcures the luſtre of every accompliſhment; and ſinks them into contempt.

THINK how God loves all mankind, how merciful he is to them, how tender he is of them, how carefully he preſerves them, and then ſtrive to love the world as God loves it.

FAR rather wou'd I in ſome humble cell,
Diſtant from all that's gay, for ever dwell,
Than waſte my flying hours, and thus divide,
My time 'twixt folly, calumny, and pride;
Still trifling, thus debaſe the gift of ſenſe,
And live the ſlave of dull impertinence.

SUBMIT

SUBMIT your minds to early impreſſions of reverence for ſacred things. Let no wantonneſs of youthful ſpirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane ſallies.—Beſides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and preſumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Inſtead of being an evidence of ſuperior underſtanding, it diſcovers a pert and ſhallow mind; which, vain of the firſt ſmatterings of knowledge, preſumes to make light of what the beſt of mankind revere.

The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a ſwain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage.
In ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd his fold:
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew.
His wiſdom, and his honeſt fame,
Thro' all the country rais'd his name. —
A deep Philoſopher, whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools,
The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:

Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Haſt thou thro' many cities ſtray'd?
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The Shepherd modeſtly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts:

For

For man is practis'd in diſguiſe;
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes:
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
Whence we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd
Was all from ſimple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe;
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.—
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog, the trueſt of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true and faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wings protects her care;
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
My tongue within my lips I reign;
For who talks much muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly,
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind:
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.

Thus every object of creation
Can furniſh hints for contemplation.
Thy fame is juſt, the Sage replies,
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe:
For he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws:
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

IN

IN order to render yourſelves amiable in ſociety, correct every appearance of harſhneſs in behaviour. Let that courteſy diſtinguiſh your demeanor, which ſprings, not ſo much from ſtudied politeneſs, as from a mild and gentle heart.

INDOLENCE unfits a man for the ſocial offices of life. An idle man is a blank in the creation: he ſeems made for no end, and to live to no purpoſe.

OF all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its preſent appearance, or blaſt the proſpect of its future proſperity, more than ſelf-conceit, preſumption, and obſtinacy.

BAD as the world is, reſpect is always paid to virtue. In the uſual courſe of human affairs it will be found, that a plain underſtanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to proſperity, than the brighteſt parts without probity or honour.

FEEBLE are the attractions of the faireſt form, if it be ſuſpected that nothing within correſponds to the pleaſing appearance without.

BY whatever arts you may at firſt attract the attention, you can hold the eſteem and ſecure the hearts of others, only by amiable diſpoſitions, and the accompliſhments of the mind. Theſe are the qualities whoſe influence will laſt, when the luſtre of all that once ſparkled and dazzled has paſt away.

SOME people urge, that if prohibited the topick of ſcandal, they would have nothing to render them acceptable company, and perhaps be reproached as moroſe or dull by thoſe who would conſtrue their ſilence to proceed, not from an abundance of charity, but a defect of wit. But ſurely he that has nothing of his own growth to ſet before company, had better make no invitation, than break down his neighbour's incloſures for their entertainment.

THE

THE wiſe, the juſt, the pious, and the brave,
Live in their deaths, and flouriſh from the grave:
Grain hid in earth, repays the peaſant's care,
And ev'ning ſuns but ſet to riſe more fair.

MANKIND are all of the ſame nature; our bodies are made of the ſame clay, and our ſouls by the ſame hand; the difference between rich and poor comes not from nature or merit, but from the ordination of Providence. Some are born to no other eſtate than that of their brethren's charity, that they may practiſe patience; and others to abundance, that they may exerciſe charity; ſo that the virtue of theſe ſtand indebted to the miſery of thoſe, and the giver is no leſs obliged than the receiver.

THE joys of parents are ſecret, and ſo are their griefs and fears: they cannot utter the one, nor will they expreſs the other. Children ſweeten labour, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increaſe the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

THE moſt illiterate man who is touched with devotion, and uſes frequent exerciſes of it, contracts a certain greatneſs of mind, mingled with a noble ſimplicity, that raiſes him above thoſe of the ſame condition, and there is an indelible mark of goodneſs in thoſe who ſincerely poſſeſs it.

MEN are all brethren, and yet they worry one another: the ſavage beaſts are leſs cruel than they are to each other. The lions never make war with lions, nor the tygers with tygers, nor do they fall on any creature of their own ſpecies. Man alone, in deſpite of his reaſon, does that which beaſts that are void of it never did.

GOODNESS is a perfection of itſelf, though it were without any great degree of knowledge or power;—a poor man, and one that is ignorant in compariſon of others, may yet be a very good man; but power and knowledge, ſeparated from goodneſs, are not perfections, but may be applied to the worſt and moſt miſchievous purpoſes.

IT will ever be the wiſdom of every perſon not only to avoid the odious practice of evil-ſpeaking, but to make a reſolution to have no concern with thoſe who are given to it.

WITHOUT peace of mind there can be no ſuch thing as happineſs; nor can there be any peace of mind where there is a ſenſe of guilt, which is naturally accompanied with apprehenſions of danger.

THOUGHTS in HEALTH.

WHEN ſickneſs ſhall aſſail my nobleſt part,
And ruſh impetuous on my throbbing heart;
When pain poſſeſs'd of every nerve appears,
And nought but paleneſs my fall'n viſage wears;
When ev'ry earthly wiſh ſhall fade away,
And death ſhall chill the ſtiff'ning corſe to clay,
Do thou, great God! in that ſurprizing hour,
Suſtain my ſoul by thy almighty pow'r:
Let faith, let hope, let extaſy of love,
Wing me to reach the bliſsful ſcenes above,
And join the choir, where each thy glory ſings;
There let me hail—adore thee—King of kings.

A pious WISH on reading the above.

WHEN the pale monarch aims his dreadful dart,
And nature's pow'rs at diſſolution ſtart,
When inſtant bord'ring on the gloomy grave,
Beyond all pow'r of human art to ſave,
Thus calm, may I reſign my fleeting breath,
Put off mortality, and ſmile in death.
May then the ſacred ſpirit guide my way
Thro' the dark vale to ſcenes of endleſs day;
Diſpel the clouds, diſplay th' eternal ſkies,
Bid to my view the heav'nly landſcape riſe,
And beckon a bright choir of angels down
To waft me ſafe to my etherial crown.

TIM-

TIME is like a verb, that can only be uſed in the preſent tenſe.

HAPPY is he who, eſtranged from the tumultuous buſtle of the world, enjoys the ſweets of a delightful ſolitude, and whoſe principal converſation conſiſts of an agreeable intercourſe with himſelf. The teſtimonies of a good conſcience make him view with contempt the follies and vanities of the world. His ſole ambition is centered in mental tranquility; he neither fears the inconſtancy of fortune, nor the caprices of fate; he contemns riches, and deſpiſes the tranſitory grandeurs of the earth.

His correſpondence is with heaven, whither his thoughts inceſſantly carry him. He has no deſires for the things of this world, becauſe he is acquainted with their tranſitory duration. He ſighs for celeſtial objects, to which all his views are confined. In a word, he waits for death without either deſigning or fearing it.

LAVISH not your affection on any one unworthy of it; but act with prudence, modeſty, and reſerve. There, and there only, place your eſteem, where religion and virtue actuate the man; for with ſuch a one alone you may reaſonably expect to be comfortable and happy.

IT is probable, that the rational ſoul is infuſed with the life; and that like fire, buried as it were under too great a quantity of green wood, it cannot exert its power at firſt.

AVOID all indecent arts in the purſuit of a fortune; all unlawful methods in ſelf-preſervation; and every gratification that militates with reaſon and benevolence.

WELL order'd home, man's beſt delight to make,
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle, care-eluding art,
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life:
This—be the female dignity and praiſe.

IT is a wiſer part to prepare the ſoul for adverſity, than to be planning and toiling to prevent it.

RELIGION is the beſt armour, but the worſt cloak.

On ſeeing a YOUNG WOMAN interred.

REASON may ſooth, but ſtrives in vain to heal
The pang which ſiſters, friends, and parents feel,
When thus the fair, the young, their joy, their truſt,
Eludes their graſp, and moulders in the duſt.
Faith, faith alone, thoſe balſams can ſupply,
That faith which tells us we ſhall never die!
Which tells us death his conqueſts ſhall reſtore,
And all the juſt ſhall meet to part no more!

BEAUTIES are very apt to forget that all perſonal charms are of a periſhable nature.

LEARN that great maxim to purſue,
To do—as you'd be done unto.

Extract from the HISTORY of the CITY of MARSEILLES.

ABOUT the concluſion of the laſt century, Nicholas Compian, a native of Marſeilles, embarked on board a ſhip belonging to that port, and bound to Egypt. Unfortunately he was taken, together with the veſſel and other paſſengers, by a Barbary rover, and carried into Tripoli, where he was purchaſed as a ſlave by a wealthy inhabitant of that city. Notwithſtanding the mildeſt treatment, Compian could not brook his preſent ſituation; every moment of his life was embittered by the recollection of what he had left behind him, perhaps for ever—his country and relations. One day his maſter, who had tried in vain to comfort him, addreſſed him in theſe words: "Pledge me thy word of honour, and promiſe to return, if I give thee leave to go to Marſeilles to viſit thy brethren, and ſettle thy family concerns: may the Almighty guide thy ſteps, and bring thee back in health!" Compian joyfully accepted of the kind offer; went back into his own country; and in

ſpite of the allurements of his friends, eſpecially the prayers and tears of a beloved wife and children, he, like another Regulus, returned to the place of his captivity. On his arrival at his maſter's houſe, he found him overwhelmed with the deepeſt ſorrow, lamenting over his almoſt expiring wife, whom he loved tenderly. "Chriſtian, (ſaid the good man, on Compian's firſt entering the room) thou comeſt in good time to my aid; thou ſeeſt my affliction, heaven hath ſent thee back, pray to thy God for my wife, and myſelf, for he muſt be moved by the ſupplications of a righteous man." Compian fell on his knees, and proſtrate by the ſide of the good Muſſulman, fervently prayed, like the ſon of Tobias, on the firſt night of his wedding. The ardent wiſhes of thoſe two honeſt creatures were heard; every day the wife grew better; and when entirely reſtored to health, the grateful maſter ſpoke thus to his ſlave: "Hear me, Chriſtian, thou haſt no longer cauſe to grieve on my account, nor thine. I wiſh thou couldſt live with me, and take my daughter to thy wife; but both thy religion and mine forbid it. Its laws muſt be obeyed, though ever ſo contrary to my inclination. Hear me to the end, and do not interrupt me with thy thanks; I deſerve them not yet, and wiſh it were in my power to merit them. One good I can freely beſtow upon thee; it is thy liberty. This is not enough for me: I have ordered a ſhip to be laden with corn; it belongs to thee. Depart, ſince it is the will of heaven that thou ſhouldſt leave me. Thou muſt not return empty-handed to thy countrymen; let them all be my friends, as I am and ſhall ever remain thine." The fact, as above related, is vouched to by the ſon of the late M. Compian, who, till his death, kept up a conſtant intercourſe with his worthy friend of Tripoli.—And this man was a Turk!—an Infidel!—Go thou, proud Chriſtian, and do likewiſe!

STILL fix on heav'n a firm but humble eye;
That plenteous ſource can ev'ry want ſupply.
Deſpiſe the world, but with diſcretion uſe,
The means it gives to aid thy better views.
Regard the end;—there, ſhines with purer ray,
The torch that lights us into perfect day.

BLEAK

BLEAK o'er the plain the winds tremendous blow,
Of pureſt white the fleecy ſhower deſcends;
The ice-arreſted ſtream forgets to flow,
And all its horrors rigorous winter lends.

The prowling wolf his hunger loud proclaims;
From far is heard the ſavage panther's cry;
The bear's loud roaring fills the vaſt domains;
To ſate their fury numerous victims die.

The keeneſt hunter dares not take the field,
To man the foreſts are impervious grown;
Save where the Indian bids the climate yield,
And makes the pathleſs, dreary wilds, his own.

Now, ye, who fortune's various gifts enjoy,
Who baſk in ſunſhine of her warmeſt rays;
Ye whom, nor tempeſt, cold, nor want, annoy,
Whoſe days glide on in affluence and eaſe;

Think on the poor, the deſtitute, forlorn,—
Extend your bounty to the wretch diſtreſs'd;
Pluck from the tortur'd breaſt the cank'ring thorn,
By mis'ry pointed, and by care impreſs'd.

Let not your heart, by gaiety miſled,
Be render'd callous to the tale of woe;
But clothe the naked, give the hungry bread,
Forbid the tears of wretchedneſs to flow.

For oh! the rigors of the year require
Some foſtering hand, the lingering wretch to ſave;
Leave for a while your mirth, your ſocial fire,
To reſcue ſuffering mortals from the grave.

For know your fortune is the gift of heav'n,
But not by heav'n for you alone deſign'd;
In truſt for generous purpoſes 'twas given,
And proves a bleſſing to a generous mind.

Prove yourſelves worthy of the ſacred truſt,
From dire oppreſſion reſcue the oppreſt;
Relieve your fellow-creatures, 'tis but juſt,
And you in bleſſing will be ever bleſt.

Origin of the application of the word LADY to every Woman of Fortune.

IN antient times it was the faſhion for the rich to reſide the greateſt part of the year at their manſion in the country; and once a week, or oftener, the miſtreſs diſtributed to her poor neighbours, with her own hands, a certain quantity of bread, and ſhe was called by them the Loff-day, in Saxon the Bread-giver. Theſe two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning now nearly as little known, as the practice which gave riſe to it. Yet it is from that hoſpitable cuſtom that the ladies to this day ſerve their viſitors at table.

——— "Sore pinch'd by wint'ry winds,
How many ſink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty." ———

WHAT a helpleſs creature by himſelf,
Is the proud lord of this inferior world,
Vain feeble man!—The commoners of nature,
Each wing that flies along the ſpacious ſky,
Is leſs dependant than their boaſting maſter.
Hail, ſocial life! into thy pleaſing bounds
Again I come, to pay the common ſtock,
My ſhare of ſervice, and in glad return,
To taſte thy comforts, thy protected joys.

TO feel old age coming on, will ſo little mortify a wiſe man, that he can think of it with pleaſure; as the decay of nature ſhews him that the happy change of ſtate, for which he has been all his life preparing himſelf, is drawing nearer. And ſurely it muſt be deſirable to find himſelf draw nearer to the end, and the reward of his labours. The caſe of an old man, who has no comfortable proſpect for futurity, and finds the fatal hour approaching, which is to deprive him of all his happineſs, is too deplorable for any words to repreſent.

To

To the MEMORY of WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

WHOE'ER thou art, with rev'rence tread
The facred manſions of the dead.
Not that the monumental buſt,
Or ſumptuous tomb, here guards the duſt
Of rich or great: (let wealth, rank, birth,
Sleep undiſtinguiſh'd in the earth;)
This ſimple urn records a name,
That ſhines with moſt exalted fame.

Reader! if genius, taſte refin'd,
A native elegance of mind;
If virtue, ſcience, manly ſenſe;
If wit that never gave offence;
The cleareſt head, the tend'reſt heart,
In thy eſteem e'er claim'd a part;
Ah! ſmite thy breaſt, and drop a tear;
For, know, thy Shenſtone's duſt lies here.

EVERY one muſt expect to meet with rubs in life,—a thouſand little incidents may ſtart up to interrupt our felicity; we ſhould therefore take a peculiar care not to be too much affected by trifles. Endeavour to ſooth your mind into an habitual calm, that may prevent your being ruffled by the ordinary cares of life.

THE admonitions of parents muſt be of the greateſt weight with children, if they do but conſider that they have lived longer, and had repeated occaſions to conſider things, and obſerve events; have cooler paſſions as they advance in years, and ſee things more truly as they are; and may, on theſe accounts, ordinarily be preſumed more competent judges than themſelves; and laſtly, from the relation there is between them, are more ſincerely inclined to tell them truth than any other perſon in the world can be ſuppoſed to be. If young people reflect well on theſe things, they cannot in prudence, or even kindneſs to themſelves, but pay the utmoſt deference to the advertiſements and direction of a parent.

HE who brings imagination under the dominion of reaſon, will be able to alleviate the evil of life, and to increaſe the good; he will learn to reſign with complacency, to receive with gratitude, and poſſeſs with cheerfulneſs: and as in this conduct there is not only wiſdom but virtue, he will, under every calamity, be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that ſtate in which "the ſpirits "of the juſt ſhall be made perfect."

KNOWLEDGE is a comfortable and neceſſary retreat, and ſhelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no ſhade when we grow old.

WRETCHED is the triumph of wit, when it is the vehicle of malice.

NOTHING is a ſtronger inſtance of the goodneſs of the Creator than that delicate inward feeling, ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on every reaſonable creature. This internal ſenſe of duty attended to, and diligently cheriſhed and kept alive, would check the ſinner in his career, and make him look back with horror on his crimes. An antient is commended for wiſhing "that he had a window in his breaſt, that every one might ſee into it:"—but it is certainly of more conſequence to keep ourſelves free from the reproach of our own hearts, than from the evil opinion of others; we ſhould therefore conſider conſcience as a mirror, in which every one may ſee himſelf reflected, and in which every action is repreſented in its proper colours.

GREAT is the harveſt of virtue which is reaped from the ſeeds that are ſown in the ſoil of adverſity. Providence has wrapt up the proſpect of futurity with a veil of impenetrable obſcurity; and the greateſt quality that mortals can boaſt of, is reſignation. Complaints are only the daughters of ignorance; for he whom wiſdom illumines with her rays, can turn the droſs of diſtreſs into the gold of bleſſing; can extract ſweets from the bitterneſs of woe, and enjoy conſolation in the obſcurity of grief.

IN

IN every affair of life, begin with God, conſult him in every thing that concerns you; view him as the author of all your bleſſings, and all your hopes, as your beſt friend, and your eternal portion. Meditate on him, with this view, with a continual renewal of your truſt in him, and a daily ſurrender of yourſelf to him, till you know that you love him moſt entirely; that you ſerve him with ſincere delight; and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

THEN think not, thou preſumptuous man,
The ways of Providence to ſcan;
Thy juſt and proper limits know,
Nor ſearch the hidden paths of woe;
Nor of thy ignorance complain,
When knowledge would but heighten pain.
With Nature's gift be thou content,
Nor let thy days be idly ſpent
In wiſhes to enlarge the ſphere,
Which heav'n hath deſtin'd for thee here.

AS the ſun diſpels darkneſs, ſo does knowledge clear the underſtanding from the miſts of error and deluſion. Let me intreat you to avoid the fetters of ignorance; as the chains which confine the mind is the worſt ſlavery a human creature can experience; yet, unlike moſt other bonds, they may be broken by the ſtrong efforts of reaſon.

On HAPPINESS.

WHAT is the fleeting thing I've ſought in vain,
Source of my hope, yet author of my pain?
I from my infant years have ſtill purſued
Some untried bliſs ſome unaccompliſh'd good,
But from my graſp the phantom ever flies
Like blaſted fruit that in the bloſſom dies;
Eludes my wiſh, yet ſtill enchants my mind,
And bids me ſeek ſome future joy to find;
The object varies, the deſires the ſame,
And only differs in a different name.
Say, oh, ye wiſe (if human wit can tell)
Where, and in what, this happineſs doth dwell,

Is it in wealth? oh nó, beyond diſpute
Meer wealth, of all things in the poor purſuit,
Yields the leaſt pleaſure, and the meaneſt fruit.

Is it in pow'r? take Solomon and read
What thouſand thorns ſurround the royal bed.
Is it in fame? that fleeting airy breath
For which the ſoldier ruſhes into death;
Let Julius Cæſar's fate inform us then,
Cæſar ſo fam'd amongſt the ſons of men:
Some who have penn'd his character relate,
All human virtues join'd to make him great;
Others take equal pains to let us know
He was a traitor and his country's foe.

Is it in wit, that ſparkling gift of heav'n,
The beſt or worſt of all its bounties giv'n?
Aſk the philoſopher and poet too,
In times of deep diſtreſs what this can do;
Their anſwer is, This charming talent's vain.
And ſerves to give a quicker ſenſe to pain.
Is it in mortal love? too well I know
How hazardous the bliſs, how great the woe
—— If we're deceiv'd.——
Is it in friendſhip's bright etherial flame?
Sure this if any thing deſerves the name
—— Of happineſs.——
See e'en this brilliant paſſion, even in this
The great uncertainty deſtroys the bliſs;
For tho' our friends ſhould juſt and faithful prove,
And we're belov'd, by thoſe whom moſt we love,
The dread of loſing what we held moſt dear,
Allays our joy with a corroding fear.
Say then my ſoul!—thou buſy flutt'ring gueſt!
Where can'ſt thou go in ſearch of peace and reſt?
Fly to thy native reſidence above,
And ſeek thy bliſs in pure ſeraphic love;
Bow thy whole ſelf before thy Maker's feet,
And thus in humble ſtrains thy wants relate:
Omniſcient God, who canſt alone ſurvey
My inmoſt ſoul, thus wrapt in mould'ring clay,

Thou

Thou whoſe almighty fiat gave me breath!
And thou who haſt redeem'd my ſoul from death!
———Regard my prayer.———
Wretched, oh! very wretched have I been,
Purſued by miſery, and clogg'd with ſin;
My reſtleſs mind no happineſs hath known,
Becauſe I ſought it not in thee alone.
Mortal attractions, drew me from my God,
'Till thou didſt ſend thy kind chaſtizing rod,
To purge from ſin and pride my erring mind,
And gave me light to ſee I had been blind.
Confirm thy mercy—gifts of grace diſpenſe,
And let me truly know thy excellence!
Then ſhall I find what yet in vain I've ſought,
And to unfading happineſs be brought.

A SMALL degree of knowledge of the ſpirit of Chriſtianity, ſeems to be enough to convince us, that no education can be of true advantage to young women, but that which trains them up in humble induſtry, in great plainneſs of life, in exact modeſty of dreſs, manners, and carriage, and in ſtrict devotion.

For what ſhould a Chriſtian woman be, but a plain, unaffected, modeſt, humble creature?

HE that lives cloſe, lives quiet. He needs fear nobody, of whom nobody is afraid. He that ſtands below upon the firm ground needs not fear falling.

OH ignorance! thou chaos of the mind!
Th' eclipſe of reaſon, to improvement blind;
Thou, like the owl, doſt ſhun the glorious light,
Enwrapp'd in darkneſs, and the ſhades of night;
All-pow'rful wiſdom does diſpel the gloom,
Makes thee expire, and reſt within thy tomb;
Erects a trophy o'er thy mould'ring duſt,
Of higheſt poliſh, cleans'd from fouleſt ruſt.

CHRISTOPHER HATTON, a little before his death, adviſed his relations to be ſerious in the ſearch after 'The will of God in the holy word: for, ſaid he, it is deſervedly accounted a piece of excellent knowledge to underſtand the law of the land, and the cuſtoms of a man's country; how much more ſo to know the ſtatutes of heaven, and the laws of eternity, thoſe immutable and eternal laws of juſtice and righteouſneſs: to know the will and pleaſure of the great Monarch, and univerſal King of the world." I have ſeen an end of all perfection, but thy commandments, O God, are exceeding broad."—Whatever other knowledge a man may be endued with, could he by a vaſt and penetrating mind, and an heart as large as the ſand upon the ſea-ſhore, command all the knowledge of art and nature, of words and things; could he attain a myſtery in all languages, and ſound the depth of all arts and ſciences; could he diſcourſe of the intereſts of all ſtates, the intrigues of all courts, the reaſon of all civil laws and conſtitutions, and give an account of all hiſtories; and yet not know the author of his being, and the preſerver of his life, his ſovereign and his judge, his ſureſt refuge in trouble, his beſt friend, the ſupport of his life, and the hope of his death, his future happineſs, and his portion for ever; he doth but, with a great deal of wiſdom, go down to deſtruction.'

CONTENT and tranquility are ſiſter virtues. How can the moments of life roll on in tranquil eaſe without content?

OUR friends are diminiſhed by time, they often deſert us to follow fortune, and ſometimes renounce us through deſires which we could not gratify, or through miſtakes which we could not foreſee. But from his own blood no man ſhould be ſevered; and yet to the ſhame of human kind be it ſpoken, we ſee the bonds of nature are not ſtrong enough to tie the ambitious and ſelf-intereſted.

ALL good things proceed from God, his power is unbounded, his wiſdom is from eternity, and his goodneſs endureth for ever.

SMALL

SMALL is the province of a wife
And narrow is the ſphere in life,
Within that ſphere to move aright
Should be her principal delight.

IT is remarkable that men, when they differ in any thing conſiderable, or which they think conſiderable, will be apt to differ in almoſt every thing elſe; their differences beget contradiction—contradiction begets heat, heat quickly riſes into reſentment, rage, and ill-will. Thus they differ in affections as they differ in judgment, and the contention which began in pride, ends in anger.

SINGULARITY is laudable when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conſcience, morality, and honour. In theſe caſes we ought to conſider that it is not cuſtom, but duty which is the rule of action, and that we ſhould be only ſo far ſociable, as we are reaſonable creatures. Truth is never the leſs ſo for not being attended to, and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this ſort is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the ſpecies only as he ſoars above it. What greater inſtance can there be of a weak and puſillanimous temper, than for a man to paſs his life in oppoſition to his own ſentiments; or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

MAN being made a reaſonable, and ſo a thinking creature, there is nothing more worthy of his being, than the right direction and employment of his thoughts; ſince upon this depends both his uſefulneſs to the public, and his own preſent and future benefit in all reſpects.

THE violence of ſorrow is not at the firſt to be reſiſted; it being, like a mighty beaſt, ſooner tamed by following, than overthrown by withſtanding.

IT is the intereſt of every man who wiſhes to be happy himſelf, to endeavour to make others ſo.

RELIGION

RELIGION ought to give the mind a greatneſs and equality in proſperous or unhappy events; but there are ſome inſtances wherein reaſon and philoſophy ſeem but empty names when we come to try their force.

THE principle of virtue and excellency lies in a power of denying ourſelves the ſatisfaction of our own deſires, where reaſon and religion does not authoriſe them.

NO preacher is liſtened to but time, which gives us the ſame train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

REFLECTIONS on PROVERBS, Chap. xix. ver. 11.

"It is the glory of a Man to paſs by a Tranſgreſſion."

THUS Wiſdom ſpeaks aloud, and yet
Pride hardly will reſign;
Though to forgive, and to forget,
Is God-like—is divine.

When injur'd, I can ſcarce tell how
To paſs the inj'ry by;
My angry ſpirit will not bow,
Nor let reſentment die.

The heaving billows ſwell within,
Till all is tempeſt grown;
And thus I ſhare another's ſin,
And make his guilt my own.

But come, my proud, my ſelfiſh heart,
One ſerious thought beſtow;
Do I thus act the Chriſtian part?
Has Jeſus acted ſo?

Juſt the reverſe: his generous breaſt
Did kind compaſſion move;
When ſinners curs'd, the Saviour bleſt,
And inj'ries paid with love.

Although

Although by wicked hands he dy'd,
With the laſt breath he drew,
" Father forgive," he ſweetly cry'd:
Himſelf forgave them too.

Jeſus! I hide my head in ſhame;
I bluſh, and weep to ſee,
That I who wear thy ſacred name,
No more conform to thee.

O the ſharp pangs he underwent
To clear my guilty ſcore!
And ſhall I trifling wrongs reſent?
No, I'll reſent no more.

I'll ſeize th' offending brother's hand,
And call him ſtill my friend;
My angry paſſions I'll diſband,
And every quarrel end.

Why ſhould we differ by the way?
Why ſhould diſſentions come?
We hope to ſpend an endleſs day,
In one eternal home.

Malice and rage be baniſh'd far;
Revenge, farewel to you;
I'm a delinquent at that bar
Where he ſtands guilty too.

I muſt have mercy, or I die,
And ſink in black deſpair;
I muſt forgive affronts, or I
Can hope no mercy there.

While others, their punctilios boaſt;
Lord! bend my ſtubborn will;
For he that condeſcends the moſt,
Remains the victor ſtil

Fain would I imitate my Lord,
And bear each croſs event;
Humility's its own reward;
But pride's a puniſhment.

Come, bleſſed Spirit, heavenly dove,
Deſcend on balmy wings!
Come tune my paſſions all to love,
And ſtrike the peaceful ſtrings.

Jeſus, my longing ſoul ſhall wait,
And near thy feet adore;
'Till I ſhall reach that bliſsful ſtate,
Where diſcord is no more.

WHEN we deſire any thing, our minds generally run wholly on the good ſide or circumſtances of it: when it is obtained, our minds run only on the bad ones.

GIVE not an ear to the pleaſures of this life, they only pall the taſte, and render the heart unfit for its duty. Seek induſtry for thy pleaſure, and virtue for thy greateſt comfort; reward the diligent, comfort the diſtreſſed, and aſſiſt the needy.

THERE may be ſome pleaſure in flying ſociety; but there is ſometimes a very ſevere mortification in ſeeing ſociety fly from us.

A DESIRE of grandeur and magnificence is often ababſurd in thoſe who can ſupport it, but when it takes hold of thoſe who can ſcarce furniſh themſelves with neceſſaries, their poverty, inſtead of demanding our pity, becomes an object of ridicule.

PEOPLE are very apt to compare their preſent ſituation with the beſt that is paſt, or with a better of other peoples; whereas quite the contrary would be more politic and generally more reaſonable.

HAPPY

HAPPY the man who far from public view,
Lives to himſelf and to the faithful few,
Shuns the vain walks of buſtle and parade
And tunes his ſpirit in the ſilent ſhade:
The native wood, the ſolitary ſcene,
The low-roof'd cottage, and the vernal green,
The flocks, the herds, the hill, the rill, the grove,
Tempt not his heart in devious paths to rove;
To ſigh for fame, to heed the proud man's way,
To court the rich, and be as poor as they:
But free to guide the plough, or reap the plain,
To houſe the harveſt, or to threſh the grain;
In one calm tenor life ſerenely flows
Few are his wants, his wiſhes and his woes;
As tranquil ſtreams his ſteady moments run,
And humble nature charms her patient ſon.

IF by accident a man falls into a rapid river, he endeavours with all his might to ſave himſelf; catches at twigs, ruſhes, looſe ſtones, or the ſlippery bank; whilſt the ſtream ſtill carries him down, till at length he graſps the firm root of an oak, and by means thereof clambers up the bank and gets ſafe on ſhore. Virtue is this oak. When the floods of ſorrow and affliction would ſwallow us up, all our worldly poſſeſſions, all our ſenſual delights, are no better than weak twigs, looſe ſtones, or the ſlippery banks that baulk our holds, and fail the gripe.

OH! VANITY, how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations diſcerned; how doſt thou deceive mankind under different diſguiſes; ſometimes thou doſt wear the face of pity, ſometimes of generoſity, nay, thou haſt the aſſurance even to put on thoſe glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue. Thou odious deformed monſter, whom prieſts have railed at, philoſophers deſpiſed, and poets ridiculed, is there a wretch ſo abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in publick, yet how few will refuſe to enjoy thee in private; nay, thou art the purſuit of moſt men through their whole lives.

MEEKNESS and reſignation are the two principal duties of a Chriſtian.

THERE is nothing ſolid, firm, or durable, but virtue.

OF all our vanities, none is more ridiculous than that which ariſes from dreſs. The merit which reſults from it does not differ much from that of a gilded ſtatue.

IT is generally owned there may be ſalvation for a virtuous infidel, in the caſe of invincible ignorance; but none for a vicious believer.

GOOD-NATURE is more agreeable in converſation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty, and makes even folly and impertinence ſupportable. There is no ſociety or converſation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or ſomething which muſt bear its appearance or ſupply its place; for this reaſon, mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we expreſs by the word good-breeding; for if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call ſo, we ſhall find it to be nothing elſe but an imitation and mimicking of good-nature, or in other terms, affability, complaiſance, and eaſineſs of temper, reduced into an art. Good-nature is born with us; health, proſperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cheriſhers of it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up where it does not grow of itſelf: 'tis one of the bleſſings of a happy conſtitution which education may improve, but not produce.

THE mere liberality of the hand does not abſolutely denote the generoſity of the mind. True generoſity does not depend ſo much upon the gift, as upon the feelings of the giver. Wealth and generoſity are by no means incompatible, but a man may have a large ſtore of the former in his poſſeſſion, without a grain of the latter in his compoſition: by being liberal we may acquire fame; by being generous we deſerve it.

'TIS

'TIS an old maxim in the ſchools
That vanity's the food of fools:
Yet now and then your men of wit,
Will condeſcend to take a bit.

IN diſcouraging hope we throw away one of the greateſt bleſſings beſtowed on men; that bleſſing which adds enjoyment to the preſent good, and adminiſters conſolation under the moſt oppreſſive misfortunes.

OH! how glorious is the old age of that great man who has ſpent his time in ſuch contemplations as has made this being what only it ſhould be, an education for heaven.

Extract from a POEM called INDEPENDANCE.

ALMIGHTY cauſe that rul'ſt this earth below,
From whoſe beheſts eternal bleſſings flow,
O! hear and anſwer (thus the poet pray'd)
A creeping thing thy Providence has made.
O! grant me bliſs, but not the bliſs that ſprings
From wealth, or fame, or ſublunary things,
That mock the ſearch, and cheat the human mind;
To chooſe the thorn and leave the roſe behind;
But grant me freedom,—freedom to provide
Againſt all vice, all paſſion, and all pride;
A liberal heart, with pure devotion warm,
A mind to riſe ſuperior to the ſtorm;
By thy good ſtatutes be my conduct taught,
Correct my will, and regulate my thought;
In death ſupport me, and in judgment ſave;
Give peace on earth, and bliſs beyond the grave.

VIRTUE is the univerſal charm. Even its ſhadow is courted, when the ſubſtance is wanting. The imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the firſt ſtudy of all, who would either gain the eſteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the ſpeech, and to adopt the manners of candour, gentleneſs, and humanity.

In the CHURCH-YARD of BROMLEY in KENT, written By J. HAWKSWORTH.

Near this place lies the body of
Elizabeth Monk,
Who departed this life on the 17th of Auguſt, 1753,
Aged 101.
She was the widow of John Monk, late of this pariſh,
Blackſmith,
Her ſecond huſband
To whom ſhe had been a wife near fifty years,
By him ſhe had no children:
And of the iſſue of her firſt marriage none lived to the ſecond.

But virtue would not ſuffer her to be childleſs;
An infant, to whom, and to whoſe father and uncles,
She had been nurſe,
(Such is the uncertainty of temporal proſperity!)
Became dependant upon ſtrangers for the neceſſaries of life;
To him ſhe afforded the protection of a mother.
This parental charity was returned with filial affection,
And ſhe was ſupported in the feebleneſs of age
By him whom ſhe had cheriſhed in the helpleſſneſs of infancy.

Let it be remembered,
That there is no ſtation in which induſtry will not obtain
Power to be
Liberal.
Nor any character on which liberality will not confer
Honour.

She had been long prepared
By a ſimple and unaffected piety,
For that awful moment which, however delayed, is
univerſally ſure.

How few are allowed an equal time of probation!
How many by their lives appear to preſume upon more!

To preſerve the memory of this perſon,
But yet more to perpetuate the leſſon of her life,
This ſtone was erected by voluntary contribution.

BE

BE ſtill, nor anxious thoughts employ,
Diſtruſt embitters every joy:
On God for all events depend;
Thou can'ſt not want when God's thy friend.
Weigh well thy part, and do thy beſt,
Leave to Omnipotence the reſt.
Can the fond mother ſlight her boy,
Can ſhe forget her prattling joy?
Say then, ſhall ſov'reign love deſert
The humble and the honeſt heart;
And though he grant not all thy mind;
Yet ſay not thou that heav'n's unkind.
God is alike both good and wiſe,
In what he grants and what denies:
Perhaps what goodneſs gives to-day
To-morrow goodneſs takes away.
Thou'lt ſay that troubles intervene
That ſorrows darken half the ſcene.
True,—and this conſequence may'ſt ſee
The world was ne'er deſign'd for thee;
Thou'rt like a paſſenger below
That ſtays perhaps a night or ſo,
But ſtill his native country lies
Beyond th' boundaries of the ſkies.
Of heav'n aſk virtue, wiſdom, health,
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine (tho' little gold)
And raiment to repel the cold,
Such as may nature's wants ſuffice,
Not what from pride and folly riſe,
If ſoft the motions of thy ſoul
And a calm conſcience crowns the whole;
Add but a friend to all this ſtore,
Canſt thou in reaſon wiſh for more?
And if kind heav'n this comfort brings
'Tis more than heav'n beſtows on kings.

TO be called a Chriſtian is a noble appellation. How few are there in this world who live up to the dignity of ſuch a title?

From

From POPE's ESSAY on CRITICISM.

TRUE wit is nature to advantage dreſt,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſt:
Something whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
Which gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.
Words are like leaves, and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath are rarely found.
A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ;
But true expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent as more ſuitable.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe, with modeſt caution ſpeaks
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes,
But ratt'ling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks.

EXCESSIVE complaiſance is more frequently the mark of pride than affability.

IN what rank ſo ever virtue is placed, it merits the ſame conſideration, and the ſame homage.

WHAT a dreadful ſtate is a tranſition, without recollection from libertiniſm and impiety, to the ſupreme tribunal of the incorruptible Judge of the whole univerſe!

BENEFICENT Providence ordained riches for our ſervice, and not to be abuſed in ſuch ſordid, ſuch deſpicable practices, as neither profit ourſelves nor the community.

TIME and opportunity are the moſt uncertain of all things; and yet there is nothing we more confidently depend upon.

TRUTH

TRUTH is the glory of time, and the daughter of eternity: a title of the higheſt grace, and a note of divine nature. Her eſſence is with God, her dwelling with his ſervants, her will in his wiſdom, and her work in his glory.

BEFORE we fix our minds on the poſſeſſion of any future enjoyment, we ſhould be particularly careful to examine whether our hope is well grounded, leſt our diſappointment yield more pain, than the object in view could beſtow pleaſure, if we had our deſire.

PRIDE, ſays an excellent writer, was not made for man, as he is an imperfect, as he is a ſinful, as he is a miſerable being; yet there is not a vice whereof the human breaſt is more ſuſceptible, nor one whoſe influence is more extenſive over the ſpecies.

VERSES ſent to a YOUNG WOMAN with a Preſent of a SPINNING WHEEL.

BETSY! with the Wheel I ſend,
Take the hint, 'twas form'd to lend,
Emblem this of life is found,
While you turn it round and round.
All the years that roll away
Are but circles of a day;
Still the ſame, and ſtill renew'd,
While ſome diſtant good's purſued;
Diſtant, for we're never bleſt,
'Till the lab'ring wheel's at reſt;
Then the various thread is ſpun;
Then the toil of life is done.
Happy if the running twine
Found a ſmooth and even line;
Not a foul and tangled clue,
Not untimely ſnapt in two.
Then the full reward is ſure,
Reſt that ever ſhall endure;
Reſt to happineſs refin'd,
Worthy an immortal mind!

RELIGION, added to the light of nature, and the experience of mankind, has concurred in eſtabliſhing it as an unqueſtionable truth, that the irregular or intemperate indulgence of the paſſions, is always attended with pain in ſome mode or other, which greatly exceeds its pleaſure.

HE whoſe wiſhes, reſpecting the poſſeſſions of this world, are the moſt reaſonable and bounded, is likely to lead the ſafeſt, and, for that reaſon, the moſt deſirable life. By aſpiring too high, we frequently miſs the happineſs, which, by a leſs ambitious aim, we might have gained. High happineſs on earth, is rather a picture which the imagination forms, than a reality which man is allowed to poſſeſs.

THE idea which Chriſtianity has ſuggeſted of the relation in which all men ſtand to each other, is wonderfully adapted to promote univerſal hoſpitality. When we conſider all men as brothers, we ſhall naturally receive the ſtranger within our gates with cordial kindneſs, as a relation whom we have never yet ſeen before, and to whom we wiſh to diſplay ſome ſignal of our love.

" SURELY goodneſs and mercy ſhall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the houſe of the Lord for ever." What a purified, ſentimental enjoyment of proſperity is here exhibited! How different from that groſs reliſh of worldly pleaſures, which belongeth to thoſe who behold only the terreſtrial ſide of things; who raiſe their views to no higher objects than the ſucceſſion of human contingencies, and the weak efforts of human ability; who have no protector or patron in the heavens, to enliven their proſperity, or to warm their hearts with gratitude and truſt.

HOW miſerable is vice, when one guilty paſſion creates ſo much torment! How unavailing is proſperity, when, in the height of it a ſingle diſappointment can deſtroy the reliſh of all its pleaſures! How weak is human nature, which, in the abſence of real, is ſo prone to form to itſelf imaginary woes!

HABITUAL

HABITUAL acts of kindneſs have a powerful effect in ſoftening the heart.

THANKFUL that a heavenly conductor vouchſafes his aid, let us earneſtly pray, that from him may deſcend divine light to guide our ſteps, and divine ſtrength to fortify our minds. Let us pray, that his grace may keep us from all intemperate paſſions, and miſtaken purſuits of pleaſure, that whether it ſhall be his will to give or to deny us earthly proſperity, he may bleſs us with a calm, a ſound and well regulated mind; may give us moderation in ſucceſs, and fortitude under diſappointment; and may enable us ſo to take warning from the crimes and miſeries of others, as to eſcape the ſnares of guilt.

The Frame and Temper of Mind of a true CHRISTIAN.

1 Theſſ. Chap. v. Ver. 16, 17, 18.

REJOICE evermore.
Pray without ceaſing.
In every thing give thanks.

Which expreſſions in their full force imply a diſpoſition always cheerful, grateful, and reſigned, having a continual ſenſe of the mercies which we enjoy—our dependance upon God, and his unmerited favours; a diſpoſition always rejoicing at the proſperity of its fellow-creatures, poſſeſſing that univerſal charity which is the life and eſſence of religion; looking up to the Supreme Being in every ſtep of our conduct, having God at all times in our thoughts, words, and actions, reſolving to do nothing but what is agreeable to his will, to fear nothing beyond or beſides his diſpleaſure: when we lie down, recommending ourſelves to his care, when we riſe up, imploring his protection (beſides which there is nothing that we can pray for as we ought) in the beautiful expreſſions of the royal pſalmiſt, "remembering God in our bed, and thinking on him when we are waking." In a word, it is that frame and temper of mind, which is always ſupplicant, humble, grateful, and reſigned, repoſing

repoſing our whole truſt and confidence in the wiſdom, juſtice, and mercy, of the divine Providence, whatever we do, doing all to the praiſe and glory of God.

GIVE not an ear to the pleaſures of this life; they only pall the taſte, and render the heart unfit for duty. Seek induſtry for thy pleaſure, and virtue for thy greateſt comfort; reward the diligent, comfort the diſtreſſed, and aſſiſt the needy.

THERE may be ſome pleaſure in flying ſociety, but there is ſometimes a very ſevere mortification in ſeeing ſociety fly from us.

A DESIRE of grandeur and magnificence is often abſurd in thoſe who can ſupport it, but when it takes hold of thoſe who can ſcarce furniſh themſelves with neceſſaries, their poverty inſtead of demanding our pity, becomes an object of ridicule.

SENSIBILITY is the cauſe either of the greateſt happineſs or miſery attending the female ſex; but too frequently it leads to the latter; yet if virtue is their guide, it gives them gleams of the former, by a hopeful aſſurance of eternal felicity.

DISHONEST minds, juſt like the jaundic'd ſight,
See honeſt deeds in a diſhoneſt light;
Thro' clouds of guilt, the innocent they view,
And ſtain each virtue with ſome vicious hue.
The juſt and good look with a different eye;
By generous hearts they generous actions try:
Govern'd by honour, honour they revere,
And think each virtue like their own ſincere.

IF thou deſireſt not to be poor, deſire not to be rich; he is rich, not that poſſeſſeth much, but that covets no more. The contented mind wants nothing that it hath not; whereas the covetous wants not only that which it hath not, but what it hath alſo.

AFFLICTIONS

AFFLICTIONS are hard meat, but patience is a good digeſter.

BE not attached to any preconceived notions, however poſitive you may have been hitherto of their truth, as to be backward to part with them on better evidence, even though the diſcovery of your errors ſhould deprive you of ſome pleaſing deluſion, and oblige you to the practice of ſomething naturally ungrateful.

CHRIST was born in an inn, which may teach man to make the world but a thoroughfare, where if he takes his reſt, yet he muſt not ſet up his reſt.

O! COME, ſweet Hope, and lull my ſoul to reſt,
For ever dwell within my tranquil breaſt:
Teach me to limit all my fond deſires,
And only wiſh what nature ſtill requires.
Without thy aid my down-caſt longing ſoul,
Would hardly reach in thought the diſtant goal;
By thee inflam'd it mounts the lofty ſkies,
And flies impatient of th' immortal prize.

Part of a HYMN to the DEITY.

BUT ſhould adverſity, with frown ſevere
Daſh the bright cup of pleaſure from my hand,
Whilſt every ſummer friend, with eager haſte,
Flies from her wintry blaſt—when left alone,
Unpitied, and neglected,—when the bloom
Of youth ſhall fade, and age, with trembling ſteps,
Shall ſpread his hoary honours o'er my head,
And every day a gloomier ſcene unfold;
Oh! then, be thou my guardian and my friend,
Nor let me ſink beneath the weighty ſtroke,
(For wiſeſt purpoſe, though unknown to me)
But ſay, with heart reſign'd, "Thy will be done."

IF our deſires increaſe with our riches, is not a man by ſo much the more miſerable, the more he poſſeſſes?

IN proſperity and in adverſity, religion is the ſafeſt guide of human life. Conducted by its light, we reap the pleaſures, and at the ſame time eſcape the dangers, of a proſperous ſtate. Sheltered under its protection, we ſtand the ſhock of adverſity with moſt intrepidity, and ſuffer leaſt from the violence of the ſtorm.

A SENTIMENTAL THOUGHT by a SAILOR.

STILL toſt tempeſtuous on the ſea of life,
My little bark is driving to and fro,
With winds and waves I hold unequal ſtrife,
Nor can decide the doubtful courſe I go.
Contending paſſions are the ſtorms that riſe,
And error's darkneſs clouds the mental ray,
The lamp of reaſon ſeldom gilds the ſkies,
With luſtre equal to direct my way.
But there's an hour when all theſe ſtorms ſhall ceaſe,
The darkneſs fly, and riſing ſcenes appear,
My bark be ſhelter'd in the port of peace,
And ride eternal at an anchor there.

IT is folly in youth to place too ſtrong a reliance on long life; it is weakneſs in age to be over ſolicitous about it. In the former caſe, the expectation is indulged with uncertainty; in the latter, the deſire is attended by anxiety, becauſe the chances of probability are intirely againſt it. All that we are ſure of in this life is, that we muſt quit it, we know not when; and all that it moſt behoves us to do, is to be prepared for that call, to which wiſdom and virtue conſtantly admoniſh us. It little matters how long we live in this world, but it greatly does in what manner we live in it.

THE brighteſt ſcenes of worldly proſperity and grandeur are contemptible, when they do not accord with virtue and piety. Death in a few years, blends the prince and the meaneſt ſubject, the conqueror and the ſlave, the ſtateſman, the warrior, and the moſt inſignificant, in one promiſcuous ruin; and the ſchemes, the competitions, and the intereſts,

intereſts, which have engaged the chief attention of the world, are brought to nothing, and appear, too often, ridiculous: but righteouſneſs is unchangeably glorious, and in the univerſal ruin receives no detriment: when all human power and policy will be extinct, concealed piety, and perſecuted virtue will again appear, and be owned as his by the Lord of Hoſts in that day when he maketh up his jewels. I will love thee, therefore, O Lord, my ſtrength; yea, I will love thee: and it ever ſhall be my heart's deſire, that my ſoul may behold by faith in itſelf, as in a glaſs, the glory of the Lord, able and ready to change it into the ſame image from glory to glory, reflected upon, and conveyed to it by the Spirit of the Lord. May my portion here be this bleſſed transforming union, that I may be made partaker of the divine nature, by impreſſions from it. I ſhall then have all I wiſh, and all I want. With a ſettled indifference I ſhall then look upon the higheſt advantages of this world. I ſhall have nothing to hope or to fear. The will of God will be to me unmixed felicity.

TOO rarely ſeen is that gratitude which looks backward, and generouſly ſubſiſts on favours paſt, without freſh claims and aliment; how much more common is that which muſt be kept up by daily benefits, and when bereft of ſuch food, expires?

THERE are many creatures in the creation of whoſe nature and uſefulneſs we are ignorant, which might poſſibly be made for the ſake of contemplation to carry us forth into admiration of the great Creator.

CHARITY and fine-dreſſing are things very different, but if men give alms for the ſame reaſons that others dreſs fine, only to be ſeen and admired, charity is then but like the vanity of fine cloaths.

HE that believes that every thing happens to him for the beſt, cannot poſſibly complain for want of ſomething that is better.

WHAT embitters the common accidents of life to moſt people is their entertaining a fooliſh notion, that calamities are unnatural, and that we have a right to the pleaſures of life; whereas the true ſtate of the caſe is, that affliction is what we greatly need, and rightly deſerve, and that the pleaſures of life are the mere gift of God, which therefore he may withhold or beſtow as he ſees fit.

On Autumn.

HOW barren now the trees appear!
Lo! winter comes apace;
With rapid flight the circling year
Departs with eager haſte.

The flow'rs, with odorif'rous ſweets,
No more perfume the air;
But every ſcene our proſpect meets,
Diſplay'd in wild deſpair.

Thus will your lovely form decay;
Your blooming beauties fade;
Thoſe tranſient charms ſhall die away,
And age will be diſplay'd.

Then gain the charm that ne'er will fade,
That never droops and dies:
At death's approach be not diſmay'd,
For you again ſhall riſe.

The frowns of fortune ne'er regard,
But truſt almighty love;
Virtue ſhall meet her ſure reward
In realms of bliſs above.

JOHN, Lord Harrington, was the eldeſt ſon of that Lord Harrington to whom King James the Firſt committed the education of his eldeſt daughter, the Princeſs Elizabeth. He had excellent natural endowments, and had acquired a conſiderable ſtock of uſeful learning; but was moſtly

moſtly eminent for his knowledge in the work of his ſalvation. He manifeſted a principle of true life in his heart, by his love to all who were truly godly. And ſuch were his bowels of compaſſion, that he gave the tenth part of his yearly income to charitable uſes. At the beginning of his laſt ſickneſs, he ſtrongly apprehended that death would be the end of it, and accordingly prepared for the grave. He declared his faith in, and undoubted hope of ſalvation by Chriſt; and ſaid, with much cheerfulneſs, "That he feared "not death in what ſhape ſoever it might aſſail him." In the midſt of many heavenly things, which dropped from time to time from his mouth, he deſired to be diſſolved, and to be at home with the Lord, declaring, not above two hours before his death, "That he ſtill felt the comfort and "joys of aſſured ſalvation, by Chriſt Jeſus." And when the hour of his departure was come, he ſaid, "O, that "joy!—O, my God! when ſhall I be with thee?" And with the like words, expreſſive of a tender heavenly frame of mind, he peacefully expired.

The STORY of PYRRHIAS.

A MERCHANT of Ithaca being at ſea eſpied an antient man, a captive, in a pirate's ſhip; he took compaſſion on him, and redeemed him; and bought his commodities, which the pirates had taken from him, which were certain barrels of pitch. The old man perceiving, that not for any good ſervice he could do him, nor for the gain of that commodity, but merely out of pity and charity he had done this, diſcovered a great maſs of treaſure hidden in the pitch, whereby the merchant in a very ſhort time became very rich. "He that ſoweth liberally, ſhall reap "liberally; the liberal ſoul ſhall be made fat; the liberal "deviſeth liberal things, and by liberal things he ſhall "ſtand."

NEVER indulge yourſelves in ridicule on religious ſubjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by ſeeming diverted with what they ſay. This, to people of good breeding, will be a ſufficient check.

On Contentment.

WHEN I ſurvey the world around,
And ſee what objects may be found,
Afflicted and diſtreſt;
Some on the confines of the dead,
And others wanting daily bread,
Nay ev'n a place of reſt.

When I have theſe before my ſight,
My troubles ſeem ſo ſmall and light,
They ſcarce deſerve the name:
Alike my heart and tongue declare
How good my great Creator's care,
I ſuffer not the ſame.

Suppoſe that God ſhould grant me more,
My heart may not ſo often ſoar,
And taſte the joys above;
The world and things of time and ſenſe
May draw my heart and thoughts from thence,
And hurt me with their love.

Then I'll no more with grief repine,
And ſay how hard this lot of mine,
But will with patience wait,
And cheerfully embrace the load
Aſſigned me by my Maker God!
Till he ſhall change my ſtate.

WE want as much moderation not to be corrupted with our good fortune, as patience not to be dejected with our bad.

TO ſuppoſe a man ſo truly humble, though he may live in all the appearances of pride and vanity, is as abſurd, as to ſuppoſe a man ſo inwardly ſober, that he need refuſe no ſtrong liquors; ſo inwardly charitable, that he need not avoid quarrels; or ſo holy, that he need not reſiſt temptations to ſin.

Extracts

Extracts from CHARITY—a POETICAL ESSAY.

——— O! THERE are ———
Who ſigh unheard, unſeen, who drop the tear
Of anguiſh; ſore by every ill oppreſs'd
That fleſh is heir to, famine, cold, diſeaſe,
And infamy, that dagger to the heart,
Deadlier than all the reſt, who yet deny
Their tongue to tell the ſorrows of their ſoul.

BUT why await entreaty? ye ordain'd
The ſtewards of the poor! to whom is giv'n
The means of bleſſing,—fly, unaſked, to bleſs!
Unaſk'd go forth! go penetrate the ſhade
That wraps the modeſt mourner from the world!
Pierce the dark dungeon's horrors, and unbind
The cruel chain that galls the debtor's ſoul.

THUS to employ the pow'rs by heav'n beſtow'd,
Thus to explore the hidden paths of woe,
And reſcue from the hovering vulture's fangs
The weak, the wounded—tell me, ye who've tried
Theſe walks, and thoſe of pleaſure, which purſued,
Conduct the mind to moſt unmingled bliſs!
Tell me, if ever in the giddy round
Of gaiety, ye find one ſcene that ſtamps
Such ſatisfaction on the ſoul, as that
By deeds of mild humanity diffus'd!
And tell me,—truly tell me, if ſuch deeds
Doing, or done, did ever fail to charm!

"BLESSED are ye, when men ſhall revile you, and "perſecute you, and ſay all manner of evil of you falſely "for my ſake; rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is "your reward in heaven." Chriſt does not endeavour to comfort us in this ſtate, as if it was a hard or melancholy ſtate, which we muſt bear, becauſe it is made eaſier with patience, or becauſe God has pleaſed to impoſe it upon us; but he looks at it in quite another view, not as needing comfort, but as having matter fit for congratulation.—

What

What Chriſtians are they therefore, what ſtrangers to the Spirit of Chriſt, who reckon thoſe things amongſt the hardſhips of religion, which Chriſt recommends to us as reaſons of rejoicing, and being exceeding glad?

VIRTUE and Vice in one ſole point agree;
Each would be glad alike themſelves might be.

IT ſhould be an indiſpenſible rule in life to contract our deſires to our preſent condition; and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compaſs of what we actually poſſeſs.

THE Mahometans, who affect, after the antient manner of the eaſtern writers, to expreſs their moral doctrine in a kind of proverbial chain of parallels, ſay, there are five things which a wiſe man will ground no hopes on: the colour of a cloud, becauſe imaginary; the friendſhip of the covetous, becauſe mercenary; beauty, becauſe frail; praiſe, becauſe airy; and the pleaſures of this world, becauſe deceitful.

THAT the moſt permanent pleaſure we can enjoy in this life, conſiſts in content, is undoubtedly true: he who with little, is content with that little, ſhould be conſidered as the only happy man. There is no happineſs in this world but what the philoſophic mind enjoys in its own contemplation; and no ſtudies or reflection is ſo likely to confer happineſs, even in this world, as that of the Divine Being. He who would be happy here, ſhould aim at being happy hereafter; he ſhould meditate on thoſe great and ſublime truths which religion teaches; he ſhould contemplate that glorious immortality which the good wiſh to enjoy, but the wicked fear to believe.

THE divine perfections ſhine through all nature, and the goodneſs and bounty of the Creator to all his creatures, impreſs the obligation of imitating this wiſeſt and beſt of Beings upon every man's heart and conſcience.

THE

THE ſwelling dome of courtly magnificence undergoes many a ſtorm; which the humility of the villager's ſituation keeps from breaking on his little ſhed.

On Simplicity.

HAIL, artleſs Simplicity, beautiful maid,
In the genuine attractions of nature array'd;
Let the rich and the proud, and the gay and the vain,
Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train.

No charm in thy modeſt allurements they find,
The pleaſures they follow, a ſting leave behind:
Can criminal paſſion enrapture the breaſt
Like virtue, with peace and ſerenity bleſt?

O! would you Simplicity's precepts attend,
Like us with delight at her altar you'd bend;
The pleaſures ſhe yields wou'd with joy be embrac'd,
You'd practiſe from virtue, and love them from taſte.

The linnet enchants us the buſhes among,
Tho' cheap the muſician, yet ſweet is the ſong;
We catch the ſoft warbling in air as it floats,
And with extacy hang on the raviſhing notes.

Our water is drawn from the cleareſt of ſprings,
And our food, nor diſeaſe, nor ſatiety brings;
Our mornings are cheerful, our labours are bleſt,
Our ev'nings are pleaſant, our nights crown'd with reſt.

From our culture yon garden its ornament finds,
And we catch at the hint for improving our minds;
To live to ſome purpoſe we conſtantly try,
And we mark by our actions, the days as they fly.

Since ſuch are the joys that Simplicity yields,
We may well be content with our woods and our fields:
How uſeleſs to us then, ye great, were your wealth,
When without it we purchaſe both pleaſure and health!

SENSIBILITY,

SENSIBILITY, with all its inconveniencies, is to be cheriſhed by thoſe who underſtand and wiſh to maintain the dignity of their nature. To feel for others, diſpoſes us to exerciſe the amiable virtue of charity, which our religion indiſpenſably requires. It conſtitutes the enlarged benevolence which philoſophy inculcates, and which is indeed comprehended in Chriſtian charity. It is the privilege and the ornament of man; and the pain which it cauſes is abundantly recompenſed by that ſweet ſenſation which ever accompanies the exerciſe of beneficence.

TO feel our own miſery with full force is not to be deprecated. Affliction ſoftens and improves the heart. Tears, to ſpeak in the ſtyle of figure, fertilize the ſoil in which the virtues grow. And it is the remark of one who underſtood human nature, that the faculties of the mind, as well as the feelings of the heart, are meliorated by adverſity.

VERSES by WILLIAM MASON,

In memory of his Wife who died at the Hot-Wells, 1767.

TAKE, holy earth, all that my ſoul holds dear,
Take that beſt gift which heav'n ſo lately gave:
To Briſtol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form: ſhe bow'd to taſte the wave,
And died.—Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does ſympathetick fear their breaſts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a ſtrain divine;
Ev'n from the grave, thou ſhalt have pow'r to charm.
Bid them be chaſte, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's ſphere as meekly move;
And, if ſo fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendſhip, and as fond in love;
Tell them, tho' tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlaſting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

THERE

THERE is no greater inſtance of good ſenſe and ſound judgment, than to be capable of receiving advice.

HOW beautiful's the ſetting ſun!
Its daily courſe now almoſt run,
We can behold its charms;
More pleaſing are its fainter rays,
Than when in full meridian blaze
It dazzles whilſt it warms.

CUSTOM and example create wants for the wealthy which the poor are ignorant of.

BEAUTIFUL women, ſays Bacon, are ſeldom poſſeſſed of any great accompliſhments, becauſe they, for the moſt part, ſtudy behaviour rather than virtue.

The CHARACTER of an AMIABLE WOMAN.

THAT which pleaſes in her, is her ſilence, her modeſty, her love of retirement, her aſſiduous labour, her induſtry; her application to manage all her father's houſe ever ſince her mother's death; her contempt of vain dreſſes and ornaments; the forgetfulneſs or ignorance which appears in her of her beauty. She is mild, ſimple-hearted, diſcreet; her hands deſpiſe not labour; ſhe foreſees from afar; ſhe provides for every thing; ſhe acts conſequentially, ſweetly, and without violence; ſhe is always employed; ſhe is never in diſorder, or at all embarraſſed, becauſe ſhe doth every thing properly, and ſeaſonably; the good order of her houſe is her glory; ſhe is with it more adorned, than with her beauty; though ſhe have the care of all, and though it be her place to correct, to refuſe, and to ſpare, (three things which make all women ſo to be hated) yet is ſhe hereby rendered rather the more amiable to all the family; which is, becauſe there is not found in her either paſſion, or opinionativeneſs, or levity, or humourſomneſs, as in other women; with a look only ſhe makes herſelf to be underſtood, and they are afraid of diſpleaſing her; ſhe gives exact orders; ſhe commands nothing but what can be executed;

ſhe

ſhe reproves with kindneſs, and in reproving alſo at the ſame time encourages. She is a treaſure worthy to be ſought for in the remoteſt ends of the earth; her mind, no more than her body, is ever ſet off with vain ornaments; her imagination, though lively, is bridled by her diſcretion; ſhe ſpeaks not, but from neceſſity; and if ſhe open her mouth, the moſt ſweet perſuaſions, and native graces, diſtil from her lips: ſo ſoon as ever ſhe ſpeaks, every one is preſently ſilent, and ſhe bluſhes at it; ſhe is hardly prevailed with not to ſuppreſs what ſhe had a mind to utter, when ſhe perceives they hear her ſo attentively. And to crown all, the love and fear of God is the ſource from whence all theſe virtues flow.

IF the principles of the Chriſtian Religion were well rooted in the hearts of all mankind, what excellent fruit would they produce!—There would be no more wars, nor rumours of wars. Kingdom would not riſe againſt kingdom, nor nation againſt nation; but all princes would be at peace with their neighbours, and their ſubjects at unity amongſt themſelves, ſtriving about nothing but which ſhould ſerve God beſt, and do moſt good in the world.

NOTHING ſpoils human nature more than falſe zeal. The good nature of a heathen is more god-like than the furious zeal of a Chriſtian.

REPUTATION is a very tender bloſſom, which the leaſt breath of foul detraction will ſometimes blaſt.

A WISE and good man will turn examples of all ſorts to his own advantage. The good he will make his patterns, and ſtrive to equal or excel them; the bad he will by all means avoid.

WEAK underſtandings may be content to appear happy, but good ones endeavour to be really ſo.

AN induſtrious and virtuous education of children is a better inheritance for them than a great eſtate.

HOW

HOW inconſiderable is vice on its firſt appearance in the human mind, and how eaſily ſuppreſſed; how ſubtle, and how rapid in its progreſs, and how inſurmountable in its exceſs?—A ſpark,—a fire,—a conflagration.—Yet how little pains do thoſe who have the care of us in early life; or we, when we have the guidance of ourſelves, exert to prevent, or to ſmother it.

A LETTER from JAMES EARL of MARLBOROUGH, a little before his Death, in the Battle at Sea, on the Coaſt of Holland, &c. *to Sir Hugh Pollard.*

"I believe the goodneſs of your nature, and the friendſhip you have always borne me, will receive with kindneſs the laſt office of your friend. I am in health enough of body, and through the mercy of God in Jeſus Chriſt, well diſpoſed in mind. This I premiſe, that you may be ſatisfied, that what I write proceeds not from any fantaſtic terror of mind, but from a ſober reſolution of what concerns myſelf, and earneſt deſire to do you more good after my death, than mine example (God of his mercy pardon the badneſs of it!) in my life-time may do you harm. I will not ſpeak aught of the vanity of this world; your own age and experience will ſave that labour: but there is a certain thing that goeth up and down in the world, called Religion, dreſſed, and pretended fantaſtically, and to purpoſes bad enough, which yet, by ſuch evil dealing, loſeth not its being. The great good God hath not left it without a witneſs, more or leſs, ſooner or later, in every man's boſom, to direct us in the purſuit of it, and for the avoiding of thoſe inextricable diſquiſitions and entanglements with which our vn frail reaſon would perplex us. God, in his infinite mercy, hath given us his holy word, in which, as there are many things hard to be underſtood, ſo there is enough plain and eaſy, to quiet our minds, and to direct us concerning our future being. I confeſs to God and you, I have been a great neglecter, and, I fear, deſpiſer of it; God, of his infinite mercy, pardon me the dreadful fault!—But, when I retired myſelf from the noiſe and deceitful vanity of the world, I found no true comfort in any other reſolution, than

what I had from thence; I commend, from the bottom of my heart, the ſame to your, I hope, happy uſe. Dear Sir Hugh! let us be more generous than to believe we die as the beaſts that periſh; but with a Chriſtian, manly, brave reſolution, look to what is eternal. I will not trouble you farther. The only great and holy God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, direct you to an happy end of your life, and ſend us a joyful reſurrection. So prays your true friend,

"MARLBOROUGH."

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd their preſent ſtate:
From brutes, what men; from men, what ſpirits know:
Or who would ſuffer being here below!
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, could he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh! blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,
Who ſees, with equal eyes, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall.

"I KNOW by experience, (ſaid Louis, the late Duke of Orleans) that ſublunary grandeur and ſublunary pleaſure are deluſive and vain, and are always infinitely below the conceptions we form of them: but, on the contrary, ſuch happineſs and ſuch complacency may be found in devotion and piety, as the ſenſual mind has no idea of."

IT is the buſineſs of moraliſts to detect the frauds of fortune, and to ſhow that ſhe impoſes upon the careleſs eye, by a quick ſucceſſion of ſhadows, which will ſhrink to nothing in the gripe; that ſhe diſguiſes life in extrinſick ornaments, which ſerve only for ſhow, and are laid aſide in the hours of ſolitude and of pleaſure; and, that, when greatneſs aſpires either to felicity or wiſdom, it ſhakes off thoſe diſtinctions which dazzle the gazer, and awe the ſupplicant.

The

The dying SAINT.

WHEN life's tempeſtuous ſtorms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly ſhore,
Who liv'd averſe to ſin;
Such peace on virtue's path attends,
That where the ſinner's pleaſure ends
The good man's joys begin.

See ſmiling patience ſmooth his brow!
See bending angels downward bow!
To lift his ſoul on high;
While eager for the bleſt abode,
He joins with them to praiſe the God
Who taught him how to die.

The horrors of the grave and hell,
Thoſe ſorrows which the wicked feel,
In vain their gloom diſplay;
For he who bids yon comet burn,
Or makes the night deſcend, can turn
Their darkneſs into day.

No ſorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
No horror wreſts the ſtruggling ſighs,
As from the ſinner's breaſt:
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly ſolace from above,
And heals his ſoul with reſt.

O grant, my Saviour and my Friend,
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
And calm my ev'ning's cloſe;
While loos'd from every earthly tie,
With ſteady confidence I fly
To him from whence I roſe.

IT is from the principles of virtue and religion only that mankind can be cheerful in poſſeſſing life, and eaſy in the reſignation of it.

OH! happy they, who by a life well ſpent,
Enjoy a true and undiſturb'd content;
Bleſs'd with a mind unconſcious of offence,
Good-temper, modeſty, and ſolid ſenſe:
In ſearch of happineſs they never roam,
Convinc'd that jewel's only found at home;
Free from pride, envy, vanity, and art,
Humble, reſign'd, and virtuous is their heart:
Their lives thus eaſy, tranquil, and ſerene,
Without they're cheerful, and at peace within;
They neither wiſh nor fear their period nigh,
Content to live, and well prepar'd to die.

THE temper of Sir Iſaac Newton is ſaid to have been ſo equal and mild, that no accident could diſturb it; and a remarkable inſtance of it is authenticated by a perſon who is ſtill living. He had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his ſtudy into the next room, Diamond was left behind him. When Sir Iſaac returned, having been abſent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that his dog having thrown down a lighted candle among ſome papers, the nearly finiſhed labour of many years was in flames, and almoſt conſumed to aſhes. This loſs, as he was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once ſtriking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation: — "Oh! Diamond, Diamond! thou little knoweſt the "miſchief thou haſt done!"

— OH, lovely Truth! ſay where's thy dwelling found;
Where ſhall I fix my foot on ſolid ground?
'Im out at ſea! nor harbour can eſpy!
'Tis all a boundleſs ſcene of ſea and ſky!
How ſhall I then my little bark direct?
What chart ſhall guide her, and what port protect?
Where ſhall I fix my anchor? how explore
Th' unerring way to Truth's all peaceful ſhore?
I aſk in fear:—I fear theſe learned ſhocks,
Theſe dangerous quickſands and deſtructive rocks.

Extenſive

Extenſive knowledge oft o'erſets the mind,
Like hoiſting too much ſails before the wind:
Yet ign'rance too is dang'rous; 'tis a deep
That drowns the ſoul, or lulls her pow'rs aſleep.
What then avails my ſearch for mental bliſs,
Since knowing, or not knowing, proves amiſs?
Debatings then adieu! henceforth I'll ſteer,
As led by humble hope, and humble fear;
I'll ſteer my bark to ſome ſequeſter'd creek,
And ſtrive to hear what God and nature ſpeak.
I'll ſteal away with modeſty of mind,
And bid my hopes and wiſhes lie reſign'd:
I'll bid my clam'rous paſſions all be ſtill,
And learn that noble art to rule my will.
My little bark ſhall know her ſov'reign's nod,
(Her maſter Jeſus, and her pilot God;)
This is the plan of peace by wiſdom giv'n;
And revelation points this courſe to heav'n.

SOLITUDE is the hallowed ground which religion hath, in every age, choſen for her own. There, her inſpiration is felt, and her ſecret myſteries elevate the ſoul. There, falls the tear of contrition; there, riſes towards heaven the ſigh of the heart; there, melts the ſoul with all the tenderneſs of devotion; and pours itſelf forth before him who made, and him who redeemed it.

THE ſplendid vanities of life deſpiſe,
So quickly o'er, ſo uſeleſs to the wiſe;
What real joy can gain, or dreſs afford,
Or are we happier though they call us lord:
Let others flaunt, and throw their lives away,
Proud, wretched, fooliſh, handſome, rich, and gay:
Let noiſe and hurry every hour engage,
Pomp, viſits, ſaunt'ring, tavern, court, or ſtage,
Nor envy we; but thoſe with pity view
Who follow ſtill falſe happineſs for true;
Obſerve their errors, and obſerving ſhun,
And from their practice as deſtruction run.

THOU attribute divine! thou ray of God!
Immortal reaſon! come, and with thee bring,
In thy exulting train, invincible,
The honeſt purpoſe, and the cheerful heart;
The joyful fancy, fill'd with images
Of truth, of ſcience, and of ſocial love.
There is no ground for fear, while we are good:
Nature's the nurſe, and Providence the guide.

SOLITUDE.

SWEET Solitude, thou placid queen,
Of modeſt air, and brow ſerene,
'Tis thou inſpir'ſt the poet's themes,
Wrap'd in ſoft viſionary dreams.

Parent of virtue, nurſe of thought,
By thee were ſaints and patriarchs taught;
Wiſdom from thee her treaſures drew,
And in thy lap fair ſcience grew.

Whate'er exalts, refines, and charms,
Invites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, fair, and good,
We owe to thee, ſweet Solitude.

In theſe bleſt ſhades thou doſt maintain
Thy peaceful unmoleſted reign;
No turbulent deſires intrude
On thy repoſe, ſweet Solitude.

With thee the charm of life ſhall laſt,
E'vn when its roſy bloom is paſt,
And when ſlow-pacing time ſhall ſpread
Its ſilver bloſſoms o'er my head.

No more with this vain world perplex'd;
Thou ſhalt prepare me for the next:
The ſprings of life ſhall gently ceaſe,
And angels point the way to peace.

An Hymn.

LORD! in the ſolemn ſhades of night,
When I behold the ſkies,
In contemplation of thy works
My thoughts to heav'n ariſe.

If I ſurvey the ſilver moon,
Array'd in robes of light,
Who form'd her lucent orb, I cry,
Muſt be ſupremely bright.

But when I view ten thouſand ſtars,
Shining with rival rays,
My ſoaring ſoul the ſky tranſcends,
And thinks ſhe ſees thy blaze.

Tranſported with extatic love,
Ingulph'd in bliſs I ſtand,
Gaze on thy dazzling beams, and taſte
The joys at thy right hand.

Celeſtial pleaſures thro' my veins
In floods of tranſport roll,
And thy amazing goodneſs, Lord!
With rapture melts my ſoul.

TIME is to be met, and never to be followed, becauſe never to be overtaken.

A SOUL, which uncorrupted reaſon ſways,
With calm indiff'rence fortune's gifts ſurveys;
If Providence an affluent ſtore denies,
Its own intrinſick worth that want ſupplies,
Diſdains by vicious actions to acquire
That glitt'ring trifle vulgar minds admire,
With eaſe to heav'n's ſuperior will reſigns,
Nor meanly at another's wealth repines,
Firmly adheres to virtue's ſteady rules,
And ſcorns the fickle deity of fools.

THERE

THERE is ſcarce a man living who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honeſt mind, and great abilities, it does infinite ſervice to the world. On the contrary, when a man only thinks of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature.

HEALTH, a kind gift from heaven ſent;
When added to a mind content,
Will ev'ry want and wiſh ſupply,
And yield true joys which never die;
What is grandeur, power, or wealth?
All fleeting nothings, without health.

THERE is nothing which contributes ſo much to the welfare and happineſs of mankind as contentment, and a calm ſubmiſſion to the will of Providence. It is that alone which pours the lenient balm of conſolation into the wounds of poverty; it is that which renders the yoke of captivity light, and ſupports the mind under all the troubles of adverſity and diſtreſs.

THE characteriſticks of virtue, are modeſty and humility; the moſt common attendants of proſperity, are pride and preſumption.

By a Young Man on attaining his FREEDOM.

NOW the ſweet morn of liberty appears,
I graſp at once the joys of future years;
For ever bid each gloomy ſcene depart,
Whilſt joy unrival'd circles round my heart;
And, in full torrents, guſhes through each vein,
While eager tranſports turn almoſt to pain!
But ah! raſh youth, why wrapp'd in tranſient joy?
Sickneſs may fade, affliction may deſtroy;
Or death may blaſt, and turn to ſcenes of woe,
Thoſe pleaſures which, in thought, ſo plenteous flow.
Then rouze, my ſoul! ſeek more ſubſtantial bliſs
In the next world, which can't be felt in this!

AVOID

AVOID all books, and all converſation, that tend to ſhake your faith on thoſe great points of religion, which ſhould ſerve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happineſs depend.

CULTIVATE an enlarged charity for all mankind, however they may differ from you in their religious opinions. That difference may probably ariſe from cauſes in which you had no ſhare, and from which you can derive no merit.

THERE is a dignity in conſcious virtue which is able to awe the moſt ſhameleſs and abandoned of men.

IT is a great article in the happineſs of life, to have your pleaſures as independent of others as poſſible.

WHEN benignity and gentleneſs reign within, we are always leaſt in hazard of being ruffled from without.

SOFT-SMILING hope! thou anchor of the mind!
The only reſting place th' unhappy find;
How doſt thou all our anxious cares beguile!
And make the orphan, and the friendleſs ſmile.
With thee on pleaſure's wings, thro' life we're borne;
Without thee, wretched, friendleſs, and forlorn.
Poſſeſt of thee, the weary pilgrim ſtrays
Thro' barren deſarts, and untrodden ways:
Thirſty and faint, his nerves new vigour ſtrings,
And full of thee, he quaffs immortal ſprings.

WHEN ſmiling fortune ſpreads her golden ray,
All croud around to flatter and betray:
But when ſhe thunders from an angry ſky,
Our friends—our flatterers, and our lovers fly.

SOME have pitied "an unlearned gentleman on a rainy "day." Upon any day the man is extremely to be pitied who can neither amuſe his mind by reading, nor bear to be a moment converſing with himſelf.

SOLITUDE

SOLITUDE is agreeable to pure and ſenſible hearts; it is only when we are afraid of our own reflections that we fear a calm, and ſeek diſſipation.

IF you have acted your part with integrity and honour, you are juſtly entitled to reſpect, and you will generally receive it. For rarely, or never, is old age contemned, unleſs when, by vice or folly, it renders itſelf contemptible. Though length of time may have worn off ſuperficial ornaments, yet what old age loſes in grace, it often gains in dignity.

VAIN, nay, often dangerous, were youthful enterpriſe, if not conducted by aged prudence. "I ſaid, days ſhould "ſpeak, and multitude of years ſhould teach wiſdom. "Therefore, thou ſhalt riſe up before the hoary head, and "and honour the face of an old man, and fear thy God."

PATIENCE reſiſts the greateſt hardſhips of this world, and ſweetens the bitters of adverſity in ſuch a manner, that we ſcarce perceive we are miſerable. It is one of thoſe virtues that conſtantly carries its own reward, for the very practice of it makes us ſenſible of its benefits.

TRUE happineſs dwells with God; and from the light of his countenance, it beams upon the devout man. His voice is, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is "none upon earth that I deſire beſide thee." After exploring heaven and earth for happineſs, they ſeem to him a mighty void, a wilderneſs of ſhadows, where all would be empty and unſubſtantial without God. But in his favour and love, he finds what ſupplies every defect of temporal objects; and aſſures tranquility to his heart, amidſt all the changes of his exiſtence. "Thou ſhalt guide me with thy "counſel; and thou ſhalt receive me to thy glory. My "fleſh and my heart faileth; but God is the ſtrength of my "heart, and my portion for ever."

KNOWLEDGE is the ornament of the rich, and the riches of the poor.

LET

LET all our wiſhes here below
Their juſt and proper limits know:
Would you poſſeſs a tranquil mind,
Then bear the lot by heav'n aſſigned.
Thro' anxious wiſhes to increaſe,
We often make our pleaſures leſs.

A WOMAN muſt be very injudicious in the choice of her ſtudies, if ſhe is not frequently reminded by her books of the various duties with which ſhe ought to acquaint herſelf. She cannot avoid thinking, and therefore muſt ſee the conſequence of neglecting them. But the hurry, the confuſion of diſſipation, leaves her too little time for thought. They rob her equally of reflection enough to know them, and of leiſure to practiſe them.

TO miſapply riches, is to abuſe the liberality of a benevolent Creator; whereas to make a proper application of them, and to ſpread them abroad, by diſtributing to the needy and oppreſſed, is to perform the part of an uſeful ſubject and good Chriſtian.

HOW amiable, how ſoft is virtue! how amply does ſhe reward thoſe who obey her precepts!—ſhe has her ſorrows, like all other afflictions, but even in the midſt of thoſe ſorrows ſhe brings conſolation. Her momentary afflictions are fully compenſated. They never fail to be ſucceeded by the pureſt, the moſt lively, and the moſt durable pleaſures.

PERFECT happineſs is not the growth of a terreſtrial ſoil; it buds in the gardens of the virtues on earth; but blooms with unfading verdure only in the celeſtial regions.

HAPPINESS is not confined to any rank of men; the Supreme Being, in his infinite wiſdom, hath made an impartial diſtribution of it to every ſtation in life. Wiſely hath he ordained that none ſhould be wholly exempt from trouble, leſt we place our affections too much on ſublunary objects; nor that any ſhould be conſtantly ſubjected to it, leſt we deſpair.

HOW

HOW uſeleſs and unhappy are thoſe idle mortals who in the morning count the tedious hours of the day, complain of their number, and lay out part of them in contriving how to ſquander the reſt.

An HYMN to the CREATOR.

GOD of my health! whoſe bounteous care
Firſt gave me power to move,
How ſhall my thankful heart declare
The wonders of thy love?

Whilſt void of thought and ſenſe I lay,
Duſt of my parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the ſleeping clay,
And call'd me into birth.

From thee my parts their faſhion took,
And e'er my life begun,
Within the volume of thy book
Were written one by one.

Thy eye beheld in open view
The yet unfiniſhed plan;
The ſhadowy lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

O may this frame that riſing grew
Beneath thy plaſtic hands,
Be ſtudious ever to purſue
Whate'er thy will commands.

The ſoul that moves this earthly load
Thy ſemblance let it bear,
Nor looſe the traces of the GOD,
That ſtamp'd his image there.

THE refinements of diſſipation have ariſen to ſuch a pitch, that what was luxury to our fore-fathers, does not now even comprize the neceſſaries of life.

AFFLICTION

TO plead cuſtom in defence of a fault, is to intimate that offences become more excuſable by being multiplied: an inference as weak as it is dangerous.

On being waked in the Night by a violent STORM.

LOCK'D in the arms of balmy ſleep,
From every care of day,
As ſilent as the folded ſheep,
And as ſecure I lay.

Sudden, tremendous thunders roll,
Quick light'nings round me glare;
The ſolemn ſcene alarms the ſoul,
And wakes the heart to pray'r.

Whate'er, O Lord, at this ſtill hour,
Theſe awful ſounds portend,
Whether meer enſigns of thy power,
Or groans for nature's end,

Grant me to bear with equal mind
Theſe terrors of the ſky,
For ever, as thou wilt, reſign'd,
Alike to live or die.

Welcome the bolt, where'er it fall
Beneath the paſſing ſun;
Thy righteous will determines all,
And let that will be done.

Quick interpoſe, all gracious Lord,
In this tremendous night;
Ariſe and be alike ador'd
For mercy as for might!

Vouchſafe, amidſt this time of dread,
Thy ſuppliant's voice to hear;
O ſhield from harm each friendly head,
And all my ſoul holds dear.

Let it not kill where riot foul
Pours forth the drunken jeſt,
Nor where the guilt-envenom'd ſoul
Starts wild from troubled reſt.

A while, O ſpare, thoſe ſinful breaſts,
Whoſe deeds the night deform,
Nor ſtrike where ſmiling virtue reſts,
Unconſcious of the ſtorm.

Succour the couch where beauty lies,
All pale with tender fear;
Where ſickneſs lifts her languid eyes,
O pour thy comforts there!

Let them not waſte this awful night
Like common hours away;
But glow with wiſdom's ſacred light,
More fair than orient day.

Warm'd by each flaſh, may virtue riſe,
And with its glories ſpread,
While ev'ry blaſted bud of vice
Shrinks in new terrors dead.

So, on that dreadful judgment day,
Whoſe image ſhakes the ſoul;
Tho' keeneſt light'nings ſhoot their ray,
And loudeſt thunders roll,

Well pleas'd, O Lord, each eye ſhall ſee
Thoſe final thunders hurl'd;
And mark with joy, for love of thee,
That flaſh which melts the world.

AGED wiſdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind, greater even than that which ariſes from power and ſtation. It can check the moſt forward, abaſh the moſt profligate, and ſtrike with awe the moſt giddy and unthinking.

AFFLICTION

AFFLICTION is our beſt friend, and its awful leſſons are never ſo neceſſary as in youth. We ſet out in life, ardent with the hope of attaining happineſs, but purſue a wrong path, as we ſeek it in diverſions and ſenſual pleaſures. Happy they who by afflictions are called off to a more rational courſe!

An INSCRIPTION written at a favourite Retirement.

WHAT tho' nor glitt'ring turret riſe,
Nor ſplendor gild theſe mild retreats;
Yet nature here in modeſt guiſe,
Diſplays her unambitious ſweets;
Along each gentle ſwelling lawn
She ſtrays, with ruſtic garlands crown'd;
And wakes the flow'rs at early dawn,
To fling their boſom'd fragrance round.
Here teach thy votr'y, blameleſs guide,
To trace thy ſtep, ſerene, and free;
To ſhun the toilſome heights of pride;
Thro' theſe calm ſcenes to follow thee.
His ſilent walk do thou adorn,
O'er theſe green ſlopes, from tumult far;
Whether he greet the bluſhing morn,
Or welcome up yon ev'ning ſtar;
Intent, while thro' theſe tufted bow'rs,
Thy gen'rous whiſpers charm his ear,
To hail from heav'n thy kindred pow'rs,
And meet fair peace and freedom here.

WORLDLY enjoyments are ſhown to be hollow and deceitful, with an expreſs intention to direct our affections towards thoſe which are ſpiritual. The ſame diſcoveries which diminiſh the value of the one, ſerve to increaſe that of the other.

ONE of the moſt important leſſons which can be given to man, is reſignation to his Maker; and nothing inculcates it more than the experience of his own inability to guide himſelf.

Ode to Humanity.

IN heav'n, bright maid, that bliſs receive,
Which goodneſs only knows;
Who bidſt the honeſt boſom grieve,
That hears another's woes.

Thy ſoothing voice the wretch can cheer,
Whom anguiſh taught to ſigh;
And ſpeak away the riſing tear
From pale affliction's eye.

Where'er, in kind complacence dreſt,
Thy ſacred beam ſhall ſhine;
It lifts, expands, exalts the breaſt,
And ſwells it to divine.

For ever clad in native charms,
Thy ſmile benignant lives;
In friendſhip, with delight it warms,
In anger, it forgives.

Like heav'n's high goodneſs unconfin'd,
It ſpreads from pole to pole;
And copies ſtill th' eternal mind,
To bleſs the human ſoul.

Thy ſtream, and mercy's, child of love;
From one great current flow;
For all that mercy is above,
Humanity's below.

HE whoſe wiſhes, reſpecting the poſſeſſions of this world, are the moſt reaſonable and bounded, is likely to lead the ſafeſt, and, for that reaſon, the moſt deſirable life. By aſpiring too high, we frequently miſs the happineſs, which, by a leſs ambitious aim, we might have gained. High happineſs on earth, is rather a picture which the imagination forms, than a reality which man is allowed to poſſeſs.

OLD

OLD age never appears with greater dignity, than when, tempered by mildneſs, and enlivened with good-humour, it acts as the guide and patron of youth. Religion diſplayed in ſuch a character, ſtrikes the beholders, as at once amiable and venerable. They revere its power, when they ſee it adding ſo much grace to the decays of nature, and ſhedding ſo pleaſing a luſtre over the evening of life. The young wiſh to tread in the ſame ſteps, and to arrive at the cloſe of their days with equal honour. They liſten with attention to counſels, which are mingled with tenderneſs, and rendered reſpectable by grey hairs. For, notwithſtanding all its preſumption, youth naturally bend before ſuperior knowledge and years.

Extract of a LETTER, written by the EARL of ESSEX, to his particular Friend the EARL of SOUTHAMPTON, ſometime before his Death.

"With reſpect to your natural gifts and abilities, remember, firſt, that you have nothing which you have not received. Secondly, that you poſſeſs them, not as a lord over them, but as one who muſt give an account for them. Thirdly, if you employ them to ſerve this world, or your own worldly delight, which the Prince of this world will ſeek to entertain you with; it is ingratitude, it is injuſtice, yea, it is perfidious treachery. For what would you think of ſuch a ſervant of your's, who ſhould convert your goods, committed to his charge, to the advantage or ſervice of your greateſt enemy? And what do you leſs than this with God; ſince you have all from him, and know that the world, and the princes thereof, are at continual enmity with him. Therefore, if ever the admonition of your trueſt friend ſhall be heard by you; or if your country, which you may ſerve in ſo great and many things, be dear unto you; if your God, whom you muſt (if you deal truly with yourſelf) acknowledge to be powerful over all, and juſt in all, be feared by you; yea, if you be dear unto yourſelf, and prefer an everlaſting happineſs before a pleaſant dream, out of which you muſt ſhortly awake, and then repent in the bitterneſs of your ſoul; if any of theſe things be regarded by

you, then, I ſay, call yourſelf to account for what is paſt; cancel all the leagues you have made without the warrant of a religious conſcience; make a regular covenant with your God, to ſerve him with all your natural and ſpiritual, inward and outward gifts and abilities: and then he who is faithful, and cannot lie, and hath promiſed to honour thoſe who honour him, will give you that inward peace of ſoul, and true joy of heart, which till you have, you will never reſt, and which, when you have, you ſhall never be ſhaken; and which you can never attain to any other way."

ODE to SPRING.

HAIL, gentle Spring! whoſe genial pow'r
Calls to new life each fragrant flow'r,
In richeſt tints array'd;
Whoſe balmy breath revives each ſcene,
The ſhady grove, the daiſied green,
In verdant beauty clad.

At thy approach the feather'd trains
Renew their long neglected ſtrains;
Sweet muſick floats around;
Whilſt liſt'ning echo's buſy tongue
Repeats the burden of each ſong,
In faint imperfect ſound.

Thy preſence prompts the lab'ring ſwain
To give, with equal hand, the grain
To the kind foſt'ring ſoil;
Mild ſuns autumnal ſhall mature
The golden crop, in happy hour,
To recompenſe his toil.

Long had the clear meand'ring rill,
Confin'd in icy chains, ſtood ſtill,
Doom'd then to glide no more;
But by thy lenient hand ſet free,
It moves to liquid melody,
Adown the ſhelving ſhore.

The

The mute ſojourners of the brook
Had long their wonted paths forſook,
Cramp'd by ſtern winter's reign;
But, rous'd by thy reviving beam,
Again they gambol in the ſtream,
And ſkim the glaſſy plain.

Ah! ſhort-liv'd joys! the angler keen
Shall ſoon to ſorrow change the ſcene,
With the deceptive fly;
The ſpeckled rovers ſeize the bait,
And ſwallow unſuſpected fate;
They flounce, they gaſp, they die.

Thy healing hand deſtroys diſeaſe;
Thy breath brings health in every breeze;
Before thee, agues fly:
Thou giv'ſt each heart with joy to glow,
All blood in briſker ſtreams to flow;
Health laughs in every eye.

What tribute, then, ſhall mortals bring,
To offer to the genial ſpring?
What trophies ſhall we raiſe?
With grateful ſongs, at leaſt, let's try
To waft her praiſes to the ſky,
In loud accordant lays.

THE rich man fills a ſtation wherein ample opportunity is afforded him of doing much good in the diſtribution of his wealth to the poor, the hungry, and the naked, among his brethren. He is ſurrounded by thoſe whoſe afflictions claim his ſympathy and aſſiſtance; and to whom he may lend a part of his treaſure, on the beſt ſecurity, and moſt profitable uſury.

NONE can be ſo inſenſible of the obligations to charity, as to think themſelves excuſable in not lending their aſſiſtance to lighten that load of affliction which lies ſo heavy on thouſands of their fellow-creatures.

ADDISON

ADDISON has remarked, with equal piety and truth, that the "creation is a perpetual feaſt to the mind of a good "man." To the truth of this poſition every good man will aſſent, not only from its reaſonableneſs, but from the concurring teſtimony of his own experience.

AS vice is the proper object of averſion to every rational being, all the avenues that ſecretly admit it ought to be guarded with the utmoſt caution. And as vice is never ſo dangerous as when it aſſumes the maſk of harmleſs pleaſure, whatever tends to introduce it under that alluring form, ought to be moſt ſtudiouſly avoided.

THE duration of life is uncertain, and its buſineſs of the higheſt importance. No time is to be loſt; the voice of wiſdom is calling aloud for diligence. The hour is haſtening when the dream of vanity will be broken up, when every illuſion will vaniſh, when miſcarriage cannot be repaired, and repentance will prove vain. Every terreſtrial bleſſing will then ceaſe to afford its wonted comfort; our hopes and fears will be concentered in one dreadful point, on which is ſuſpended our portion in eternity.

THE beſt means to exterminate pride from the human heart, is diligently to ſtudy that excellent ſcience, the knowledge of ourſelves. If we examine our own imperfections, they will exhibit an humiliating proſpect. When we reflect how little can be known, confidence will give place to modeſt doubt, and humble inquiry. When we conſider how many deviations the beſt of us are making from the path of unerring rectitude, pride will ſtand abaſhed, and all the aſpirings of ambition will be laid in the duſt.—From a conſciouſneſs of our own weakneſs, we ſhall look with pity on the weakneſſes of our brethren, and endeavour to cover them with the veil of celeſtial charity.

IT is only in proportion as men wiſely and profitably employ the time allotted them in this ſtate of being, that they can reivew life with ſatisfaction when its ſolemn cloſe approaches.

DEPRAVED

DEPRAVED as human nature is, men do not ſuddenly become really wicked. It is by ſlow gradations that vice, as well as virtue, gains abſolute dominion in the mind.

The DISTINCTION.

THE ſhape alone let others prize,
Or features of the fair;
I look for ſpirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damaſk cheek, a ſnowy arm,
Shall ne'er my wiſhes win;
Give me the animated form
That ſpeaks the mind within.

A face where awful honour ſhines,
Where ſenſe and ſweetneſs move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderneſs of love.

Theſe are the ſoul of beauty's frame,
Without whoſe vital aid,
Unfiniſh'd all her features ſeem,
And all her roſes fade.

AVARICE, ambition, luxury, and pride, are the very tyrants of the mind; they act without counſel, are above all reſtraint, and having once depoſed reaſon from her throne, render her even ſubſervient to their baſeſt aims.

ONE of the principal concerns of thoſe who have youth placed under their tuition ſhould be to make inſtruction appear as amiable as poſſible, and take every method in their power to render it pleaſing and delightful.

WHEN Socrates was aſked, which of mortal men was to be accounted neareſt to perfect happineſs; he anſwered, "That man who is in want of the feweſt things."

The Fox and Bramble.

A FOX cloſely purſued, thought it prudent and meet
To a bramble for refuge, all in haſte to retreat;
He enter'd the covert, but entering he found,
That briars and thorns did on all ſides abound,
And that though he was ſafe, yet he never could ſtir,
But his ſides they would wound, or would tear off his fur.
He ſhrugg'd up his ſhoulders, but would not complain,
To repine at ſmall evils (quoth Reynard) is vain:
That no bliſs is perfect, I very well know,
But from the ſame ſource, good and evil both flow:
And full ſorely my ſkin, tho' theſe briars may rend,
Yet they keep off the dogs, and my life will defend.
For the ſake of the good then, let evil be borne,
For each ſweet has its bitter, each bramble its thorn.

To Good-Nature.

OH! gentleſt bleſſing man can find!
Sweet ſoother of the ruffled mind:
As the ſoft powers of oil aſſuage
Of ocean's waves the furious rage;
Lull to repoſe the boiling tide,
Whoſe billows charm'd to reſt ſubſide;
Smooth the vex'd boſom of the deep,
'Till every trembling motion ſleep!
Thy ſoft enchantments thus controul
The tumult of the troubled ſoul!
By labour worn, by care oppreſt,
On thee the weary mind ſhall reſt;
From buſineſs and diſtraction free,
Delighted ſhall return to THEE:
To Thee the aching heart ſhall cling,
And find the peace it does not bring.

Ye candidates for earth's beſt prize,
Domeſtick life's ſweet charities;
Oh! if your erring eye once ſtrays
From ſmooth Good-nature's level ways;

If

If e'er, in evil hour betray'd,
You chooſe ſome vain, fantaſtic maid,
On ſuch for bliſs if you depend,
Without the means you ſeek the end;
A pyramid you ſtrive to place,
The point inverted for the baſe;
You hope, in ſpite of reaſon's laws,
A conſequence without a cauſe.
And you, bright nymphs, who bleſs our eyes,
With all that ſkill, that taſte ſupplies;
Learn, that accompliſhments at beſt
Serve but for garniſh in life's feaſt;
Yet ſtill with theſe the poliſh'd wife
Should deck the feaſt of human life.
Wit, a poor ſtanding diſh would prove,
Tho' 'tis an excellent remove;
Howe'er your tranſient gueſts may praiſe
Your gay parade on gala days,
Yet know your huſband ſtill will wiſh
Good-nature for his ſtanding diſh.
Still, in life's Faſti, you preſume
Eternal holidays will come;
But, in its higheſt, happieſt lot,
Oh! let it never be forgot
Life is not an olympic game,
Where ſports and plays muſt gain the fame;
Each month is not the month of May,
Nor is each day a holiday.
Tho' wit may gild life's atmoſphere,
When all is lucid, calm, and clear,
In bleak affliction's dreary hour,
The brighteſt flaſh muſt loſe its pow'r;
While temper, in the darkeſt ſkies,
A kindly light and warmth ſupplies.
Divine Good-nature! 'tis decreed,
The happieſt ſtill thy charm ſhou'd need,
Sweet architect! rais'd by thy hands,
Fair concord's temple firmly ſtands:
Tho' ſenſe, tho' prudence, rear the pile,
Tho' each approving virtue ſmile,

Some

Some ſudden guſt, nor rare the caſe,
May ſhake the building to its baſe,
Unleſs to guard againſt ſurpriſes,
On thy firm arch the ſtructure riſes.

WE find, that the beſt ſcholars are the leaſt oſtentatious. It will ever be ſo, where erudition is accompanied with judgment, and matured by reflection. Take care to preſerve ſober ſenſe, and unaſſuming manners; far from giving diſguſt, by literary attainments, to any perſon whoſe regard is of moment, you will give pleaſure to every thinking man and woman of your acquaintance.

WHEN in converſation you claim no kind of pre-eminence, but inſtead of pretending to teach, are willing to learn; inſtead of courting applauſe, are ready to confer it; inſtead of proudly directing, are content quietly to follow the current of diſcourſe; every body will be delighted with your deportment; will liſten with attention, and even deference, to one who has thus learnt, that the nobleſt improvement of ſuperior knowledge is ſuperior humility.

WHEN we are to talk upon matters of importance, falſe delicacy muſt give way to truth, and ceremony be ſacrificed to candour. An honeſt freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind which is above the practice of deceit, can never ſtoop to flattery.

IT is eaſy for the imagination, operating on things not yet exiſting, to pleaſe itſelf with ſcenes of unmingled felicity, or plan out courſes of uniform virtue: but good and evil are in real life inſeparably united; habits grow ſtronger by indulgence; and reaſon loſes her dignity, in proportion as ſhe has oftner yielded to temptation: "He that cannot "live well to-day, (ſays Martial) will be leſs qualified to "live well to-morrow."

OF all charities, that of employing the poor is the moſt charitable. It is in a manner to double the obligation by leſſening it, it being more grateful to any man to put him

in

in a capacity of relieving himself, than to make him a penſioner to others, and it is turning a bounty into a reward.

SUCH are the viciſſitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labour and reſt, hurry and retirement, endear each other; ſuch are the changes that keep the mind in action; we deſire, we purſue, we obtain, we are ſatisfied, we deſire ſomething elſe, and begin a new purſuit.

OUR ſouls muſt firſt ſuffer, and relent in the furnace of affliction, beneficently appointed for us by our Maker, before they can be purified from their ſenſual deſires, and miſtaken notions of happineſs: and hence it becomes intelligible to our reaſon, that through much trouble we are to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

WEALTH is nothing in itſelf, it is not uſeful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchaſe, which, if we ſuppoſe it put to its beſt uſes by thoſe that poſſeſs it, ſeems not much to deſerve the deſire or envy of a wiſe man. It is certain, that, with regard to corporeal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleaſure, nor block up the paſſages to anguiſh. Diſeaſe and infirmity ſtill continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exaſperated by luxury, or promoted by ſoftneſs. With reſpect to the mind, it has rarely been obſerved that wealth contributes much to quicken the diſcernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence aſleep, confirm error, and harden ſtupidity.

> THE ſcenes of trouble, which afflict the great,
> Teach private life to prize its humble ſtate.

'TIS an agreeable repreſentation, which a French writer gives of the ſituation of his own mind. "I love Virtue, "(ſays he) without auſterity; pleaſure without effeminacy; "and life without fearing its end."

WEALTH cannot confer greatneſs; for nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak.

IN adverſe fortune, moderation does not only preſerve us from contempt, but aſſiſts us frequently in finding remedies for our greateſt misfortunes.

HYMN.

THE glorious armies of the ſky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant anthems conſecrate,
And hallelujahs ſing.

But ſtill their moſt exalted flights
Fall vaſtly ſhort of thee:
How diſtant then muſt human praiſe,
From thy perfections be!

Yet how, my God, ſhall I refrain,
When to my raviſh'd ſenſe,
Each creature, ev'ry where around,
Diſplays thy excellence!

The active lights that ſhine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their ſkilful Maker's praiſe
With ſilent elegance.

The bluſhes of the morn confeſs
That thou art ſtill more fair,
When in the eaſt its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreſhing breeze,
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whiſpers own, from thee
Their pleaſing odours come.

The ſinging birds, the warbling winds,
And water's murm'ring fall,
To praiſe the firſt Almighty cauſe
With diff'rent voices call.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And ſhall I ſilent be?
No; rather let me ceaſe to be,
Than ceaſe from praiſing thee!

MEN, whoſe bodies are free from pain, their minds from remorſe; who poſſeſs enough to ſatisfy the wants of nature, and covet feweſt of the ſuperfluities of life; are far happier than the ambitious who roll in riches and luxury, while they have yet deſires which cannot be gratified; or the avaricious, whoſe barns are filled with plenty, while they have not hearts capable of enjoying it.

The diſtinction of Ages into diviſions of ſeven years, has ſomething in it that is juſt and natural:—

THE ſeven firſt years of life (man's break of day)
Gleams of ſhort ſenſe, a dawn of thought diſplay.
When fourteen ſprings have bloom'd his downy cheek,
His ſoft and bluſhful meanings learn to ſpeak.
From twenty-one, proud manhood takes its date;
Yet is not ſtrength complete till twenty-eight.
Thence to his five-and-thirtieth, life's gay fire
Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in fierce deſire.
At forty-two his eyes grave wiſdom wear;
And the dark future dims him o'er with care.
On to the nine and-fortieth, toils increaſe;
And buſy hopes and fears diſturb his peace.
At fifty-ſix cool reaſon reigns intire;
Then life burns ſteady, and with temp'rate fire.
But ſixty-three unbinds the body's ſtrength,
E'er the unwearied mind has run her length.
And when, from ſeventy, age ſurveys her laſt;
Tir'd, ſhe ſtops ſhort—and wiſhes all were paſt.

OF all employments, the contemplation of the Deity, in his works, is the moſt noble, the moſt intereſting, and pleaſurable. By the things that are ſeen, the ſtudious mind gradually aſcends, as it were, from earth to heaven, and contemplates the attributes of their invincible author.

THE true Chriſtian believes that all things work for good to thoſe who love God: he knows that the beneficent Creator of all things does not willingly grieve or afflict the work of his own hands: and in this belief he is always thankful, calm, ſerene, and reſigned, under any diſpenſations of Providence.

WHILST the poor man rejoices in the midſt of his labour, that he is providing for himſelf and thoſe whom by the ties of nature he is obliged to ſupport; the gentleman oftentimes grows fretful, melancholy, and out of temper, for want of buſineſs to employ his time, and is forced to ſeek after inſignificant diverſions, to turn the ſtream of his own reſtleſs and uneaſy thoughts. But, after all, he that enjoys the greateſt ſhare of pleaſure is at an immenſe diſtance from perfect happineſs: Providence having wiſely intermixed ſeveral degrees of uneaſineſs and ſatisfaction in every thing our ſenſes have to do with; to the intent, that finding imperfection, diſquietude, and a want of complete felicity in all thoſe enjoyments which we can here obtain or wiſh for, we may be the more ready and content to quit our ſtation, whenever it ſhall pleaſe him to call us hence.

THE human ſtate is but a paſſage, not a place of abode. It is a ſtation of exerciſe and diſcipline, and was not deſigned for the place of enjoyment. That happy country is before us.

AS longs the weary traveller for reſt,
Faint with the heat and labour of the day;
As pines the infant for its mother's breaſt,
And nothing elſe its cravings can allay:
As the touch'd needle trembles for the pole,
So heaven alone can ſatisfy the ſoul.

A LETTER

A LETTER from the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM to Dr. W. Written on his death-bed.

"DEAR DOCTOR,

"I HAVE always looked upon you to be a perſon of true virtue, and know you to have a ſound underſtanding; for however I may have acted in oppoſition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reaſon, I can honeſtly aſſure you, I have always had the higheſt veneration for both. The world and I ſhake hands; for I dare affirm, we are heartily weary of each other. O, what a prodigal have I been of that moſt valuable of all poſſeſſions, Time!—I have ſquandered it away with a profuſion unparalleled; and now, when the enjoyment of a few days would be worth the world, I cannot flatter myſelf with the proſpect of half a dozen hours. How deſpicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God, but in the time of diſtreſs? In what manner can he ſupplicate that Omnipotent Being, in his afflictions, whom, in the time of his proſperity, he never remembered with reverence?—Don't brand me with infidelity, when I tell you, that I am almoſt aſhamed to offer up my petitions at the Throne of Grace, or to implore that Divine Mercy in the next world, which I have ſcandalouſly abuſed in this. Shall ingratitude to man be looked upon as the blackeſt of crimes, and not ingratitude to GOD?—Shall an inſult offered to the king be looked upon in the moſt offenſive light, and yet no notice taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and diſreſpect? The companions of my former libertiniſm would ſcarcely believe their eyes, were you to ſhew them this epiſtle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthuſiaſt, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was ſhocked at the appearance of futurity; but whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being ſenſible of my errors, is more entitled to my compaſſion than reſentment. A future ſtate may well enough ſtrike terror into any man, who has not acted well in this life; and he muſt have an uncommon ſhare of courage indeed, who does not ſhrink at the preſence of God. The apprehenſions of death will ſoon bring the moſt profligate to a proper uſe of his underſtanding. To what a ſituation am I

now reduced? Is this odious little hut a ſuitable lodging for a prince? Is this anxiety of mind becoming the character of a Chriſtian? From my rank, I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from religion and underſtanding, peace to ſmile upon my end: inſtead of which, I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorſe; deſpiſed by my country, and I fear, forſaken by my God. There is nothing ſo dangerous as extraordinary abilities: I cannot be accuſed of vanity now, by being ſenſible that I was once poſſeſſed of uncommon qualifications, eſpecially as I ſincerely regret that I ever had them. My rank in life made theſe accompliſhments ſtill more conſpicuous; and faſcinated by the general applauſe which they procured, I never conſidered the proper means by which they ſhould be diſplayed.—Hence, to procure a ſmile from a blockhead, whom I deſpiſed, I have frequently treated the virtuous with diſreſpect; and ſported with the Holy Name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but contempt. Your men of wit generally look upon themſelves as diſcharged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the goſpel to people of meaner underſtandings. It is a ſort of derogation, in their opinion, to comply with the rules of Chriſtianity: and they reckon that man poſſeſſed of a narrow genius, who ſtudies to be good. What a pity, that the Holy Writings are not made the criterion of true judgment; or that any perſon ſhould paſs for a fine gentleman in this world, but he that appears ſolicitous about his happineſs in the next. I am forſaken by all my acquaintance, utterly neglected by the friends of my boſom, and the dependants on my bounty: but no matter! I am not fit to converſe with the former, and have no ability to ſerve the latter. Let me not, however, be wholly caſt off by the good. Favour me with a viſit as ſoon as poſſible. Writing to you gives me ſome eaſe, eſpecially on a ſubject I could talk of for ever. I am of opinion this is the laſt viſit I ſhall ever ſolicit from you; my diſtemper is powerful; come and pray for the departing ſpirit of the poor unhappy

"BUCKINGHAM."

On

On the DEATH of an INFANT. By a Youth of 16.

SWEET babe! by death's cold hand in earlieſt bloom
Torn from thy mother's boſom to the tomb:
While o'er thy grave thy drooping parents bend;
Oh! may theſe parents hear a faithful friend!
Nor think thee only born but to bequeath
Pain at thy birth, and ſorrow at thy death:
For when the great eternal day ſhall come,
Then ſhall they meet thee at thy happieſt home;
And ſee their firſt dear pledge of mutual love
Blooming in ſpotleſs innocence above.

Written near the Entrance of a fine Wood.

FOWLER! caſt thy gun behind,
Ere thou treadſt this gentle grove:
None come here of ruthleſs mind;
None who are not friends to love.

Mark, how all the air is ringing!
Mark yon Blackbird on the ſpray!
Rapturous his vernal ſinging;
Wouldſt thou ſport his life away!

Ruthleſs lord! thy truſt abuſing,
Sent to rule this earthly ball,
As a patron all things uſing,
Not a tyrant over all.

See, from out his ſylvan hiding,
Yonder little Lev'ret ſtray,
Food to crop of heav'n's providing,
Would'ſt thou ſport his life away?

Dread, leſt juſtice, long forbearing,
Rouze the Snake, in graſs conceal'd,
Others death whilſt thou'rt preparing,
Thine may ſuddenly be ſeal'd.

Haſt thou ſpark of human nature,
What thou'rt doing, thou muſt hate:
If thou'rt not a ſavage creature,
Thou'lt ne'er ſport with others fate.

Wife and children, if poſſeſſing,
Loving, duteous, blooming, gay;
Doſt thou hope for heav'n's dear bleſſing?
Caſt thy murd'ring gun away.

So ſhall happineſs ſmile on thee,
Bounteous plenty ſwell thy ſtore;
Blaſt and ſtorm ſhall ever ſhun thee,
Smiling peace ſhall guard thy door.

OH! how neceſſary is religion, particularly at that fatal criſis which terminates all the ſteps of our life.

EXTRACT from a POEM called DUNNOTTER CASTLE.

YOUTH flies apace, frail beauty meets decay,
The mighty's ſtrength, like ice, ſhall melt away;
Riches take wings, and fame's far ſounding boaſt
Shall die away! the pride of life be loſt!
Health, pleaſures, life, ſhall paſs, a fading flower,
Sport of a day, and pageant of an hour!
Fix not on theſe thy heart, but riſe ſublime,
And ſeek a bliſs unmov'd by fate or time:
Virtue alone can give eternal joy,
No change can alter, no poſſeſſion cloy:
Virtue, like this great rock, ſtands firmly brave,
And ſcorns the ebb and flow of fortune's wave.
Unmov'd the ſtorms of life can calmly bear,
Collected in itſelf, and void of fear.
E'en when theſe rocks and ſeas ſhall paſs away,
And yon bright orb no longer pour the day,
Virtue ſhall ſtand the teſt, like gold refin'd,
And beam immortal radiance o'er the mind.
Thro' endleſs ages gain increaſing ſtore
Of light, and life, and joy, and active pow'r,
And bloom when time and nature are no more.

THE

THE giving of alms, and at the ſame time reproaching the poor, is a charitable action uncharitably performed.

THE ſhorteſt way to be rich is not by enlarging our eſtates, but by contracting our deſires.

THE whole religious buſineſs of mankind is included in reſignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow fellow-creatures.

'TIS not the outward graces I admire,
Thoſe tranſient beauties that muſt ſhortly die,
The bluſhing form that muſt e'er long expire,
And buried in oblivion ever lie:
'Tis the more noble beauties of the mind,
Whoſe charms extatic, time can ne'er decay;
They leave a monument of worth behind,
The fiends of ſlander ne'er can take away.
They add allurements to the loveliеſt face,
They ſure attract the candid lover's eye;
They render pleaſing every ſeeming grace,
The want of outward charms they oft ſupply.

REFLECT often that the roſe which is ſo beautiful, and diffuſes its rich ſcent ſo far, is ſurrounded by thorns. This will teach you that there is no wealth, no greatneſs, no pleaſure, in the world, without pain.

HOWEVER amiable fame may appear to the living, it is certainly no advantage to the dead: whatever dangers they have dared, whatever toils they have undergone, whatever difficulties they have ſurmounted, the grave is deaf to the voice of applauſe, and the duſt of the noble and the vulgar ſleep in the ſame obſcurity together.

REPROOF is often to the weak mind what phyſick is to the weak body, which either not timed ſeaſonably, or given in too great a quantity, makes the remedy worſe than the diſeaſe.—Nothing requires more care, experience, and knowledge, than the office of a reprover.

A JUST

A JUST and impartial eſtimation of our poſſeſſions and deficiencies, is the ſummit of philoſophy.

IF nothing elſe could make us in love with poverty, its baniſhing flatterers, and diſtinguiſhing between the true and falſe friend, is ſufficient to recommend it. What virtues accompany this bleſſing! How humble, modeſt, cautious of giving offence, humane, and obliging does it make us! Poverty makes us induſtrious, ſkreens us from envy, renders us healthy, and drives luxury, vanity, and extravagance, from our doors.

POVERTY is not to be wiſhed, but if it is our lot, we ſhould endeavour to make it ſit as eaſy as poſſible.

WE ſeldom repent of ſaying nothing; but almoſt always of ſaying too much.

CHERISH the ſympathetic feelings of humanity; and commiſerate the diſtreſſes of thy fellow-creatures: give them all the relief thou canſt, at leaſt with thy counſel, and with as much of thy ſubſtance as thou canſt ſpare without injuring thyſelf.

THIS world is not the port of reſt, it is but the paſſage to it. Purſue therefore your way under the direction of the beſt wiſdom, remembering that your all is on board, and that your ſafe arrival at the haven where you would be, depends on ſteering your courſe by the compaſs of virtue.

FEMALE beauty, when adorned by virtue, draws, as with magnetic force, the notice of every one: and who can behold ſuch a ſight without feeling his admiration change into the warmth of eſteem and friendſhip? How ſhort-lived is the influence of mere beauty? inſipid and ſpiritleſs, it attracts obſervation for a moment, but that ſoon ends when we find no ſoul to animate, no ſenſe to make the hours paſs in profitable and ſmooth courſe, and no virtue to command the reſpect, the awe, of rational friendſhip.

The

The SEASONS moralized.

THEY who to warmer regions run,
May bleſs the favour of the ſun,
But ſeek in vain what charms us here,
Life's picture varying with the year.

Spring and her wanton train advance,
Like youth to lead the feſtive dance,
All, all her ſcenes are mirth and play,
And bluſhing bloſſoms own her ſway.

The Summer next (thoſe bloſſoms blown)
Brings on the fruits that ſpring had ſown.
Thus men advance, improv'd by time,
And nature triumphs in her prime.

Then Autumn crowns the beauteous year,
The groves a ſicklier aſpect wear,
And mournful, ſhe (the lot of all)
Matures her fruits to make them fall.

Clad in the veſtments of a tomb,
Old age is only winter's gloom—
Winter, alas! ſhall ſpring reſtore,
But youth returns to man no more.

THE Jeſuits at Mohilaw, a town in Poland, erected a canopy for the Empreſs of Ruſſia to ſit under while ſhe attended at divine ſervice in their chapel; but ſhe refuſed the uſe of it, ſaying, "That Queens and Kings, in the "ſight of, or before God, were no more than other "people."

THOUGH every inſtance of Death may juſtly awaken our fears, and quicken our vigilance, yet nothing can be more ſtrikingly awful than to ſee any of our fellow-citizens taken from us ſuddenly, in the midſt of the buſineſs and enjoyments of life. Such alarming viſitations ſhould be ſuffered to make their due impreſſions on our mind, admoniſh us of the uncertainty of our ſituation, and fix our attention on that ſolemn change which muſt ſoon, we know not how ſoon, happen to ourſelves.

The LAWYER'S PRAYER.

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,
Where few, I fear, are faithful found,
Mine be the conſcience void of blame,
The upright heart, the ſpotleſs name;
The tribute of the widow's pray'r,
The righted orphan's grateful tear:
To virtue, and her friends, a friend;
Still may my voice the weak defend.
Ne'er may my proſtituted tongue
Protect th' oppreſſor in his wrong,
Nor wreſt the ſpirit of the laws,
To ſanctify the villain's cauſe.
Let others with unſparing hand,
Scatter their poiſon thro' the land,
Inflame diſſention, kindle ſtrife,
And ſtrew with ills the path of life.
On ſuch her gifts let fortune ſhow'r,
Add wealth to wealth, and pow'r to pow'r,
On me may fav'ring heav'n beſtow
That peace which good men only know;
The joy of joys, by few poſſeſs'd,
Th' eternal ſunſhine of the breaſt!
Pow'r, fame, and riches, I reſign,
The praiſe of honeſty be mine;
That friends may weep,—the worthy ſigh,
And poor men bleſs me, when I die.

MORAL philoſophy, (it is ſaid by a celebrated author) makes the honeſt man. Natural philoſophy the ingenious man. Hiſtory the man of experience. Poeſy the man of wit. Rhetoric the eloquent man. Polite learning ſheds a diffuſive grace and ornament upon all kinds of literature. The knowledge of the world conſtitutes the intelligent man. The ſtudy of the ſacred pages forms the good man. But all theſe muſt go together to make the perfect, complete gentleman.

THOUGH

Thoughts on Death.

IN Youth, by hope remov'd to diſtant days,
Death's ſhadowy form no glancing eye diſmays;
In warring age, the palſied hand of fear,
With all his terrors brings the ſpectre near;
Then fancy, ſkilful in the painter's art,
Shapes the grim feature, and projects the dart.
Man! wretched man, whom lengthened woes attend,
Still clings to life, and fears th' approaching end;
Of pain and want tenacious, gaſps for breath,
And tir'd and reſtleſs, dreads the ſleep of death.
By age, and age's wants, and woes, grown wiſe,
I view thee death, tho' near, with placid eyes.
Thy haſt'ning ſtrides let ſuperſtition dread,
And vice, too late repenting, hide her head.
With joy the ſailor, long by tempeſts toſt,
Spreads all his canvas for the riſing coaſt;
With joy the hind, his daily labour done,
Sees the broad ſhadows, and the ſetting ſun;
With joy the ſlave, worn out with tedious woes,
Beholds the hand that liberty beſtows.
So death with joy my feeble voice ſhall greet,
My hand ſhall beckon, and my wiſh ſhall meet.

Advice to the Fair Sex.

TO reaſon, ye fair ones, aſſert your pretence,
Nor hearken to language beneath common ſenſe.
When angels, men call you, and homage would pay
If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.

Ten thouſand gay ſcenes are preſented to view;
Ten thouſand oaths ſworn, yet none of them true:
Such paſſions, O heed not, unleſs to deride,
Leſt victims you fall to an ill grounded pride.

Prefer ye the dictates of virtue, to ſound,
True bleſſings can ne'er without goodneſs be found;
Leave folly and faſhions, miſguiders of youth,
And ſtick to their oppoſites, Virtue and Truth.

IN doing benevolent things, there is, both as to the time and the manner, a propriety which gives value even to the leaſt. The manner, in particular, has a marvellous effect. A charitable action, gracefully done, is twice done. To ſome people one would be willing to owe almoſt every thing, ſo handſomely do they confer kindneſs; while from others a favour for the oppoſite reaſon is a load.

IT is not he who poſſeſſes, but he who enjoys, his fortune, that can be called the real proprietor of it: the former is only the ſteward to poſterity, the latter the right heir.

WERE it as faſhionable to adorn the heart, as it is in the preſent age to diſfigure the head, imitation then would be laudable:—but to comply with faſhion at the expenſe of our underſtanding, and render ourſelves ridiculous in compliment to others, is neither laudable nor juſt.

THE humble tribute of obedience, from a ſincere heart, is more acceptable to the Sovereign Lord of the Univerſe, than the moſt pompous diſplay of ceremonious worſhip. The mental aſpirations of an humble heart are as intelligible to the ſacred ear, as the loudeſt exclamations of vocal prayer.

WHEN thou diſcovereſt any faults in others, make the right uſe of them; which is to correct and amend the like failures in thyſelf.

THE benefits in ſocial life, which ariſe from a cultivation of friendſhip, can only be conceived by thoſe who delight in acts of generoſity and benevolence.

TEMPERANCE has thoſe particular advantages above all other means of preſerving health, that it may be practiſed by all ranks and conditions at any ſeaſon, or in any place: it is a kind of regimen which every man may obſerve without interruption to buſineſs, expenſe of money, or loſs of time.

A THINKING

A THINKING man, is doubtleſs very much embarraſſed in a crowd; becauſe a multitude and a noiſe are great enemies to reflection: but ſuch a man will, perhaps derive, from the enjoyment of his thinking powers, double ſatisfaction when he gets out of it.

Reflections on a dying Plover.

ARRESTED in her mid career,
See where a hapleſs Plover falls.
Her tortur'd ſides, in pangs ſevere,
Confeſs the quick, impurpled balls.

How oft with quiv'ring wing ſhe tries
To gain, once more, her lofty courſe;
But ah!—its help the wing denies,
And down ſhe drops,—her laſt reſource.

The ſportſman views his bleeding prey,
Exulting, lifts her from the ground;
While dark'ning ſhades involve her day,
And death her ſtruggles doth confound.

She who before, perhaps, had been
The happieſt of the brumal throng,
Here meets her fate, quite unforeſeen,
Nor can her ſhorten'd life prolong.

Ah! would but youth the hint purſue,
Of life they'd not be too ſecure;
They'd keep their latter end in view,
And calmly wait their final hour.

HOW guarded ſhould we be when we ſpeak to the unhappy, whoſe ſorrow and dejection are apt to diſpoſe the heart to interpret into an unkind and bitter ſenſe every expreſſion that does not breathe the greateſt gentleneſs and affection.

" Give me neither Riches nor Poverty."

The PRAYER of AGAR.

O THOU, whoſe dictates rule this penſile ball,
Who didſt privation into being call;
With bounteous grace thy ſervant's pray'r allow;
Attend propitious to my humble vow;
Some comfort give, that in the bounded ſpace,
Of human life, may cheer its fleeting race!
Permit, great God, my happy mean to lie
Far from indecent want, and penury.
Reſtrain my open hands and ready tongue,
From impious murmurs, and injurious wrong;
Keep me remote from riches and their train
Of empty pleaſures, inſolent and vain;
Leſt my full ſoul amid her flowing ſtore,
Forget at once her Maker, and the poor.
Or leſt the fire of youth, when I rejoice
In wealth and grandeur, ſilence virtue's voice;
Impoſe on reaſon by a poor pretence;
Make vice for wit, and folly paſs for ſenſe;
Unthinking whence that wit and reaſon flow'd.
Can man reflect, and then forget his God?
As thy wiſe bounty has diſpos'd my fate,
Above the vulgar, and below the great;
To future years proportion'd bleſſings grant,
Remov'd alike from luxury and want:
That peaceful wiſhes, and deſires ſuppreſs'd
By thy eternal laws may rule my breaſt;
So ſhall the ſeries of my future days
Attend thy ſervice, and proclaim thy praiſe.

THAT perſon will beſt command when fortune calls, who knows how to obey when duty binds.

THE fineſt beauty, like a freſh tulip, ſoon withers and fades away; kingdoms have their times of exaltation; empires their ages of glory; and commonwealths thoſe days in which all their grandeur ſhall terminate.

NO

NO man in his wits would purchaſe an eſtate for his child at the expenſe of his life; why then will he do it at the price of his ſoul?—One muſt have faint ideas of future rewards and puniſhments thus to miſplace his judgment and eſteem!

WHEREIN conſiſts the Submiſſion of a Chriſtian?

In a firm perſuaſion of mind, that nothing happens to us, but by the will and permiſſion of God—that he loves us better than we do ourſelves—and that therefore, we ſhould acquieſce in all events, how much ſoever they may thwart thoſe ſchemes of happineſs and enjoyment which we have framed to ourſelves.

WHEREIN conſiſts our entire Dependance upon God?

In expecting, in all our dangers, temporal and ſpiritual, by a ſerious and diligent diſcharge of our own duty, relief from his almighty power, which is able to help us; and from his infinite goodneſs, which has promiſed to aſſiſt us: and therefore not to diſquiet ourſelves with the apprehenſions of dangers and calamities that may never happen, or if they do, may be over-ruled to our advantage.

WHEREIN conſiſts the Contempt of the World?

In looking on all worldly enjoyments as little and inconſiderable, meer empty nothings, in compariſon of that happineſs which God hath prepared for thoſe that love him. In being content with that portion of the good things of this life, which he in mercy hath allotted for its ſupport and accommodation.

IN all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, becauſe it waſtes that time and attention in complaints, that if properly applied might remove the cauſe.

THE Arabians ſay, that "the wiſe man's ſoul repoſes at the root of his tongue, but the fool's is ever dancing on the tip."

WHEN Xenop
ould not venture
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IT is observable that God has often called men to places of dignity and honour, when they have been busy in the honest employment of their vocation. Saul was seeking his father's asses, and David keeping his father's sheep, when called to the kingdom. The Shepherds were feeding their flocks when they had their glorious revelation. God called the four Apostles from their fishery, and Matthew from the receipt of custom; Amos from among the herdsmen of Tekoah, Moses from keeping Jethro's sheep, and Gideon from the threshing floor, &c. God never encourages idleness; and despises not persons in the meanest employments.

WHOSOEVER thinks himself wise enough, or virtuous enough, is in a fair way never to be either. He that engages in those difficult paths, must keep in perpetual motion; there is no stopping without losing ground. He must consider, that if his undertaking be glorious, it is also arduous; that he has a strong tide to stem; which, if he does not keep resolutely advancing, will inevitably bear him down the stream.

is perhaps no virtue more necessary in society, or in the sight of heaven, than a dutiful and attention from children to the wants and infirmities and helpless parents. This is a duty which nature, and gratitude, indispensibly exact; it is indeed but paying a debt they justly owe; and they are so lost to a proper sense of filial goodness, as to perform it with negligence, they cannot expect the esteem of the world, or have any reasonable ground to hope after.

similar nature, is that conduct due from young persons of though it be not equally voluntary observance of those who have the care graceful in youth, ce of it.

VIRTUE

WHEN Xenophanes was called timorous becauſe he would not venture his money in a game at dice, "I confeſs," ſaid he, "I am exceeding timorous; for I dare "not do an ill thing."

NOTHING can be more ridiculous than to ſee a perſon bending under the weight of years, mimicking the ſprightly airs of youth.

To the DEITY.

TO thee, my GOD, I hourly ſigh,
But not for golden ſtores;
Nor covet I the brighteſt gems
On the rich eaſtern ſhores.

Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatneſs in its gayeſt pride
My reſtleſs thoughts inflame.

Nor pleaſure's ſoft enticing charms
My fond deſires allure:
For greater things than theſe from thee
My wiſhes would ſecure.

Thoſe bliſsful, thoſe tranſporting ſmiles,
That brighten heav'n above,
The boundleſs riches of thy grace,
And treaſures of thy love.

Theſe are the mighty things I crave;
Oh make theſe bleſſings mine;
And I the glories of the world
Contentedly reſign.

WHATEVER religion has no effectual influence upon the conſtant courſe of mens lives and actions, to eſtabliſh virtue, righteouſneſs, and charity, in their whole behaviour, is a religion for which men are certainly none the better, may very poſſibly be much the worſe.

IT

IT is obſervable that God has often called men to places of dignity and honour, when they have been buſy in the honeſt employment of their vocation. Saul was ſeeking his father's aſſes, and David keeping his father's ſheep, when called to the kingdom. The Shepherds were feeding their flocks when they had their glorious revelation. God called the four Apoſtles from their fiſhery, and Matthew from the receipt of cuſtom; Amos from among the herdſmen of Tekoah, Moſes from keeping Jethro's ſheep, and Gideon from the threſhing floor, &c. God never encourages idleneſs; and deſpiſes not perſons in the meaneſt employments.

WHOSOEVER thinks himſelf wiſe enough, or virtuous enough, is in a fair way never to be either. He that engages in thoſe difficult paths, muſt keep in perpetual motion; there is no ſtopping without loſing ground. He muſt conſider, that if his undertaking be glorious, it is alſo laborious; that he has a ſtrong tide to ſtem; which, if he does not keep reſolutely advancing, will inevitably bear him down the ſtream.

THERE is perhaps no virtue more neceſſary in ſociety, or amiable in the ſight of heaven, than a dutiful and affectionate attention from children to the wants and infirmities of aged and helpleſs parents. This is a duty which the laws of God, of nature, and gratitude, indiſpenſibly require of them; it is indeed but paying a debt they juſtly owe: and where any are ſo loſt to a proper ſenſe of filial obligations and true goodneſs, as to perform it with negligence and reluctance, they cannot expect the eſteem of worthy people in this world, or have any reaſonable ground to hope for happineſs hereafter.

ANOTHER duty of a ſimilar nature, is that condeſcending reſpectful behaviour due from young perſons of both ſexes to their teachers; and though it be not equally obligatory with the above, yet a voluntary obſervance of it, is not only highly pleaſing to thoſe who have the care and trouble of their education, but is ever graceful in youth, and reflects laſting credit on all in the practice of it.

VIRTU

VIRTUE indeed alone is happineſs; this is the true portion of man: all other things, ſuch as riches, grandeur, and the like, are as it were, foreign commodities, which, though the poſſeſſion of them may afford pleaſure, yet they are not abſolutely neceſſary to life, and man may do without them.

IF we have an ambition of pleaſing, we ſhould ſtick cloſe to nature; whatever is fictitious and affected is always inſipid and diſtaſteful.

IT is not enough to be honeſt only ſo long as a man may be honeſt without diſadvantage; but he ought to be ſo at the peril of all he is worth: nor is it ſufficient to be honeſt only ſo long as a man may be honeſt with ſafety, but he ought to preſerve his integrity at the expenſe of his life.

THE beſt way to keep out wicked thoughts, is always to be employed in good ones. Let your thoughts be where your happineſs is, and let your heart be where your thoughts are; for though your habitation is on earth, your converſation will be in heaven.

HE who knows not how to enjoy himſelf when alone, can never be long happy abroad. To his vacant mind, company may afford a temporary relief, but when forced to return to himſelf, he will be ſo much the more oppreſſed and languid.

IDLENESS has been univerſally reprobated by all the world. It is a maxim in the Chineſe government, ſays Blackſtone, "That if there be a man who does not work, "or a woman that is idle, in the Empire, ſome individual "muſt ſuffer cold or hunger."

SIMPLICITY is the natural expreſſion of a good heart, and one of the laſt touches of a finiſhed character.

RICHES may be waſted, honours loſt; but virtue is immortal.

ON

ON lofty battlements and tow'rs,
See how the ſwelling tempeſt pours;
While only harmleſs zephyrs blow
To fan the peaceful ſeats below.

PEOPLE eaſily make falſe eſtimates of their own importance. Thoſe whom their virtue reſtrains from deceiving others, are often diſpoſed by their vanity to deceive themſelves.

To Sleep.

AH, gentle Sleep, though on thy form impreſs'd,
Death's trueſt, ſtrongeſt, lineaments appear,
To ſhare my couch, thy preſence I requeſt,
And ſooth my ſenſes with repoſe ſincere.

Come wiſh'd-for reſt; then all my cares relieve,
For at thy kind approach, all cares retire:
Thus, without life, how ſweet it is to live!
Thus, without death, how pleaſing to expire!

WHATEVER appears moſt amiable, lovely, or intereſting in nature, art, manners, or life, originates in ſimplicity. What is correctneſs in taſte, purity in morals, truth in ſcience, grace in beauty, but ſimplicity?—It is the garb of innocence. It adorned the firſt ages; and ſtill adorns the infant ſtate of humanity.

WHAT can be more amiable, and exemplary, in the miſtreſs of a family, than to ſee her wiſely and readily ſupplying all the wants of thoſe who depend on her aſſiſtance; diſcharging, with ſteadineſs and equity, her ſeveral domeſtic claims; diffuſing, by every word ſhe ſpeaks, and every thing ſhe does, a ſpirit of moderation and decency in all around her; and through all her conduct, and on all occaſions, giving practical lectures, and affording proofs of frugality, without parſimony; and generoſity without extravagance?

IF

IF miſery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be inſulted, becauſe it is perhaps itſelf a puniſhment adequate to the crime by which it was produced. The humanity of that man can deſerve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

IT is more praiſe-worthy to leave an inheritance of honours to one's deſcendants, than to receive them from one's anceſtors.

IT is a great and important truth, that a ſingle moment of internal ſatisfaction is preferable to the immortal fame of future ages.

VERSES on a COTTAGE.

STAY Paſſenger, and tho' within
No coſtly glittering things are ſeen
To captivate the eye;
Yet enter, and thy raviſh'd mind
Beneath the humble roof ſhall find
What gold can never buy.

For in this plain commodious cell,
Calm thoughts and ſweet contentment dwell,
Parents of bliſs ſincere:
While peace ſpreads round her downy wings,
(Oft baniſh'd from the courts of kings)
And fix'd her manſion here.

THE END.